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UNCONVENTIONAL JOURNEY

The Travels of Ropati

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ONE quiet afternoon in the Puka-Puka trading station, as I was pondering the gastronomic amenities of civilization, a craving, all but unbearable, came over me for prime ribs of corn-fed steer, *au jus*; and this craving, more than the desire to revisit the land of my birth, keen though that desire may have been, started me on my unconventional journey to North America.

'Prime ribs of corn-fed steer, *au jus*!' I thought, sitting upright on the trading-station counter, where habitually I take my siesta.

'Wyvern pudding!' I dropped my legs over the edge of the counter and raised my eyes to glance wearily at the rows of New Zealand trade beef lined on the shelves with the precision of soldiers on parade, which, in fact, they recalled to mind. On one flank, drawn up for inspection, a dozen tins of chum salmon; on the other flank a sad battlefield of sardines, strewn like dead grenadiers this way and that, as Benny, my store boy, had left

them after a foray to find an unblown tin.

'Baked potatoes sliced open, peppered, salted, big dabs of fresh butter oozing into the steaming white meat!'

'Tuppence of Bonded Jackey!' came old William's voice from behind me, asking for tobacco; but I paid him no attention, for my mind was far away, in the Hofbrau of San Francisco, dining on assorted cold cuts with Brunswick salad, roast stuffed poulard, giblet sauce.

'Tuppence of Niggerhead!' William growled, moving to the counter to strike it with his fist. 'Whas-a-matta? You loco? Damn! Hell! Go-ta-hell!'

'William,' I said, turning to the ancient ex-whaler, my retainer, 'I have been thinking about food. Food, William, controls the destinies of men. Food is about to lure me away from this miserable South Sea island — lure me far, far away to lands of calf's head *en tortue* (or *sauce vinaigrette*). William, don't you ever get fed up with the atoll diet of coconuts and fish?'

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The old heathen pulled thoughtfully the dozen wiry hairs on his chin. Forgetting for a brief space his tobacco, he heaved a sigh, and, cursing as usual, 'Damn, yes!' he growled. 'Sometimes I think too much 'bout nice fat hunk salt horse, pea soup, duff and treacle! Oh yes, nevva mind, aboard ship we eat too much number-one *kai-kai*. But you savvy,' he added, with a flash of perspicacity, 'when I go to sea aboard Captain Pester ship I think too much 'bout nice Puka-Puka coconut, taro pudding, fine fat albacore cooked on hot coals. Everybody all the same damn fool. Puka-Puka feller wanna eat too much beefsteak; white man wanna eat too much coconut! Everybody damn fool, sure t'ing, oh yes — gimme my tobacco!'

'Now, William,' I said, leaning against the counter, a dreamy look, I fancy, coming in my eyes, 'let's plan what we'd have for dinner if we were in San Francisco. We'll have a kind of Barmecide feast here in the trading station. First, a couple dozen deviled duck eggs, stuffed olives, dill pickles, about twoscore Blue Point oysters and a bottle of Chambertin, 1919, eh?'

Just then William slapped two pennies on the counter. 'Tobacco!' he roared. 'Nevva mind your barnacle feast — I wanna smoke!'

'But William,' I countered, 'you know I don't sell twopenny cuts of tobacco. You'll have to get another penny.'

The old man gave me a withering glance, and started cursing horribly; but I was not afraid of him: I knew I could close his profane old lips instantly with an allusion to the source of his wealth. I had only to say: 'William, how many pennies are there now in the Adventists' moneybag?' and he would be effectually silenced.

William, from his youth to his eightieth year, had been the sole heathen on this otherwise Christian island. His

greatest pleasure in life had been to chop wood behind the church during services, to make slighting remarks to the deacons about their anthropophagous ritual during Communion, or when Parson Sea Foam was stumping to church, dignified in his bandmaster hat, his large wife and many children trailing behind, to stop him and ask, with raucous laughter, how it happened that Jonah was not digested during those three days.

Then one day the galvanizing, utterly devastating report came to us that William had joined the Seventh-Day Adventist Chapel!

At first we thought that the old heathen intended to break up the chapel, to do some scandalous thing during meetings — smoke his abominable old pipe while the parson was praying, or rise to tell improper anecdotes from his life as a whaler. But William did none of these things. I discovered his deep-dyed strategy later. At first I had thought that he had been lured into grace by the expectation of perverse satisfaction in belonging to a church antagonistic to the powerful London Missionary Society; but when he started coming to the station with pennies, threepenny bits, and sixpences (with which to buy Adventist-proscribed tobacco), and when Benny told me he had been put in charge of the chapel's moneybag, it was then quite evident why he had become a Christian. And to-day, when he came to the station with only two pennies, I knew that they were the last of the Adventists' money. To-morrow, more than likely, he would leave the church.

I gave William his tobacco and took his money, for had I refused to sell it to him he simply would have cadged it from me; then, intimating that the interview had come to an end, I again settled back on the counter, this time to lose myself among the fascinating pages of *The Boston Cookbook*.

II

At Puka-Puka we date and redate our lives from the semiannual visits of the trading schooner. For instance, Village-Dandy George's son was born a month before the May schooner; Benny's pig lost his tail two months after the last schooner; Heathen William had his carbuncle during the visit of the November schooner. Or, anticipating the future, Miss Tern expects to be married when the ship comes; William will leave the Adventist Chapel (if the moneybag is taken from him) when the ship comes; old Bones will pay his debt at the trading station (so he says) when the ship comes — *mañana*.

This semiannual date is both our blessing and our curse. It punctuates our lives — gives, as it were, a grammatical sequence to events. Twice a year there is new food to take the place of the everlasting coconuts and fish; there are new topics for conversation; Parson Sea Foam's church is revived by the visit of the white missionary; there is renewed faith in the coexistence of the outside world, a world in whose reality we had begun to doubt. As with sailors long at sea who are at last discharged ashore, our petty animosities melt away like the morning mist before the rising sun. The day before the schooner is sighted we will not speak to our neighbors. Old Abraham, the thrice-cursed something-or-other, he refuses to keep his pig tied up; Bosun-woman, the loud-mouthed troublemaker, we'll give her a piece of our mind some day; the Chief of Police, the sawed-off coxcomb, we'll tweak his nose for him. We hate them all, every last one of them — until the ship comes, when, as the parlor conjurer says, *presto chango* they become our beloved neighbors, our friends.

When the schooner is overdue (and always it has been overdue since 1924,

when it surprised us by arriving a month ahead of time) we say: 'But in 1924 she came on the twentieth of April, you remember!' thus intimating that she may be expected at any moment, and thus tormenting ourselves weeks before she actually is due. At first we speak jokingly about it. 'Well, William,' I will say, 'how about taking a walk down to the Point of Yato and having a glance along the horizon for a sight of the ship?' Or at breakfast, if I feel brighter than usual, I will ask Mama: 'No ship this morning, Mama?' and 'Ship?' she will query. 'No, Ropati; there is no ship.' Then, 'Ha, ha!' I will cry. 'It's past the twentieth of April, you know, Mama — we had a ship on the twentieth back in 1924!' But this means little to Mama, for in the first place she has never learned to distinguish one date from another, and in the second place the arrival of a ship causes in her mind only a slight excitation: something out of the common run of events has happened; there are potatoes in the cookhouse; Ropati is not so grouchy as usual; William spent the greater part of the night singing in a strange tongue an outlandish sort of hymn, his breath fragrant with Butterfly perfume.

After the first of May there is a chance that the ship actually *will* come, and consequently our ears become keyed to the expected cry of '*Payi! Te payi, el*' — 'Ship! The ship, yes!' — which is the Puka-Pukan equivalent of 'Sail ho!' When the last of the tobacco has gone up in smoke, as it always has by the fifth of May, my ears, deprived of the numbing drug, become oversensitive. I fancy I hear the cry of 'Ship! The ship, yes!' when I am searching through the waste-paper basket for cigarette stubs, or when I am peeling tiny morsels of leaf from an old tobacco case, or when I am making wry faces over pipes of

tea or trying to decide whether the leaves of the *hernandia*, the *cordia*, or the *pandanus* are more nauseous than coconut husk, or when I am scraping the bowl of my pipe to a mere shadow of its former self and imagining that I derive satisfaction from smoking the scrapings. About the eighth of May I hear daily the shout of 'Ship! The ship, yes!' By the tenth I hear it hourly; by the fifteenth the air resounds with a continual and overlapping series of such shouts: in other words, by then I am a trifle mad.

At first it is a cry of 'Ship!' from some urchin on the leeward point of the crescent-shaped main islet. Like the small boy who is curious to discover the result of setting off the giant firecracker under grandpapa's chair, the Puka-Pukan youngster yelps a tentative 'Ship! The ship, yes!' and instantly after, I fancy, he is petrified by the spectacle of every drowsy human on the island galvanized to life. He sees his erstwhile languid elders rushing down the village road, leaping along the beach, dashing like mad for the lookout point, shouting at the tops of their lungs, 'Ship! The ship, yes!'

From that moment, until the ship actually *does* come, the whole island resounds, day and night, with an uninterrupted hullabaloo of false alarms; and often enough we become so disheartened, so skeptical, that the veritable sight of *Cockroach Schooner* in the offing leaves us cynically incredulous.

III

I am addicted to the vulgar habit of early rising. I believe there is no habit so salutary as that of reflection in the solitude of the dawn. After the first sip of coffee my mind seems to run away with me. Problems that were foggy, the night before, become solved at once; also I am subjectively conscious of my own individuality, while that

consciousness, as the day advances, as I am influenced by the life about me, becomes lost in the group-consciousness of my associates, until I seem to know myself only through the objective perception.

I prefer someone — some mythical being whom I never see — to prepare my coffee. Then, the instant it is brewed, the cup of coconut milk is on the table, the eggs are fried, that unknown entity must come to my door, knock loudly, and 'Coffee!' it must shout. Not another word. The mysterious thing must promptly disappear, leaving the breakfast spread with the fabulous magic of an Aladdin's jinni. Though Mama, my cook, is no ideal mythical conception, still she makes a real effort to humor me and to allow me singular indulgences. I am at liberty to growl, curse the island, my neighbors, myself. I am permitted to stumble to the water tank, wash my face with or without soap, omit the absurd hair-combing convention, stagger to the cookhouse, and slump down on the one chair to grasp with avid fingers the coffeepot. With the first cup there is no time for such fribbling unessentials as sugar and coconut milk, nor does Mama remind me that I have forgotten them. I pour a bowl of coffee, gulp it boiling hot — and suddenly, the miracle! There is a stirring of vital forces, beginning from the pit of the stomach to spread rapidly until they have suffused the whole body. I glance out of the cookhouse, amazed at the lambent pink dawn reflected from the clouds on to the lagoon; I hear the wind's mysterious voice; I hear Mama's pleasantly monotonous cackle as she stands over the stove, fanning the embers with her grass skirt; I smell coffee, I fill my lungs with its fragrance, and sighing a heartfelt 'Ah!' I refill my bowl.

Mama, old William's wife, approximates the perfect servant. She does

not make me wash behind my ears or comb my hair; she considers my bearded chin manly; she takes a personal pride in my being able to tolerate soap for a dentifrice; she does not expect me to greet her with a cheery 'Good morning!' It is true that she is an inveterate gossip, but what of it? Her cackling reaches my ears in sympathetic consonance with the cackling of the neighbors' hens as they scratch the gravel in the cookhouse yard. Moreover, Mama does not insist on my listening to her; she will cackle just the same, day and night, whether there is a large audience or she is alone gathering coconuts by the outer beach.

IV

This particular morning I was in a vile humor. The coffee seemed only to aggravate my temper. Mama had forgotten to remove the shells before frying the eggs; the taro was soggy; there were shreds of husk in the coconut milk; the dawn — oh, Lord! I had seen enough of the dawn!

'There are no amenities to life at Puka-Puka,' I growled as I picked the particles of shell from the eggs. 'The people are stupid. William the Heathen is no more than a buffoon. Mama would never be admitted to even lower middle-class society at home, certainly not unless she discarded once and for all that terrible grass skirt. Benny, with his conditional conjunctions (*if* the man had bought the mouth organ, *if* I had been awake at the time, and so forth), his inability to learn that rayon is silk, that a hundred pounds of copra weigh only eighty pounds (twenty pounds must be deducted for the lump of coral the brown brothers invariably secrete in the bags), would not for a moment serve as store boy were it not for his special technique in making the No. IV brew. There's not a soul at Puka-Puka with whom I can associate

intellectually. They think the stars are eyes of the night, that there is a cave somewhere on the reef through which one descends to Hell, that the spirits of the ancient people are wandering through the groves at night, that colic is caused by a sea urchin in one's stomach, a sore eye is the result of the evil machinations of the spirit of some cantankerous ancestor.

'Moreover, the place is lacking in beauty,' I went on, scowling at Mama and warning her that her grass skirt was about to catch fire. 'Puka-Puka is a miserable bank of sand in the middle of the uninteresting Pacific, and that sand is always littered with coconut husks, fronds, old food baskets — worse things, too. There is nothing beautiful here. The tropic moon keeps me awake at night; moreover, it keeps the silly neighbors awake. I can hear them gabbling on the churchyard wall all night long, singing their foolish songs (if it can be called singing), making billy-goat noises as they go chasing through the groves. The sun is blinding; it is so hot in the daytime that a man can't leave the trading station — a glance at the white beach will blind him. There is an unpleasant salty smell in the air, mixed with the nauseating odor of pandanus flowers. Add to this the incessant screaming of children, the monotonous roar of reef combers, year in and out with never a break — add a thousand other grievances, and they will give half an impression of what a miserable place it is. No one would stay here till I came; and the skippers think, rightly too, that I am mad to live here. Well, I won't be here much longer.

'Flies? Why, I never knew what flies were till I'd landed on this island. Except for the rare days when I can induce one of Mama's flat-faced nieces to stand over the table continually to fan the pests away (or fan them into the food) it is impossible to tell a

grilled fish from a taro pudding, for both are just black, shapeless, withering masses of flies. The babies, crawling and yapping along the beach, are as unrecognizable as the food. A mother has to whisk the flies away before she can tell her own child!

'And mosquitoes? Why at night, if you pass your hand flatways through the air, you'll feel the cursed things pattering against your palm like rain-drops. They swarm over the island like the locusts over Egypt, like the tourists at a World's Fair. Make a smudge of smoke that will suffocate a fireman: the mosquitoes grin, take deep breaths, and plunge into it, proboscides rigidly outthrust on a line with their quivering bodies. They strike the victim javelin first, drive their sucking organs to the hilt, squirt out jets of poison, and, with single gulps, bloat their bodies with the blood of a South Sea trader; then they dash off, exactly one tenth of a second before the credulous, punitive hand comes down with a futile, resounding slap.

'Trading is poor. What with all the guileless natives bringing half-dried mouldy copra, with lumps of coral in the bags, and then shouting for credit, credit, credit, there's not a bare two hundred per cent in the business any more. It's time I was getting out of it. The whole system of South Sea trading has gone to the dogs.

'Potatoes!' I exclaimed aloud, addressing Mama so sharply it made her start. 'There are no potatoes, Ropati,' she gasped weakly. 'I know that, Mama!' I shouted. 'Good Lord! Do you think I could forget it? I only wish to speak about potatoes. Think of it! I can't have even a decent potato now and then! With the ship coming only twice a year I can't have potatoes more than two months out of the twelve, and then they are wretched things, as wrinkled as your old man, William. And bread, Mama,

bread — the staff of life! Even the poorest man has bread every day; but I, Ropati, have bread only four months in the year. It's a luxury with me, the same as sugar and butter and rice! Bah!

'Now, Mama, if to-day I could have something simple —' Here my tone must have become pensive, for Mama smiled sweetly, wiped her hands on her grass skirt, and gazed at me with the fond eyes of a mother. 'Some liver and onions, Mama, or a slice of Roquefort cheese with toasted crackers, Mama, toasted crackers! Or a ten-cent bowl of chile con carne, or deviled duck eggs, or Blue Point oysters, raw, on the half-shell, with little slices of lemon, or just a few pounds of prime ribs of corn-fed —'

'Oh, Ropati!' Mama exclaimed suddenly, as though reminded of something. With a girlishly self-conscious, mincing motion she sidled close to me, an angelic smile wreathing her aged lips. Then, to my consternation, she sat down on the edge of my chair, slipped one arm around my shoulders, and, looking in my eyes for all the world like an amorous young thing gazing at her sweetheart, she breathlessly said: 'I had forgotten to tell you, Ropati. Something has happened. The ship came last night, and it is off the reef now!'

'Ropati! Hi! Ropati!' Benny yelled suddenly, as, panting, he rushed into the cookhouse.

'Yes, yes, Benny,' I growled peremptorily, at the same time putting my arms around Mama and giving her a big kiss. 'Yes, Benny; we know the ship's come. Run along now and open the trading station!'

V

Benny has worked for me, off and on, for the past thirteen years. He is now forty-five, a trifle fat, opinion-

ated, much too overbearing in his relations with the neighbors. Formerly he was an ideal store boy, but that was before he had become a deacon of the church, a council member, and a constable.

Though I had thought that these nimbi would crown his value as a store boy, I am now doubtful about it. He certainly induces the deacons to buy from my station instead of waiting to trade off the ship, but as a constable he makes enemies. Only a few months ago he arrested five youths and five maidens for singing on the outer beach after curfew. There was a great to-do about it. Chief of Police Ura (who is also a self-appointed magistrate) fined each of them fifty pounds. The amount of the fine was of no consequence, for fines are never paid, and anyway fifty pounds means about as much to a Puka-Pukan as the Vancouver gold digger's \$3,500,000 was to mean to me, as shall be seen; but Benny's tyrannical gesture has forfeited all ten of them as potential customers in the trading station.

The songsters had a withering revenge. One dark and rainy night they slipped into the grove of hernandia trees where Benny keeps his pig, and cut off its tail! Not a soul saw them; but Benny, on a hunch, hauled them to court again, whereupon they were each fined another fifty pounds. Benny, however, is now the laughingstock of the whole island. The Leeward Villagers have composed a song about the curtailment, which they will sing at the next May Day church festival.

Alas!

Where is the tail of the constable's pig?

Alas! Alas! Alas!

the song goes. It makes Benny mad as a hornet when he hears the villagers rehearsing it.

However, I keep Benny in his place, and when one of his enemies appears I send him out behind the cookhouse to

chop wood. To-day, though, there was too much excitement in the trading station for anyone to be concerned with petty grudges.

'I understand, Ropati, that you are going to North America,' said Village-Dandy George, a tall solemn-faced youth who takes himself very seriously.

'Yes, George,' I sighed; 'a business trip. I want to stock the station with high-grade lines which I will buy personally in New York. I will go to the manufacturers for checked pants, red bandanna handkerchiefs, and some of those brown bowler hats like the one you wear to church.'

George pulled a long face at the mention of bowler hats, for at present he outshines the neighbors, during the Sunday church parade, by being the only Puka-Pukan in possession of such a valuable headpiece. Presently he brightened a little, and 'Bring me a pair of shoes,' he said. 'Yellow ones with bulldog toes — light yellow ones, like those in the photograph you showed me of the movie man, with big brass eyes, wide laces, and striped canvas backstraps. You know the kind I want. Size 12½, extra wide, and they must squeak very loudly.'

I marked George's shoes down in my memorandum book; then I turned to old Bones, the village satyr, who had just entered. 'Well, Bones, what can I bring you from America? A jew's-harp, or some little bottles of sixpenny scent for your lady friends?'

'America? What's that?' he grunted, raising his gorilla-like arms above his head and yawning.

'Why, Bones! Have n't you heard of America? It's the land I came from.'

'Oh,' Bones muttered with distressing matter-of-factness, 'the island of the foreigners. Well, you can bring me a gold pipe like the ones they had on the millionaire's yacht.'

'Certainly, Bones — a corncob pipe. Anything else?'

'Oh, yes,' said Bones. 'A pig.'

'Pig?'

'Mine died,' Bones explained, 'and I can't get the neighbors to give me another one. You bring me a spotted white-man's pig, with a tail like one of those things you pull corks out of bottles with, and stiff bristles on her neck.'

Just then William entered the station. 'I hear you are going to America, Ropati,' he said in Puka-Pukan, making a sniffing sound, as he always does when he wishes to discredit me. 'Oh, yes,' shifting to whaler English, 'I been there plenty time. You go Barbary Coast, tell 'em you savvy old William what was there fifty year ago on Captain Pester ship. They treat you fine when they savvy you're my frien.'

The old heathen darted a glance at George to determine what effect he had made; but he had overlooked the fact that George does not understand either the King's or William's English. It is a mortification to my retainer that he cannot simultaneously air his English and be understood.

'The Barbary Coast is in Africa, William,' I said hurriedly, hoping to change the subject. 'I am not going to Africa.'

'Whas-a-matta? You no savvy Barbary Coast in San Francisco, where all the sailors dance with the beautiful maidens? Oh! I savvy Barbary Coast too much!'

'What can I bring you from America, William?' I said, sharply this time, before the old heathen got started on one of his long and indelicate stories.

'Me? Oh, a pair of spectacles.'

'All right,' as I marked them down. 'What age?'

'Age eighty,' the heathen-Adventist replied. I required no further particulars, for in the South Seas spectacles are sold by age. All men of sixty, for

instance, are supposed to suffer from an equal eye weakness, so they buy glasses, steel-rimmed, with pretty little bubbles in the lenses, for age sixty; and if they are worthless as spectacles they serve admirably for burning glasses or to hang on the wall as a sign of opulence.

More orders came in during the day. Mama wanted a blue silk parasol of the style of 1890. Parson Sea Foam ordered a black woolen suit of clothes. Benny had his heart set on a trench helmet — he thought it would look impressive when he was functioning as constable. Chief of Police Ura asked for a cowboy six-shooter, with plenty of 'stones' for it. In my memorandum book there were three solid pages of the wants of my neighbors, but scarcely an article that was of any substantial use. I would buy them all, however, even down to Bones's pig, for a South Sea trader is in business to supply the desires of his customers rather than their needs. Of the latter there are none. We traders in the islands sell things for which the people have no need, in exchange for copra which is of great value to us.

That day I dined aboard ship. Albeit the food was terrible, as it always is on *Cockroach Schooner*, I enjoyed the pale wrinkled potatoes, the soggy bread, the rancid butter. On the morrow at dusk, the captain told me, we should sail.

VI

Next day I was kept busy in the trading station. Though no copra was to be taken away this voyage, which obviated the bagging, weighing, and boating of my fifty tons, and though I had little packing to do, there was a great amount of talking involved in turning over the station to Benny. I have learned that at Puka-Puka it is necessary to repeat a statement thrice to ascertain that it will be under-

stood and remembered; so, when telling Benny that he must give no credit to Bones, and that he must never accept payment for more than one article at a time, and that he must not use the carton of giant firecrackers for a pillow when he smokes and sleeps on the counter, each statement had to be said clearly, with graphic gesticulations, three times. Had I left a full stock of goods, the vocal labor would have been immense, but I was trusting Benny with only a few of the essentials, among them matches, tobacco, marbles, lemon drops, biscuits, fishhooks, Boston garters, perfume (for medicine), and 'smell soap' (for hair oil). Such luxuries as cloth, bread, shirts, trousers, shoes, rice, sugar, kerosene, and laundry soap, the people could manage without.

I was on the point of omitting the matches and fishhooks until it occurred to me that this would be enforcing an undue hardship on the poor villagers, for, through long custom, they have developed a need for these two articles in their poker games.

Toward evening, having repeated my last order for the last time, I picked up my suitcase and my umbrella and walked out of the trading station.

'Remember, Benny,' I said as an afterthought, 'whenever there is any question about whether the article sells for a shilling or sixpence make the price one-and-six so as to be on the safe side . . . and don't open that case of No. IV brew that I have left under the counter. When I return, and the neighbors are all gathered in the trading station, I shall need that brew to help draw out the story of my travels. You know what the Japanese poet says: —

'How great a thing is a single cup of wine!
For it makes us tell the story of our whole lives.'

Benny nodded his head sadly, whether because of my departure, or the verses, or the interdiction on the brew, I could

not decide, though I gave him a scrutinizing glance. Then he sighed, dug his hand in his trousers pocket, and brought out a half-dozen beautifully carved pearl-shell hooks. Benny always becomes sentimental on the least provocation. On this occasion there were tears in his eyes when he handed me the hooks; his voice had a catch in it when he bade me good-bye and, as a last word of friendly advice from one fisherman to another, said: 'Remember, Ropati, you must use the little one, the *yeki*, for triggerfish and shiners, with hermit-crab bait (I only hope there will be plenty of hermit crabs in America). The gold-lip hook is for albacore, but you can catch dogtooth tuna with it, too. The two black-lip ones are for deep-sea fishing with squid bait, and the others are for fishing on the coral reef. I'm sure, Ropati, that you will astonish the Americans with all the fish you catch, for everybody knows that the foreigners' steel hooks won't catch fish like our shell ones. Good-bye, Ropati — I'll try to remember some of the things you told me. I won't touch the No. IV brew — and don't forget my trench helmet.' Here a great sob came from the store boy, while I, placing the hooks in my pocket, and again warning him to be always on the safe side in the matter of pricing, with a twirl of my umbrella hurried away.

Walking to Leeward Village, where my canoe awaited me, I was forced to pass through the missionary grounds, and there it was obligatory to say good-bye to Sea Foam. He was waiting for me at the doorway to his chipped-coral house, dressed for the occasion, a great ironwood club in his hands.

'Now, Ropati,' Sea Foam said, as meditatively he rubbed his large hand over the equally large knob on the lethal end of the club, 'I have heard these stories about America — a very wicked country, Ropati. There is that

place, Tikawko, where all the cowboys shoot each other.' At this point Sea Foam wagged his graying head and made a clucking noise with his tongue on the roof of his mouth. 'You must be careful, Ropati,' he continued; 'you must put your faith in the Lord — but if you see any of those cowboys in Tikawko, then I trust that this ancient club, which was used by my ancestors in the heathen wars, will lay your enemies low. I advise you never to leave the ship without it; and if you are foolhardy enough to stop ashore at night, sleep with your hand gripping it. Good-bye, Ropati; put your faith in the Lord — and this club.'

At the beach by Leeward Village I had to bid farewell to several hundred people. I am afraid that I shook hands and accepted the many gifts with poor grace. To me the charm of the Puka-Pukans, their humor, picturesqueness, beauty, humanity, had become contemptible through too close familiarity. (How different it was to be on my return!) I received dozens of mats, hats as fine or finer than the best Panamas, wreaths of shells, great wooden *ruvettus* hooks, coils of sennit (on which to hang my washing in America), baskets, bunches of drinking nuts, roast fowls, pigs, and taro for the voyage south. These I piled in the canoe; and I was about to jump in myself when dear old Mama broke from the crowd, rushed up to me, flung her arms round my neck, and planted a kiss on each of my cheeks. Then, from the tangled rick of her grass skirt, she produced a pint bottle full of some sickly-green liquid.

'It is for the stomach,' she explained breathlessly, for she must have been running to overtake me before I had left the beach. 'When you are sick in America . . . eating too much of the

indigestible white-man's food . . . a big swallow of this stomach remedy will clean you out, thoroughly. . . . Don't be without it, Ropati. . . . Remember, just one big swallow at night!' Then the dear little lady, having thrust the bottle into my reluctant hand, again pressed a kiss on either cheek, while I, assuring her that I would follow her advice, shouted a last farewell to the villagers. Jumping into the canoe, William and I paddled across the reef to the ship.

The captain had been waiting for me, so I had little time to say good-bye to my retainer. The old heathen! The fake Adventist! The shameless whaler-man! I had seen the great Puka-Puka sleeping mat in the bow of the canoe — the type of mat that is given to a bride and groom — and I had expected that it would be presented to me as a last gift; now, with a significant leer, the old scoundrel handed it to me, or, rather, crushed me with its great weight as he laid it across my shoulder.

'Damme, Ropati!' he whispered in my ear. 'You take this number-one sleeping mat along to Barbary Coast! You savvy? Go-ta-hell! Good-bye!' And after giving my hand a powerful grip he lowered his disgraceful body to the canoe.

The engine-room telegraph rang; the diesel engine pop-popped through its exhaust; slowly *Cockroach Schooner* got under way, while I, watching old William paddle across the reef, his naked back bent, too proud to give me a last parting glance across his shoulder — I, feeling the vessel roll as she drew away from the land, smelling the stench of rancid copra, bilge water, engine fumes — I poignantly, so irrational is man, with all my heart and soul longed to be back ashore again.

(To be continued)

AN EXPLORER'S RELIGION

BY SIR FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

I

WHAT is now my religion and how I reached it, I would here describe as plainly as I can.

From both parents, from generations back, I inherited a religious disposition and I was brought up in religious surroundings. My father and his father and his grandfather were soldiers; and soldiers are religious folk. I was, therefore, as naturally disposed to religion as others are to art or science.

But the conventional type of religion in which I had been brought up did not long satisfy me. I had taken it on trust and had never made it really my own. As I went out into the world I had to break through its crust and form my religion for myself, as I believe everyone should if religion is to be of any depth and service in life. I found it hard to believe in the existence of a shadowy God whom neither I nor anyone else had seen or touched. And the 'gentle Jesus, meek and mild' upon which I had been brought up did not much appeal to my first, fresh, vigorous manhood.

At nineteen years of age I joined a cavalry regiment in India. Two years later I went for a joyous scramble through the lower ranges of the Himalaya, and it was here that my whole being began to expand. Ideas of exploration incessantly seethed in my mind. I saw that Manchuria was a country which needed exploration. I met Mr. H. E. M. James, who also was

keen to travel. We decided upon Manchuria, and *fifty years ago* we set out for that then almost unknown country. We traveled for two months in an unexplored forest, and we explored the great Sungari River to its source in a fabled lake on the summit of a mountain — as it proved, in the crater of an extinct volcano.

But our journeyings did something more than satisfy our thirst for exploration. Quite unexpectedly we came across a French Roman Catholic missionary living alone in a remote Manchurian town. He had consecrated his life to his mission and vowed never again to return to his beloved France. Goodness radiated from him. And that one man — who, poor fellow, only a year later was killed by the people he was trying to help — made a profound impression on me. I was face to face with holiness.

The Manchurian journey over, I set off alone from Peking in 1887 with one Chinese servant on a further exploration across the Gobi Desert and the length of Chinese Turkestan and over the Himalaya to India. Ten weeks I spent in the desert traveling by night, glorying in the daily beauty of the setting sun and the serenity of star life. In crossing the Himalaya I saw mountain majesty in its sternest yet most compelling form, and I seemed to have risen to an altogether loftier and purer region than most men ever dream of.

As a result of the journey, I was brought into touch with scientific men and came to interest myself in astronomy, geology, natural history, and the great doctrine of evolution. Science was then very prominent and a trifle arrogant. It was criticizing religion severely — and this aroused my first real interest in religion. So far I had taken it on trust. Now I was stimulated either to make it my own or to reject it altogether. And for some years I had ample leisure for this congenial task, as I was employed by the government on a succession of explorations and political missions in the Northern Himalaya and Central Asia.

In the very midst of the Himalaya I read of how even these stupendous mountains had been raised from the bed of the sea. I learned of the titanic forces at work, of the colossal age of the earth, of its being only a droplet of the sun, of the sun being only one of millions of other stars, of us men and of all the multitudinous variety of animal and vegetable life on this planet having evolved from a single microscopic animalcule a thousand million years ago. My conception of the universe grew and grew and I marveled at the wonders which science revealed. But science did not destroy my religion; rather did science expand it. The more science taught, the keener did I become on religion. So keen indeed did I become that at one time I thought I had discovered an entirely new religion, and at another time, after reading Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God Is within You*, I had determined to leave government service and devote my whole time to what had become to me far and away the most important thing in life.

II

There followed a few years in political service in the interior of India, where I had opportunities of working

with some of the leading princes, Muslim as well as Hindu, and their able ministers, and coming into close touch with Indian life. Then came a most welcome surprise: I was charged by Lord Curzon with a mission to Tibet.

I had for the eighth time to cross the Himalaya and camp on the open plains of Tibet within sight of both Everest and Kanchanjanga. There were interminable delays in negotiation which I did not regret, as they left me the more time for my favorite pursuit. James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* had just appeared, and that as well as Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, Bucke's *Cosmic Consciousness*, and E. H. Haeckel's *Riddle of the Universe* profoundly affected me.

Then strong action had to follow. I deliberately risked my life to secure a peaceful settlement; it was of no avail, and fighting ensued. With five hundred men I was for two months besieged by eight thousand. Subsequently reinforcements arrived and an advance was made to Lhasa. And then, in the capital of Tibet, I was eventually able not only to conclude a treaty with these most secluded people but to win their good will. It had been a most hazardous enterprise, but it had succeeded past all expectation.

On the day I left Lhasa I went alone up on to the mountain side and in the holy calm of eventide I chewed the cud of all I had just experienced. I was naturally elated at the successful ending of a critical mission. But suddenly, as I sat there among the mountains, bathed in the glow of sunset, there came upon me what was far more than elation or exhilaration. I already knew what that was, as I had received in one batch telegrams of congratulation from King Edward, Lord Curzon, and Lord Kitchener. That was one thing. This was very different. I was beside myself with an intensity of joy, such as even the joy of first love can give only a faint

foreshadowing of. And with this indescribable and almost unbearable joy came a revelation of the essential goodness of the world. I was convinced past all refutation that men at heart were good, that the evil in them was the superficial, that the main impulse was to the good — in short, that men at heart were divine.

Similar experiences have come to others. They are not common; and those who have them regard them as too sacred to speak about. But there must be many living who have had a like experience. One I knew was the late Dr. McTaggart, the Cambridge philosopher. He used to call it the 'Saul' feeling, because it was like that described by Browning in his poem, 'Saul.' And he spent his life in demonstrating by reason the truth of which the experience had already convinced him. He never put the experience forward as evidence; indeed, he never mentioned it. He wished and believed he was able to show the truth of it by pure reason.

And after many talks with McTaggart and studying what he has written I have come to the conclusion that my experience near Lhasa fits in perfectly with the main results of scientific inquiry and philosophic thought. Science shows the interconnexity of things. We and the world about us are all bound up in a whole; we are influenced by the whole and influence it; and philosophy shows that the whole is a spiritual whole, the material world including our bodies being the outward manifestation of an inner spirit. On the mountain side I was in a relaxed and exceedingly receptive condition immediately following a strung-up state of extreme tension. I was in that highly impressionable state in which I was most likely to catch the spirit of the Power which actuates that world of which I myself was a component part and with which I was intimately con-

nected. In that moment of peculiar sensitivity I was best able to comprehend the essential nature of things.

III

As we have seen, the impression I received was of a joy almost beyond endurance, and a world which could produce in me such a joy I could not but love, and love in proportion to the joy it produced. Confidence in the lovability of the world and of men was then established in my mind and has never wavered during the thirty-odd years which have followed. And though since then I have seen much evil, my faith in the essential goodness of things has never faltered.

But my thirst for more and more knowledge of this wonderful universe of ours and of the most beautiful and noblest of its manifestations continues insatiable. On my return from Tibet I took pains to get in touch with the leaders of thought of the day. I tried to keep abreast of the amazing progress of science. I studied many lives of Christ, English, French, German, Italian, Jewish, Indian. Here was the greatest of all lives, and through the study of that life I was able to get the most perfect idea of that which produced it. And in the form of a drama, under the title of *The Reign of God*, I recorded my own impression of it. I also studied the greatest spiritual personalities of our own times, whether in Europe or Asia, Christian or non-Christian. And the result of those studies I published in my book, *Modern Mystics*.

Nor have my studies been confined to events on this planet. From as far back as 1887, when I was making night journeys in the Gobi Desert, I have been interested in the idea that on other planets of other stars than our sun there may be living beings — and, on a few, living beings higher than ourselves. This is no fantastic idea and no

vague speculation. On the face of it, it is extremely improbable that we should be the only living beings in a universe of such colossal dimensions as astronomy now shows ours to be. It is often supposed that conditions here are exceptionally favorable to the emergence of life. It is just as probable that conditions here are exceptionally unfavorable. In my *Living Universe* I have given my reason for supposing that on many other planets, scattered all over the universe, there may be living beings; and I look upon it as important to pursue these investigations because they get us out of that parochial, insular habit of mind which makes us regard ourselves as the lords of creation. We get to see things in their right proportion.

Similarly, it is important to look onward to our future on this planet. Science tells us that man has existed here for only one million years, while life will be possible here for hundreds and thousands of millions of years yet. There lie before us, therefore, unimaginable possibilities of development. Ahead of us may be whole societies of what our highest have already been — whole societies of Christ-like beings, with undreamed of possibilities of intercommunication and transportation and power over their material surroundings.

IV

Thus for me the world is no mere mechanism. I am no mere cog on a mechanically driven wheel. The world is animated; and with the spirit which animates it I also am imbued. With that same spirit those around me are likewise inspired. Together we form one vast community influencing and influenced by each other and all imbued with the same World Spirit. And that Central Spirit we can feel compelling us to eschew the bad and strive after the good, to strive after the best, rather

than the merely good, and after the highest perfection we can conceive rather than the merely best we see about us. We feel impelled, in fact, to seek first the Kingdom of God.

Jesus we Christians believe to be the highest perfection. But even He did not consider Himself perfect, and most certainly the society He founded is not yet a perfect society. Clearly, therefore, our part is unceasingly to seek after higher and higher perfection both in ourselves and in the various communities to which we belong, and create the conditions under which more perfect being can arise.

Convinced of the essential goodness and beauty of the world, we will regard ourselves as among the myriad agents through which the universe as a whole is working to better life on this planet. We will therefore by prayer and meditation, by study and emulation, fill ourselves as far as we can with the essential spirit of the world, and then put that spirit into all we do. We will carefully select that line of activity along which we feel we can be of most service. It may be in the service of our country, it may be as artist or writer in creating more beauty, it may be in combating some crying evil, or in creating some beneficial business, or in making a home — whatever it may be, into that we will put the very best of ourselves. We will align ourselves with the Great Purpose of the universe, gather ourselves tightly together, reach after the highest pitch of perfectibility, and then put the whole of ourselves into the work we have deliberately chosen.

Having done that, we need not fret or worry, we can leave the rest to God. He is working His purpose out. And if we have made His purpose our purpose, it is bound to be fulfilled.

So, as the sum of it all, the religion which I have made for myself — the religion of an explorer — is a very simple religion. I find myself inex-

trically bound up with that world of men and things — that Mother-World — out of which I was born, and of which I forever remain an integral part, as a patriot does of his country. Of the essential goodness of this Mother-World, experience has utterly convinced me. She has caused me pain of body, grief of heart, and agony of soul, all three at their acutest. But she has

loved and tended me in helplessness, in suffering, and in sorrow, and given me untellable joy in the end. I love her. I would do anything for her. And I would have all others share the joy which she has brought me.

That, in brief, is my religion. I have found it work in practice. And my one longing now is to make it of service to my fellows.

YES, RUTH IS WONDERFUL

BY REECE STUART, JR.

I

FOR months we had watched our son dying. On a Sunday morning he died. A clergyman who had entertained him in the hospital, without praying over him there, read a brief service on Monday afternoon. Then, late Monday evening, Ruth and I went to a moving-picture theatre. I think that the film was a comedy, but I'm not sure.

Less frequently to-day, three years later, than formerly, but yet occasionally, our friends still say to her: —

'Ruth, I think you and Ted are wonderful. You have been so courageous. I don't see how you stood it then, or have been able to go on since.'

They don't tell me I am wonderful or courageous, and they are right to leave it unsaid. I'm not courageous; I'm still desperately afraid of the whole thing. I do have some 'front.' I may have looked uncommonly brave these three years, but I have n't felt so. For the foundations of courage were undermined during the months leading up

to that Sunday morning. On that day they fell.

The boy, our first, was fourteen years old — old enough to have become a definite, individual character in our family; not yet old enough to have grown beyond either our dependence upon him or his upon us.

His physical resilience, his strong young body that promised swimming records, and his buoyant spirits before and after the operation for appendicitis a year earlier, had somewhat stilled our horror when the doctors said that only surgery could disclose why he was beginning to slip away from us.

He went cheerfully back to the hospital. He intended to be a surgeon himself some day. It was later that he turned his favor to the law.

He was wholly unafraid when he lifted himself over from his bed to the cart that wheeled him to the operating room. He smiled calmly and reassuringly at me before the ether mask was laid over his eyes. That other operation

had n't hurt him. The nurses had tried after it to spoil him. Friends had brought him books and puzzles and he had enjoyed propelling himself through the corridors in a wheel chair. Moreover, he had been out on the lot playing baseball with 'the gang' three weeks after that appendectomy. This would n't be so bad.

But a few moments later he was again on the cart, going back to his room.

A single incision had revealed the veritable octopus of malignancy, its tentacles already fastened upon too many organs to leave any hope to surgery.

It might be a matter of days only; it might be weeks or months, but it could not be long, the physicians told us.

II

Until then I had been confident that, come what might, I should remain sane. The first call for courage had sounded and I wanted my wits and my reason.

Those later hours of that same day, when I begged from doctor's office to doctor's office for a word of reprieve from science — begged in Ruth's and my own behalf, I now realize, as much as in the boy's — those hours probably presented me as less demented than I afterward supposed myself to have appeared, for physicians must see frequently the sort of thing they saw in me that day.

I saw them all again, one at a time: the kindly doctor who had brought that boy into the world, the gentle pediatrician who had watched his development and had cared for him during all the minor ills of his childhood, and the surgeon, the one of the three least warmly bound to Ruth and me in intimate friendship. In pity he spoke to me of X-ray and a 'chance in a million that it might help' — the one

chance in a million which means not a single chance in infinity.

Another summons to courage — to go back to the hospital to lie to Ruth; to tell her there was hope to be placed in X-ray treatment.

It took less courage to tell her the truth. And I had less.

But the next demand could not be denied. It was to prepare, even before he awakened from the anæsthetic, to live falsely with the boy as long as he should live after that.

We did manage that. But I don't call it courage. Courage, and sense, would have been to pray that he might never waken.

Going home from the hospital after that previous operation he had 'danged' the ambulance gong gleefully as we had turned into the drive, to announce to the gang that he had returned and to call them to witness his triumph. He did n't 'dang' the gong on that last trip.

We took the chance in a million — took it knowing it was no chance at all — and continued taking it until neither of us could longer conceal from the other the conviction that it was worse than useless. Medical science was through. It was finding daily more and more difficult the fulfillment of its promise to us that our son would not be permitted to suffer physical pain. All along it had been helpless before the pain in his eyes — and sometimes also in his voice — as he watched from his window when 'lucky guys' pedaled past the house on their way to school.

III

Both hurts, we were constantly assured, would yield to religion. What was there to lose? Faith recruits its most ardent adherents from the desperate. God, they told us, was infallible, omnipotent, merciful.

Sunday after Sunday and through

all the intervening days we told ourselves that we did believe what happy believers in pews around us knew beyond all possibility of doubt. He would be saved and restored by God's love and power. For months we really thought we had learned to believe, in the face of the progress of the growth that was destroying him. Even now I think that, for a time, my belief was real. Neither of us ever admitted to the other during that year that divine failure was possible.

But our boy died. He died peacefully, in his last moments, after torture. Perhaps the god did n't try in his case. Perhaps we, his parents, never quite learned the only effective approach that would have enlisted the god's intercession. Certainly the boy suffered and died for lack of the exercise of any power — if any there were — that could have prevented his agony and his death. But we had used the only appeals for that aid that we knew or could learn. Since then we have felt no self-reproach for failure to have found the way — the Way, we might once have called it. We tried. But we lost our son.

That was to have been a relief to us, because it was to relieve him at last. It was to be the final evidence that perhaps there was a compassionate god who ended horrors with death, though he could not or would not end them otherwise.

'Let not your heart be troubled,' the clergyman read the next day.

We had been told he could live and could be strong and well, and we were asked still to accept the source of that promise as we turned back to the house from which he had been taken away.

There are other incongruities that cluster about death.

There was the acquaintance on trial, perhaps for his own life, as a result of a traffic accident. I met him on

the street, returning to the courtroom where he was to learn the jury's verdict, while I was making the round of doctors' offices after the pronouncement of a death sentence against my own son. We had never been close friends. But he faced disgrace, at least, and I was touched. I could not suppose that he, in the midst of a protracted trial, had even heard of my boy's peril. But as I gripped his hand and told him I hoped for the best for him, he said: —

'And I for you, Ted. My trouble is nothing to yours.'

There was the woman upon whom we had been advised to lean for that divine intervention. On the Tuesday after that final Monday I had gone to settle my account with her. As she consulted her records and accepted the money I placed on her desk, she looked up to ask: —

'And how is the little boy?'

Then there was the moving-picture theatre, eight or nine hours after the funeral. It was the least incongruous of all, though only a few of our friends would have understood that, had they known of it.

From it we went home to begin hearing: 'I think you and Ted are wonderfully brave.'

Perhaps Ruth is. I rarely hear sobs muffled in a pillow now after lights are out, and cross from my bed to sit on the edge of hers until she falls asleep.

IV

When our second son decided not to go back again to the Sunday school he had attended while we sat among the worshipers in the adjoining room, we were content to let the decision be his own. He explained it with the directness and simplicity of the child he was. He had seen his brother barely more than momentarily after returning from a summer camp just before that Sun-

day morning. The god and the god's mercy of which he had been told at Sunday school no longer impressed him.

Finally, the little girl, who is younger still than the second boy — the only boy now — and who happily carries only shadowy recollections of events she could not understand three years ago, is beginning to ask questions.

Even the orthodox faithful, I observe, are puzzled to find the answers.

Courage? We still have the boy and the girl. They can't be permitted to see their father a craven. But the doctors told us that the growth which consumed our first son was as fortuitous, as much an accident, as though he had been struck by a car in the street or by lightning or by a meteorite falling out of the sky. And the doctors were helpless.

Religion had another explanation which did not explain and a cure which did not cure.

Yes, Ruth is wonderful. Perhaps even Ted is. We have no grave to visit; we provided against that. We do not observe anniversaries. (Mildred always telephones to Ruth on the boy's birthday,) but scrupulously avoids any reference to the date. It is just an evidence of affectionate memory. In the evening Ruth mentions that Milly has called. That is all.) We conceal from each other the fact that we have recalled that 'just three years ago to-day . . .'

That may be wonderful. It looks like courage from without. It feels like fear within.

Death falls out of the sky, not only upon those ready for death, but upon fine, blameless, loved and loving boys with a promise in their personalities of great contributions to be made to life.

Against the hap of that fall neither parental care, nor medicine, nor knife, nor discoverable approach to higher help avails.

How not to be afraid?

THE DEADLY ISSUE¹

BY BRONISLAW MALINOWSKI

I HAVE chosen to discuss what to me appears the most vital and, as it happens, also the most deadly issue of the day: war as a menace to our immediate future. I speak as an anthropologist of sorts. Now to be an anthropologist really means to be a citizen of the world, past and present. For anthropology, the science of Man, embraces the study of human civilizations within the widest compass, archaic and modern, primitive and developed, exotic and those around our own parish pump. The anthropologist should be able, thus, to draw on the collective experience of mankind. He should be able to perceive the cultural reality of war as it really is, objectively and dispassionately; to see it in its true perspective across the widest distances of time and space.

The denunciations of war have become so frequent, so exaggerated, and yet so sterile of practical results, alas, that it requires some courage to reiterate an indictment of the phenomenon war. Yet truth, especially when it has become stale and therefore unheeded, must be reiterated. Thus, screwing up my courage, I again declare that, in the light of a dispassionate and unbiased study, war has become since the beginning of this century a destructive anachronism, useless as a tool, unpracticable as a measure of international policy, and at the same

time an unmitigated waste of all that is best in our civilization. The last war has in every way undermined our western American and European commonwealth. The next war is likely to go far toward its destruction. And even worse, the threat of an imminent war has become a moral and economic corrosive which is eating into our very flesh and blood politic.

Before proceeding to a survey of ethnographic facts, let us first make clear what we are looking for. What is war? It obviously consists of the use of force, but not all the use of force becomes warfare. When two street urchins are at grips, or when in a spiritual — I mean alcoholic — discussion the use of the crucial argument results in a black eye, this is a use of force, but it is not war. Nor would we class as facts relevant and cognate to our present warfare spasmodic and irregular uses of armed force: border raids, murderous quarrels within the community or small intra-tribal fights involving no policy. We have clearly to distinguish national or tribal warfare from internecine fighting, from fratricidal civil war, and from partisan fights within the same community. In view of these considerations we must define war as an armed contest between two independent political units, by means of organized military forces, in the pursuit of a tribal or national policy. The full justification of this minimum definition of war will be-

¹ Delivered at the Phi Beta Kappa exercises of the Harvard Tercentenary. — EDITOR

come patent in the course of our survey.

There will be, then, three questions which we shall have to keep in mind throughout our analysis of facts.

1. Is war a biological necessity? There is a powerful propaganda at work which attempts to foist on us the conviction that war is an expression of the struggle for existence; that it is due to man's innate and inevitable pugnacity or aggressiveness; and that as a selective agency war has been, is, and will remain unavoidable as well as beneficent. Is this true?

2. Has war a constructive and cultural value? It is contended by a vast array of authorities that war has been, is, and will remain the principal creative force of statecraft and of invention, of economic efficiency and technical skill. Is this view correct?

3. Has war always been an effective instrument of tribal policy, economic and political? Is it still such an effective means to the end of national aggrandizement?

I

First of all, then, what is the type of fighting among the lowest primitives? The lowest and simplest peoples claim our attention because they are the nearest living representatives of primitive man. Let us take one example.

The Veddahs of Ceylon, as primitive as any, are certainly no militarists. They have no armed force whatever. They do not live in organized political communities which would have any issues to fight about. To speak about war under such conditions is, in view of our previous considerations, a blatant misuse of the term. Yet can we assume, with some of our sanguine pacifists, that these natives are entirely non-pugnacious? Certainly not! From numerous accounts we know that, whenever a quarrel arises between two families or two individuals, a fight en-

sues, which may at times develop into a bloody battle with heavy casualties. Exactly the same picture can be drawn of the Orang Kubu of Sumatra, who are at the same time timorous and treacherous, run away when faced with a force superior or equal, but are quite ready with their blowpipe to kill anyone whom they can ambush or attack from behind.

Ruthless, cowardly guerrilla fighting is known among all the lowest Negritos. About the Punans of Borneo we are told that they never fight in any organized manner. They are naturally timid, shifty, never prepared to face their enemies; but they always 'avenge injuries by stealthy attacks on individuals with their blowpipe and poisoned darts.' Can we, therefore, class them with the imaginary golden-age pacifists? Certainly not! The Punans occasionally join a war party of some other tribe in order to facilitate the avenging of blood. On such expeditions their capacity for stealthy and treacherous attack, their technique of attacking from behind, is invaluable.

The Australian aborigines are perhaps the best example. They were organized into tribes which were numerous, strong, and were divided by conflicting interests. But they never settled their dissensions by organized fighting. The absence of military organization, of the use of force as a means of tribal policy, is tantamount to a complete absence of tribal warfare. Such fighting as they had was exclusively in the settling of private scores and it took the form of a duel. When there was a need of a tribal settlement on a wider scale, duels or large tournaments with a more or less ceremonial character were organized. Needless to say, a duel or a tournament is not a war.

To sum up the evidence concerning the lowest primitives: we can say that we do not find among them any organized clash of armed forces aiming at the

enforcement of a tribal policy. War does not exist among them. On the other hand, pugnacity is as rife as anywhere. They quarrel, they break each other's heads and give each other black eyes. We can, therefore, have pugnacity and yet no war. The institution of organized military forces is not, on the face of it, correlated with pugnacity.

As to the moral value of their fighting, this obviously cannot lead to any military virtues, since it is mostly carried out by stealth and develops qualities of treachery, cowardice, bloodthirsty but unheroic passions. The moralist, the historian, or the publicist, who would try to establish war as a biological necessity on ethnographic data supplied by the lowest primitives, stultifies his argument from the outset. And remember that if war were the outcome of the biological nature of man, if it were correlated with pugnacity, such correlation should be clearest at the earliest stages of development. Our negative proof is, therefore, conclusive.

At the same time, the pacifist's appeal to a golden age of docility is equally untenable. The type of modern pacifist, who thinks all can be solved by a mere appeal to human good will, fools himself. Peace cannot be achieved by means of renunciations. Peace is not a negative state: a mere absence of fighting. It is a dynamic condition in which national or tribal differences have to be settled by large-scale readjustments. If we want to prevent war we must replace the part which it plays by a powerful and effective machinery which would take over some of its functions. Such a machinery would entail far-reaching reforms in the individual, in the organization of our modern states, and in our cultural outlook. To-day we are faced with various creeds of pacifism and various methods of it are being advocated.

Pacifism is decidedly on the upgrade in this country. The visitor from Europe is forcibly impressed by the almost dramatic change in public opinion of the United States, a change which I, myself, find in the press and personal contacts, and in the utterances of such statesmen as President Roosevelt, Mr. Hull, and also of the Republican leaders. The difference between public opinion two years ago when I was last in the States and to-day is impressive. Of course it is well to realize that between the expression of an ideal and its effective translation into practical politics there is a long way on which constructive statesmanship and public preparedness for sacrifice will be necessary. I hope the United States is going to take the lead in the work.

I believe that the real road to peace is not through a relapse into fictitious natural pacifism. The real road to peace, in my opinion, lies in the creation of an international super-state for the use of force in the maintenance of peace. In short, we want the international policeman exactly as we cannot do without the ordinary constable. Without him we shall be faced by gangsters, national and international.

When we move from the lowest primitives to a somewhat higher level, we find a bewildering variety in modes of fighting, raiding, and wholesale murder. For here we enter the fantastic world of real savagery, where head-hunting, cannibalism, nocturnal raids in which whole villages are wiped out, give the decisive character to many a neolithic culture. And yet to say that as man develops he becomes more bloodthirsty and cruel would not be quite correct. Side by side with really fierce head-hunters, we find living in the same habitat, fashioned by a similar history, people who are completely peaceful and who practise fighting only as a sport. A good in-

stance of this is the Eskimos of Greenland and the Bering Straits, who live side by side with their fierce and pugnacious neighbors, the Eskimos of Alaska. I shall presently give another example from my own field of study in New Guinea.

Let us examine a case of characteristic organized combativeness associated with head-hunting. My friends, the Kiwai Papuans of Southern New Guinea, practise two types of fighting. On the one hand they indulge, from time to time, in regulated combats within the same village, occasionally associated with severe casualties. This serves as a safety valve to tensions and hostilities within the group, and is, in fact, an adequate expression of regulated pugnacity. It can be clearly seen, however, that this type of fighting has nothing to do with external war as an instrument of tribal policy. It resembles in every way rather a typical football performance of an American college, casualties and all that. There is no trace whatever of its leading to a higher political organization or being the mother of inventions. Occurring as it does within the community, it cannot be an instrument of external adjustment between one tribe and another.

The same natives, however, carry out a deadly type of fighting with distant and strange communities. Such fights consist, almost invariably, of sudden attacks on defenseless villages, usually surprised in sleep. Native tradition tells us that several tribes have been completely exterminated in such raids. The main object of these is head-hunting. Head-hunting is a queer, and not on the whole very easily accounted for, example of early collectioneering.

Let us pause once more, and reflect on this type of armed contest. Is it politically constructive? Conquest is never practised among these natives; no higher political units arise out of the fusion of two communities. The fact

that incidentally one or two villages are so completely wiped out that whole tribes disappear is certainly not an element of progress. Within the community itself, the military organization of the people is so simple that it cannot and does not lead to the development of political power.

Does this type of fighting lead to military virtues? Based as it is on cunning and treachery, consisting as it does of mere killing of defenseless people, usually in their sleep, it can hardly produce any virtues, Christian or savage. It is a most remarkable thing that, apart from the collecting of heads, no profit accrues from victory. Economically such distinctive raids are as barren as our modern wars have become. These savages cannot loot, because there is no portable or accumulable wealth at this stage, exactly as we at present cannot loot any more, because our wealth has become too cumbersome to steal in large quantities.

What about the biological essence of this type of fighting? The open, intra-communal combats or tournaments can be regarded as organized pugnacity. They obviously are not akin to war. The real external fights of these people, on the other hand, are carried out under the drive of that strange craving for pickled heads, and are certainly not instinctive. However widely we might stretch the term 'innate tendency' or 'instinct,' — and in modern psychology and physiology we try indeed to restrict the meaning, — the absurdity of speaking about an instinct of head-hunting is patent.

I could give you another example from the same district of New Guinea. The Trobrianders, among whom I have done most of my field work, might be cited as typical pacifists of the neolithic stage. They carry out sporting regulated combats for the display of skill and courage. They know nothing of raiding and fighting on a large scale,

and their hostilities never lead either to conquest or to loot, or even to head-hunting. Side by side with them, in the neighboring archipelago, there lives a congeries of tribes all of whom are aggressive, addicted to head-hunting, fierce, and extremely combative.

When you compare these two neighbors, you find a most unexpected correlation, or absence thereof. The general idea which we all have is that military efficiency is 100 per cent correlated with high political organization. This is completely controverted by our evidence from eastern New Guinea. The peaceful Trobrianders have developed chieftainship, are organized in enormous political units, and are, in every way, the most advanced natives of the whole area. Their neighbors from Dobu, Fergusson Island, or Goodenough Island, have no political units, are divided into small tribelets, and are in every respect culturally inferior to the Trobrianders. And again, can we say that the Trobrianders, because of their pacifism, are essentially unheroic, unmanly, lacking in the spirit of enterprise and determination? Certainly not! Though they have no war, they have other means of giving play to their spirit of adventure. Year after year they embark in frail canoes on really dangerous expeditions, where they not only brave the hazards of wind and weather, but expose themselves to attack by fierce and cruel neighbors. When attacked they are able to defend themselves, but they are never the aggressors.

I could survey with you organized fighting in the archipelagoes of Indonesia, among the hill tribes of India, in Africa, Polynesia, and America. Everywhere the results would be the same. We should find, first of all, that fierceness and combativeness are not universal. There exist peace-loving and, from the military point of view, ineffective tribes at the stage of polished stone

and early metalworking. At the same time fighting, and fierce fighting, is found in many parts of the world. It is carried on for head-hunting, for cannibalistic repasts, in order to procure sacrificial victims, and sometimes for the mere lust of killing. But exactly as we cannot regard head-hunting as an innate instinct, so also cannibalism and direct murder are not instinctive. The characteristics of this stage of fighting are that no fruits of victory can yet be gathered, that there is not the slightest trace of any tribal policy being carried out through the force of arms, and that military virtues are often found in the negative form of cunning, treachery, and capacity for rapid retreat. Finally, there is no visible correlation between political structure and military efficiency. Those who seek for the origins of the state in military aggression are certainly mistaken.

II

So far, though we have met organized fighting, sportive combats, head-hunting expeditions and so on, we have not yet met war—that is, we have not met with an institution in which two political groups pit their strength against each other on account of some real issue. Perhaps the first really constructive advantage derived from inter-tribal war is associated with a social phenomenon which is very important for us in the present argument. I mean the institution of slavery. To the cold-blooded, dispassionate, and amoral eye of the anthropologist, slavery is by no means that horrible institution which throws Lady Simon and Miss Katherine Mayo into fits of moral indignation. Slavery is an institution which is as little instinctive or innate as war itself. A few generations ago, serious arguments were advanced by theologians and others that slavery had been ordained by God, implanted by Him in

the heart of man, that it was an established law of nature. Similar arguments are now advanced in favor of war.

Slavery, like war, can be shown to have been absent from the earliest stages of humanity, and to have come to fruition at a certain epoch; to have fulfilled a valuable function then, and to have become entirely useless after. When it ceased to pay, theologians discovered that it was immoral. Slavery and war are, moreover, closely intertwined. The first element in the history of cultural development, indeed, which makes war a really effective instrument of tribal policy is precisely slavery. Human material was the first to be effectively looted. At the stage when the producer can only feed his own mouth, slavery is obviously unprofitable. It is no good having a hundred slaves if these hundred slaves can achieve only the feeding of a hundred mouths. As soon as the food-getting industries developed sufficiently to make slaves profitable, wars of slave raiding started. Thus was inaugurated the long epoch in which war becomes economically profitable and politically constructive.

This is not necessarily associated with agriculture. The northwestern tribes of America, perhaps the most primitive slave owners on record, developed fisheries to a high degree of efficiency. In catching and preserving fish, in working metal and certain textiles, slaves became highly useful. Wars on a large scale were carried out for the raiding of slaves. The same condition obtained among some South and Central American Indians of higher culture, where again slavery was an essential element in a highly differentiated society. In Africa there was indigenous slavery in varying degrees of development and with various types of legal status of slaves.

Speaking of Africa, however, we must distinguish between slavery as an

indigenous institution and slave wars for export. Africa became disorganized, many of its cultures extinguished, and the life of the whole people darkened, not because of indigenous slavery, but because two higher cultures — Islam and Christianity — opened world-wide markets for slaves and organized fratricidal warfare among the Africans. The study of this type of artificially stimulated war would be very interesting and would, perhaps, demonstrate once more that war, in most of its phases, has been a cultural disease, very often of foreign introduction, rather than a healthy indigenous institution.

Almost at the same time as slavery, another phenomenon becomes culturally possible. I mean wholesale robbery or loot by war. I drew your attention to the fact that in lowest savagery, as well as at the stage of polished stone, effective looting is impossible. When, through more highly developed agriculture, rich sedentary populations came into existence in the fertile plains of southern Asia, in the alluvial valleys of such large rivers as the Ganges, Tigris, Euphrates, or the Nile, these became a useful prey to the nomadic pastoral tribes surrounding them. Under such conditions war with a purpose, war as a profession, makes its appearance on the historical stage. A new technique of fighting arises: open attack and defense, entailing the development of military virtues and discipline. Without making a moral case for robbery on a grand scale, we can say that this type, which the anthropologist can exemplify even nowadays from north Africa, central Asia, and America, has at least a purpose and a meaning.

But really effective warfare is the one which combines loot, slavery, and territorial acquisition — which, in short, establishes permanent instead of temporary exploitation. This is the war of conquest. I have indicated that it is not true to maintain that all state-

craft and political organization are due to war. An abundant anthropological material can be produced to explode this hypothesis. But there is no doubt at all that, in many parts of the world, there was an evolutionary stage when conquest was the main factor in political reconstruction and cultural progress. The anthropologist can give conclusive evidence. In West Africa, for example, certain tribes—the Ashanti, the Dahomey, the Yoruba—at one time evolved a stronger and more effective military organization than their neighbors. They were able to conquer a group of surrounding tribes. They founded monarchies, in which culture, social organization, and certain personal qualities of the citizens developed to a much higher degree than elsewhere. Their preparedness for war was associated with the aristocratic constitution of their society. Military qualities—courage, determination, leadership—were characteristic of high rank. Facilities for transport, technical devices, strict discipline, and close organization of semi-secret male associations were all connected with warfare. The whole constitution of Ashanti or of Dahomey bears a military imprint. Their history tells us that war has been used to pursue a definite policy of national expansion. Knowledge and use of gold and ivory and bronze, the possibility of accumulating wealth and even of employing it as a means of production, made the fruits of victory economically profitable.

We could draw almost the same conclusions from the study of East Africa and its past history. There also a number of kingdoms were established by warfare. In the North we have the Hamitic states, of which the Baganda are a good example. In the South we have the recent case of the rise and flowering of the Zulu military empire. In that region, also, we can show that

conquest was not merely destructive. It created political groupings and it was associated with military virtues. It served as an effective instrument of national policy.

From another part of the world, the development of the League of Iroquois, of which we know the history, gives the same results. A group of Indian tribes reached a higher level of social organization and of cultural efficiency, very largely through the acquisition of better arms. They used these advantages to effective purpose. They associated with each other and formed a large political unit. They fought their way through into a more fertile and extensive territory, and subjected to themselves a number of other natives. Here also, as in the African military tribes, we find that the technique of combat was, in a way, ennobling, selective, and purposeful. All these people fight face to face—courage, dexterity, better technique, better equipment, carry the day. Efficiency in war depends on moral superiority, personal virtues, and better equipment. War leads to cultural progress. If we switched over to Polynesia and examined the warfare of the Maori, the combats of the Fijians or of the Tongans, we should reach the same conclusion.

Two good examples of the close association at a certain stage between war and cultural advance come again from the New World. The monarchies of Mexico and Peru were both military organizations, very largely oriented toward a national policy of conquest. In both of them a strong army, controlled by a warlike aristocracy who were inspired to conquest by the association of military with national and religious ideals, formed the backbone of the social constitution. Their conquests were used in each case for the formation of a constantly increasing empire which also carried out civilizing functions. The Incas of Peru, nota-

bly, transformed the surrounding tribes from savage nomads into sedentary land tillers and herdsmen, who gradually adopted the higher type of civilization.

We have already reached the dawn of history. Looking at the earliest Mediterranean and Oriental empires in the same analytic and sociological manner with which we have discussed the facts of primitive life, we could probably attribute the same importance to war in the early history of Egypt, Mesopotamia, India, China, and Japan. These facts are too well known, however, and too far outside the realm of anthropology to need fuller analysis from a student of primitive cultures. Suffice it to say that on the whole each successive war, each invasion of the rich plains tenanted by a settled land-tilling population, led not merely to destruction but also to reorganization and advancement in culture. And history supplies us with yet another lesson: as soon as the governing class, the aristocracy, loses direct interest in war, as soon as fighting is no longer a test of the personal efficiency and virtue of the ruler, he must give way to others. From conqueror, he becomes material to be conquered. I need only remind you that in Rome, as soon as the profession of soldiering passed from the hands of the citizen to those of the hireling, the doom of the Empire was settled.

Were I to invite you rapidly to survey those historical facts of mediæval and modern Europe which followed the downfall of Rome, you might find some really telling confirmations of our anthropological approach. In the Middle Ages, for instance, we have a long period of disorganizing strife which did not contribute toward the advancement of culture. The various fights of factions in the Eastern Empire and on the ruins of the Western; the contests between tribe and tribelet of the invading Teutons; the fighting of bands of

robbers, whether noble or not, were productive of nothing else but destruction and vandalism.

Only in the measure as tribal or national unity emerged with centralization in the legal, fiscal, and political sense do we find constructive the wars of Charlemagne and Barbarossa — or, for that matter, of a Tamerlane.

Again, it would be interesting to analyze mediæval warfare in connection with the individual virtues of chivalry and a sense of citizenship. War in European history has at times been eminently a means of religious, national, or idealistic policy. In the Crusades, or in the wars between Spaniards and Moors and the wars between the Guelphs and the Ghibelines, we find the expression of definite policies: conquest has an historical meaning. Perhaps the last wars of this type in modern history are those between France and Prussia in 1870–1871 and the Boer War. It would be interesting to reflect how victory in these last two cases did not yield exactly the fruits that were hoped for by imperialists who drove to war and precipitated it. In either case, conquest was annulled by subsequent events. After the Boer War a wise turn of liberal policy in Great Britain restored political power to the conquered minority. In the case of Alsace-Lorraine, the provinces which were taken by force in 1871 were taken back by force in 1919. The final change is naught, and for that the nations had to pay a heavy price in blood and substance — and, worst of all, in good will and moral values.

The Franco-German War, moreover, has proved how shortsighted and romantic Bismarck's statesmanship was. How, in trusting to war as the main instrument of his national policy, he overreached himself. Had Bismarck known that his ideology would in the long run produce Adolf Hitler as his spiritual successor, he might have

doubted whether Sedan was the greatest victory in human development.

III

Let us sum up our anthropological survey and briefly present its results.

Speaking in terms of evolution, we find that war is not a permanent institution of mankind. If we define it as an instrument of national policy, as an effective way of obtaining the fruits of victory by means of organized force, war has not always been in existence. The chaotic brawls, the internecine fighting of the lowest savages, have nothing in common with the institution of war. At the second stage, the battles of head-hunters, the raids of cannibals, the capturing of human bodies for sacrifice or repast, are an interesting and queer puzzle for the anthropologist. They show no constructive or creative virtue either for the individual, who at this stage is poltroon rather than hero, or for society. But war, like slavery and prostitution, dominates a whole phase in human history. At this stage it is unquestionably all that is claimed for it. Through constructive conquest it yields politically, culturally, and personally very tangible results.

On what does the positive value of war depend? We shall find an answer to this question in considering again the three points from which we started our analysis.

Is war a biological necessity? As regards the earliest cultures the answer we have found is emphatically negative. To blow a poisoned dart from behind a bush, to murder a woman or a child in her sleep, is not pugnacity. Nor is head-hunting, body snatching, or killing for food instinctive or natural. I do not think that we can in any way regard even the wars of ancient Egypt, Peru, or China, the invasions of the Tatars, the crusades or jihads, as

expressions of instinctive pugnacity. The idea that war is a biological necessity is quite untenable. But, from the biological point of view, war that is waged by direct impact, where strength is pitted against strength, courage against courage, and skill against skill, is quite compatible with the principle of the survival of the fittest.

Turning to the wars of to-day and to-morrow, can we say that to-day man is pitting his strength, skill, courage, or endurance against man? Certainly not! War has become a contest between machines, industrial enterprise, and financial organization. The hero of the next war, the man who from the air destroys a whole peaceful township in its sleep with poison gas, is not expressing any biological characteristics of his organism, nor showing any moral virtues. In a remarkable way he matches the head-hunter, who surprises in their sleep a village of peaceful neighbors and kills them ruthlessly, without discrimination and without personal feelings. In other words, I claim that to speak about military virtues in modern warfare is a plain falsehood. The mechanical and promiscuous murder from a safe place of vantage of unknown, innocent people — men, women, and children — cannot develop courage in the assassin. It is an act of premeditated, cowardly crime on a gigantic scale. The intelligence is not in the act of war, but in the scientific inventions which have made this collective assassination possible, though they cannot imply on the part of the scientist a moral assent to the criminal action. The future war will not be carried, moreover, by heroic volunteers, but by men conscripted — that is, forced into being assassins, or hired for the purpose.

Give me again the old type of warfare, where man was pitted against man, courage against courage, where intelligence and enterprise still counted,

and I shall become as enthusiastic about war as any member of the most military propaganda organization in a Fascist, Nazi, or Communist country. You can praise the virtue of modern warfare only if you blind yourself to its realities. Or you can by verbal jugglery draw conclusions from the vision of past wars, dead now beyond recovery, and by sophistry apply the results to the contemporary mechanical slaughter.

In the second place, can war be regarded as a source of cultural values? Here we find that war is distinctly a dated phenomenon. At the time when fighting is an organized clash of armed forces in pursuit of national policy, it definitely shows certain beneficent influences. Preparedness for war entails the maintenance of a caste of people with full responsibilities and moral as well as intellectual virtues. When this caste disappears, the community ceases to be warlike and efficient. War at the stage of constructive conquest also leads to the maintenance of a high technical efficiency in matters of transport, communication, skill in the manufacture of weapons, which entail general industrial proficiency.

And here again modern warfare has ceased to be a contest of military forces. It is a combat between one nation in arms, reorganized completely for military aims, with another. Non-combatants have ceased to exist. There is no question of an élite developing military virtues such as courage, endurance, and heroism. The incidence of danger in the next war will be so arbitrary, so accidental, that to speak of any selective function of it is incorrect.

It might be still asked: Does this not mean, however, that courage, endurance, and heroism have merely become collective instead of individual? The answer is certainly in the negative. A completely passive, non-selective, accidental exposure to danger cannot develop the virtues of military type in

the collectivity any more than in the individual.

The results of a future war on a large, modern community would be as selective as that eruption of Mount Pelée which destroyed the chief city of Martinique, or a gigantic earthquake which wipes out an entire district. We know that such experiences do not develop citizenship, but lead to outbreaks of criminal looting and destruction. We know also that they shatter the morale without any compensating results. And would anyone in his senses engineer earthquakes on a large scale, volcanic eruptions, or floods in order to experiment in the possibility of discovering here and there symptoms of human greatness, stoicism, or Christian devotion? No sooner the question is asked than its futility becomes clear.

Sociologically, again, the preparedness for war, far from being functionally profitable, is merely destructive. Education in Fascist Italy or Hitler's Germany shows what a complete militarization of a people can bring about. There is little time left for teaching or moral development in the schools of Germany and Italy. Children are made into good patriots—that is to say, into suitable material for gun fodder. As regards finance and industrial organization, the apprehension in which we live of the next war introduces a permanent source of dislocation and conflict. The economic motive in trade, industry, and finance works at present inevitably toward internationalization. The political motive of preparedness for the next war drives each state to a strictly self-contained national policy. I believe that to this conflict can be ascribed more than half of the effective causes in unemployment, disorganization, and national poverty. I also believe that the world organized, or rather disorganized, for the future war is moving inevitably toward economic catastrophe.

IV

Let us now pass to the third point in our discussion — from the sociological point of view perhaps the most important. At one stage war becomes an effective instrument of national policy. This is associated with such institutions as slavery, loot, and conquest, without which war cannot remain entirely profitable. As we have seen, neither the internecine brawls of lowest savagery nor the exotic combats of head-hunting and cannibalism can claim to be wars. Only when effective conquest is possible, and its maintenance becomes a source of constructive activities on the part of conquered and conquerors alike, is war really culturally and politically valuable.

From this point of view, can present-day war be an instrument of national policy? Obviously not! The last war was not carried out between two well-defined political units. It was waged between two entirely nonsensical and politically incongruous agglomerates: Portuguese, Chinese, and British versus Germans, Turks, and Bulgarians. The Treaty of Versailles is an example of a denial of any constructive war aims. Only in so far as it is not correlated with any victory, only in the Covenant of the League of Nations, has any element of statesmanship been embodied in it. Its economic provisions have ruined victors and vanquished alike. Politically it has led to predatory shifts of territory. True, it has set free a few nations, but it has enslaved others.

And here again, in the only positive and constructive results of the last war, we can learn one thing: that conquest has, in modern conditions, ceased to be a practical proposition. The only points which the sociologist can lay to the credit of the last war are in the liberation of Poland, of Southern Ireland, of the Czechs and the Slovaks,

the national independence given to Lithuanians, Finlanders, Latvians, and Esthonians. Thus, by undoing some past conquests, it contributed to a certain extent to a sounder constitution of Europe. At the same time it is obvious that, in the liberating of subject nationalities, legitimate boundaries have not been kept. The peace treaties have created the minority problem, which is perhaps the most dangerous element in the constitution of modern Europe.

We have reached a stage of evolution when war has ceased once more to be a culturally constructive force. It has also ceased to be an instrument of effective national policy. It is my considered opinion, as a student of human culture, that the only alternative for us is to abolish war and organize for peace or perish. A cynic might say that no argument can break through our modern political incompetence and intellectual dishonesties. He might maintain that it is useless to accumulate evidence as to the utterly destructive character of any military preparations and wars of the future. I personally believe that a clear recognition of facts must sooner or later create that strong and united national will toward peace in every nation, and across national boundaries, which is the only power to save us. The anthropologist, side by side with the historian and the student of international law, must contribute his quota toward the formation of that will.

I have tried to prove to you that war is not, and never has been, a biological necessity; that the cultural value of war is not universal, but limited to a well-defined period in human development; that at present war has become merely destructive and demoralizing, the most cruel and imbecile expression of the dominance of the machine over man. If I have succeeded in this, I have acquitted myself of my appointed task.

ISADORA AND ESSENINE

BY LOLA KINEL

I

IN Berlin I put an advertisement in the English newspaper and then left for Berg Dievenow, a tiny fishing village on the Baltic, where my fifty dollars would last me for a long, long time. A week later I had a wire in response to my advertisement. It was signed 'Isadora Duncan.'

It was n't Isadora at all, however, who was awaiting me at the Berlin address mentioned in the telegram. It was a young American boy — an art student, I believe — by the name of Miltoun. He introduced himself as Isadora's friend and we went out to a café to discuss the business. He had seen my advertisement, he explained, and, knowing Isadora's predicament in not being able to talk to her Russian husband, he thought I might do for a secretary. And now he was to decide whether or not I should do. . . .

We talked and we drank coffee while this young man was sizing me up for the job of being Isadora's and Essennine's secretary. After half an hour's conversation, which covered a great deal of territory, from Bolshevism to art, he exclaimed: —

'You will do! You are just what she needs. And all those languages . . . splendid! Now let's go and send the wire. Can you leave to-night? She is in Wiesbaden, you know. And let me tell you something,' he added confidentially, 'don't take too much luggage. Isadora is always on the go. She may

tell you she wants to stay a week in some town, and a couple of hours later you will find you are leaving.' Prophetic words!

We parted with a handshake. I rushed to my hotel, packed, and took the next train for Wiesbaden.

Next morning, rather breathlessly, I knocked at the door of Isadora's suite at the Hotel Rose. A pleasant voice said, 'Come in,' and I entered.

A fat, middle-aged woman in a salmon-colored negligee was reclining gracefully on the couch. She had a small head with Titian curls, a beautiful but cruel mouth, and sentimental eyes; she spoke with a sort of clipped accent. When she rose, later, and began to move about the room, I saw that she was not fat or middle-aged; she was beautiful, she had an innate, a marvelous grace. This was Isadora. . . .

After a while a young man in white silk pyjamas came out of the adjoining bedroom. He looked like a Russian dancer from an American vaudeville show; pale golden, curly hair, naïve eyes of cornflower blue, and the grace of a very strong, muscular body. This was Essennine. . . . Later I discovered that he was not always naïve. He was sly, too, and suspicious, and instinctively clever. And he was very sensitive, just like a child, and full of twists and complexes — a peasant and a poet, both.

After their marriage in Moscow, Isa-

dora and Essenine had flown to Berlin. There he was fêted by the Russian art colony in a series of real Russian libations which finally affected his health. It even began to affect Isadora, who could stand more than he and who, in the days when I knew her, was actually the better for a few drinks — more mellow and charming. However, I believe she was a little jealous of all these numerous noisy Russians and their boisterous adoration. So she took Essenine to Wiesbaden for a rest and a cure. It was here that the doctor who examined Essenine told her that his condition was serious; he must stop drinking for at least two or three months, or she would have a maniac on her hands. Essenine, who had just had a sort of nervous breakdown and was suffering from neuritis, promised to comply with the doctor's orders.

All this I learned from Isadora a few days after I joined them in Wiesbaden. I understood then, too, why Essenine's face was so gray and his lips blue, and why he was often so terribly tense. He had been drinking for several years, drinking heavily, as most Russians do, and this sudden complete stop must have been a bad strain on his nerves. And Isadora's love, very tender and kind, was also a bit too smothering and devouring. It must have been but another shackle or strain to the savage and sensitive poet. . . . I understood, but Isadora, unfortunately, did n't, and the complications which arose thereupon were manifold. . . .

II

I had been with Isadora and Essenine fully a month before I saw her dance. It was in Brussels, where she had a three-day engagement. I must confess that as the day drew near my curiosity and excitement were tinged with an odd feeling of fear: Isa-

dora was middle-aged and almost corpulent, and, although the inimitable grace which imbued her every movement had already captured my imagination, I was actually frightened that when I saw her dance I might be disappointed. This, I felt, would be nothing short of a calamity. Also, she had only a few short days of actual preparation or exercise. Throughout the weeks that I had been with her, I had never seen her take the least precautions in her diet, or practise or do any of the things that dancers are said to do.

When I got to the theatre, it was crowded, and the atmosphere was charged with that anticipatory tenseness which is present when an audience expects a big thrill. The curtains parted and revealed an empty stage, save for an upright in the corner, with the pianist seated at it. Around the stage were draped Isadora's famous blue curtains.

When the inevitable murmurs and noises had subsided, the pianist started to play. From the opposite corner the blue curtains parted ever so lightly and Isadora appeared.

And now I am coming to the hardest part of my story, for how can anyone ever describe the magic that was her dance? All I remember now is that I sat in that box in a rapture which one can compare only to a sort of religious exaltation. All my absurd fears vanished as if they had never been. I was filled with joy and a profound humility before this miracle of beauty.

If someone asked me to describe the individual dances I should also be hard put to it. Each dance was like a little, rounded-out composition or poem, charged with emotion and meaning. There never seemed a single unnecessary gesture or movement: like all geniuses, she seemed to achieve a maximum effect with a minimum of means. There was not anything, of course, that

could be called 'pretty' or 'frilly'; every line was of divine simplicity and beauty. In the final analysis, I should even hesitate to call it dancing, for, although the range of the various movements varied from the very slowest motions to some really high jumps, there was never such a thing as a 'step.' One movement flowed out of another as inevitably and naturally as the leaves grow on a tree, and each dance was one beautiful, undulating line, a magic fluidity of motions of which each single one, arrested, would have revealed a composition worthy of the greatest sculptor.

Withal, though hardly any of the dances could be definitely labeled, they were full of profound meaning. They seemed to reveal all the different emotions through which a human being, or humanity itself, passes in a lifetime. They were universal. There was one Chopin prelude, for instance, in which Isadora merely walked from one end of the stage to the other. How to describe these dozen steps that were yet one continuous line? It might have been called 'Despair, Death, and Resurrection'; or 'Sorrow and Joy.' It started at medium strength, ebbed to a point of complete stillness, gained vigor, and slowly reached a climax. There was the famous Schubert 'Moment Musical,' where all the beautiful emotions of motherhood seemed consecrated in a few simple, unforgettable motions. Who can ever forget the inimitable grace of her lovely arms with which she seemed to rock a baby, those poor arms which had been empty so long? And then the Brahms waltzes — one in particular where Isadora was like a Goddess of Joy strewing flowers around her. I could have sworn I saw children on the stage — there where I knew was nothing but the bare rug, where Isadora smiled and danced, bending joyously right and left. It was pure magic. . . .

III

One does n't need a language to make love; one does n't even need many words for ordinary daily intercourse. A few words and some pantomime can accomplish a lot. But in an argument we all like to prove our point and we all like to drive it home.

While in Russia, Isadora had picked up a sort of Russian, a quaint language of her own, twisted, naïve, and broken, but very charming, which quite sufficed for everyday use with Essenine. As a matter of fact he liked it enormously, as I did also, and sometimes when we talked together we used some of Isadora's quaint expressions for the fun of it. However, in a serious discussion of any kind this pidgin Russian was wholly inadequate. That is where I came in, translating for both of them.

Isadora and Essenine were talking of art. Said Essenine: —

'A dancer can never become very great, because her fame does n't last. It is gone the moment she dies.'

'No,' said Isadora, 'for a dancer, if she is great, can give to the people something that they will carry with them forever. They can never forget it, and it has changed them, though they may not know it.'

'But when they are gone, Isadora? These people who have seen her? Dancers are like actors: one generation remembers them; the next reads about them; and the third knows nothing.'

I was translating and Isadora listened with that perfect attention and sympathy she always had for Essenine. He got up slowly, leaned against the wall, and folding his arms, a habit he had when talking, looked at her tenderly and said: —

'You are just a dancer. People may come and admire you — even cry. But after you are dead no one will

remember. Within a few years all your great fame will be gone. . . . No Isadora!’

All this he said in Russian, for me to translate, but the last two words he said in the English intonation, straight into Isadora’s face, with a very expressive, mocking motion of his hands, as if he had waved the remnants of the mortal Isadora to the four winds. . . . ‘But poets live,’ he continued, still smiling. ‘I, Essenine, shall leave my poems behind me. And poems live. Poems like mine live forever.’

Beneath the obvious mockery and teasing tone there was something extraordinarily cruel. A shadow passed over Isadora’s face as I translated what he said. Quickly she turned to me, her voice very serious: —

‘Tell him he is wrong; tell him he is wrong. I have given people beauty. I have given them my very soul when I danced. And this beauty did not die. It exists somewhere. . . .’

Suddenly she had tears in her eyes and she added in her pitiful, childish Russian: —

‘*Krasota nie umiray.*’ (‘Beauty not dies.’)

But Essenine, already completely satisfied with the effect of his words, — for there seemed in him often a morbid desire to hurt Isadora or to belittle her, — became all gentleness. With a characteristic gesture, he pulled Isadora’s curly head toward him and patted her on the back, saying mockingly, ‘*Ekh, Duncan.*’ . . . Isadora smiled. All was forgiven.

Thinking it might be time for me to retire, I strolled to the window and, waiting for a minute or so, said casually, as if the scene I saw out there had just suggested it to my mind, that I would go down to the beach.

‘Oh, don’t go yet,’ said Isadora; and with a dry little smile, but complete good humor, she added: ‘Sergei might want to say more sweet things to me

and you will have to translate, you know.’

I stayed. Isadora went out to sit on the balcony and Essenine picked up a book. Presently he lifted his face, his eyes shiny and bright, and said: —

‘There is no one like Pushkin, after all. What beauty! Listen.’ And he read a little poem — four lines. I remembered it, for I had it in school. But I had never realized how beautiful it was until I heard Essenine say it. He read another, then a third, and went into raptures over these simple, beautiful lines of Russia’s most famous classic poet. . . .

Then there came a poem with the word ‘God’ in it, and, remembering something funny, Essenine grinned and said: —

‘The Bolsheviks have forbidden the use of “God” in print, you know. They even got out a decree to that effect. Once when I sent in some poems the editor returned them to me requesting that all the “Gods” be replaced by other words. . . . Other words!’

I laughed and asked him what he did.

‘Oh, I just took my gun and went to the fellow and told him he would have to print the stuff as it was, decree or no decree. He refused, so I asked him whether he had ever had his mug beaten, and then I went into the composing room and reset the type myself. That’s all.’

Hearing the murmur of our voices and our laughter, Isadora returned from the balcony and wanted to know what it was all about. I told her briefly.

For a moment she said nothing, and then, to my surprise, she said in Russian: —

‘But Bolsheviki right. No God. Old. Silly.’

Essenine grinned and said with mock irony, as if talking to a child that was trying to be clever and grown-up: —

'*Ekh, Isadora! Viedz vsio ot Boga. Poezya i dazhe Tvoyee tanty.*' ('Oh, Isadora! Why, everything comes from God. All poetry, and even your dances.')

'No, no,' replied Isadora with great intensity, in English. 'Tell him that my gods are Beauty and Love. There are no others. How do you know there is God? The Greeks knew this a long time ago. People invent gods to please themselves. There are no others. There is nothing beyond what we know, what we invent or imagine. All the hell is right here on earth. And all paradise.'

She was standing upright, like a caryatid, beautiful, magnificent, and fearful. And suddenly she stretched out her arm and, pointing to the bed, said in Russian, with tremendous force:—

'*Vot Bog!*' ('This is God!')

Slowly her arm came down. She turned and went back to the balcony. Essenine sat in his chair, pale, silent, and completely annihilated. I ran out on the beach and lay down on the sand and cried, though for the life of me I could not have told why. . . .

IV

Isadora had a trunk—one of the eleven with which she traveled in those days. It held all of her love letters, the books she most cherished, innumerable photographs, and the programmes of her recitals and clippings about them from newspapers. It was, in short, a sort of résumé, a printed résumé, of Isadora's life: her life as an artist and her life as a woman—or shall I say courtesan? For I think she was the greatest courtesan of our times, in the rich, grand old sense of this word.

Well, there was that trunk. And there was I—in charge of it, so to speak. And I did n't do much about it. Isa-

dora would say: 'Oh, I wish you would get at this trunk some day and straighten it all out. It's a dreadful mess.' And I, thinking of it as a job, just a job of sorting out a lot of old, musty stuff, would say: 'I will. Just as soon as I can get a whole free day to do it. I have to go to the bank this morning and see the French Consul in the afternoon.' And thus I kept putting it off, putting off the job!

Then, one day in Düsseldorf, I tackled the thing. I spread myself generously on the floor of Isadora's salon and began to put the stuff in separate little piles: books, magazines, letters, old contracts, and funny odd scraps of writing in Isadora's characteristic, almost illegible hand. They were precious scraps—her thoughts on the dance, on art, on the education of children. Some of them are probably now embodied in that lovely book of hers, which Sheldon Cheney edited after her death, gathering in it all of her expressions and convictions about her art. It is a beautiful book, holding in its grand pages the very essence and spirit of Isadora's thought, and those who think that she was merely an eccentric dancer and a courtesan should read it and discover the great artist. . . .

There were programmes innumerable in all the languages of the world; there were thousands of press clippings—bunches of them in rubber bands and stray ones which fluttered about the trunk and the room. There were packets of letters and many single ones, letters beginning with 'Dearest' and 'Darling' and 'My very own,' which I sorted according to their handwriting and which I did n't read. And then there were the photographs—of many men; clever men, old men, middle-aged men, and young men. Beautiful young men.

Never had I seen so many beautiful photographs in my life, so many

fascinating faces. There was one which still haunts me to this day. It was the face of a young man, and there was in it that ultimate refinement of features, a blending of masculine strength and sheer, tender beauty, which happens once in a million times. I looked at it for a long time and finally put it down on its pile — face downwards. I put them face downwards, for once during that long afternoon Essenine came in and, seeing all the photos of the handsome men, he grew pale and his eyelids grew pink, which was a sign that he was vexed.

It was late in the afternoon when I got through. Everything was sorted in neat, separate piles, and among these I sat on, dreaming. . . . Isadora had had such a rich life, so many affairs. Some of them must have been real and she must have been hurt. . . . And

she had had two lovely children and had lost them, but still she went on, still she enjoyed life. She had Essenine, I thought. . . . She is forty-eight and she is young. She is younger than I, for she is alive and I am dead — I have been dead since I left that room in Warsaw where I once had prayed: 'Dead God, don't let me ever love any more! Please, God, don't let me feel!' I am not going to be dead any more; I am going to try to be alive. . . .

And so I sat there, dreaming.

'Heavens, what a mess!' said Isadora when she returned. 'How are you getting along?'

'Beautifully, just beautifully,' I said. 'I have just figured out how I can put some order into this stuff.' But I did n't tell Isadora that her trunk had also helped me to put a little order into my own soul. It was n't exactly a thing one could talk about. . . .

(To be continued)

PEACE ON EARTH

BY THEODORE MORRISON

I

THE years following the World War bred in the minds of many people an ideal of peace universal and absolute, and a belief that such peace had really begun. Some of us did actually feel that widespread international wars had come to an end, and that such minor wars as might be expected would within a reasonable period submit to the prestige of peace among the Great Powers. We admitted the thousand dangerous circumstances by which our assurance was threatened. We said often that not all the agencies of peace put together, and supported by every nation, including our own, could be counted on with any certainty to prove stronger than the threat of war, or to prevent its recurrence. We had no desire to be fools, or to cheat ourselves. But deprecate as we might, we felt, in that emotional and passionate centre of character where true belief resides, that man's great collective crime against man had been subdued forever.

The ideal of peace was not one which we held lightly or by half measures. It went to extremes. The ordeal of this generation, in Gilbert Murray's phrase, the great trial which it must face in the eyes of all subsequent human history, was the test of whether it could confer peace on the generations to follow. What is the state of this ideal to-day? How many people, capable of recognizing fact at all, and not constitutionally immune to what exists as opposed

to what they desire, can believe that universal and uninterrupted peace among the major powers has begun, or is possible within any span of history that can seriously concern us? The answer to these questions is grave business for those who once were confident that wars belonged to the bloody past.

I do not speak as an alarmist, threatening world war as an immediate prospect. Many dangers to peace have arisen in the years after the Armistice, and yet have not resulted in the universal disaster which has always been predicted. I do not wish to denounce British hypocrisy or to work up invective against Fascist imperialism. I shall not attempt to read the gloomy and uncertain riddle of what is called 'current events.' Our most serious misgivings are supported, not by any particular crisis, but by the gradual loosening of the post-war structure which was to preserve peace, by the obvious readiness or even desire of important political groups to gain their ends by fighting, by defections from the forces of peace and accessions to the forces of war, both moral and material. For the hope of lasting peace we have what is to every appearance the certainty of eventual war. Is it possible to think otherwise if we consider but the one fact of accumulating national armaments?

What is the moral situation at pres-

ent of those people who came profoundly to believe in the ideal of peace? The last thing any man with a great hope desires to do, especially what he considers a great moral hope, is to re-examine it and to ask whether a case can be made out for the world which has rejected it. But the normal man will not split himself off from reality; he will not separate himself from his fellows while he can decently remain in their company. It is time that someone should attempt to examine the moral position of the pacifist in a world so obviously bent on being anything but peaceful. If there have been falsities in the position of those who believed ardently in peace, we shall do best to make a frank exposure of our mistakes, although a profound part of us will bitterly resist the words of admission even as the mind forces them out. We may be rewarded in the end by finding that we have not lost our ideal, nor abandoned it, but have taken the one way to save it.

II

'The peace of the world' is a great conception, perhaps one of the greatest which can visit the imagination of men. We were so possessed by this conception of world peace that we counted on the vision itself to produce the conditions of its own fulfillment. We expected the very dream of the peace of the world by its own contagion to bring about an adequate community of purpose among the nations. But subsequent fact has made clear the absurdity of the expectation.

While profound economic dissatisfactions and deep-seated conflicts of interest and philosophy exist among nations and social groups, we cannot expect the desire for peace always to take precedence in men's minds over these immediate urgencies. To bring some measure of order and satisfaction into

society is indispensable if violence is to be avoided. To bring the whole world into such a measure of order and satisfaction is a necessary condition of world peace. We have been bitterly reminded, in the months and years just past, that our own system, in which the dream of world peace originated, is not even locally peaceful. The evidence has been accumulating that Europe, the parent of the system, is threatened with the virtual extinction of what remains to it of civilized life, by wars which are now preparing.

No sensible man can regard such a prospect cheerfully. To the devout believer in peace it is terrible enough. But our problem is to put the right moral construction on the facts. That universal peace has not proved attainable by one great effort cannot seriously be called surprising. Perhaps the failure does not justify us in concluding that the race to which we belong has lost all claim to respect, all right to perpetuate itself, and to respond to those ancient incentives which have supported its life, its arts, its discoveries. We have asked of men and nations an unattainable object, a reform which the moral and social condition of the people of the world, the product of their history, has not yet put within the bounds of the possible. The object is not less to be desired than ever; the judgment we had proposed to pass on men if they failed of it was perhaps too hastily conceived.

As we made peace, in our ideal, synonymous with universal and perpetual peace, we flew with equal promptness to another extreme. We believed that there can be no adequate cause for war, that the condition called peace is always and intrinsically preferable to war. The cynicism which found nothing in the world worth dying for became a virtue when it began to be clearly seen what the millions of patient men *had* died for. The determi-

nation never to take part in a future war, which many people have expressed, and which would once have seemed cowardice, has come to seem not merely good sense but enlightened ethic. Yet it is clear that the nations generally have not given themselves to this view, and will not. The mass of men still believe that there are things worth dying for. Are we to condemn them as fools or reprobates? I think that we who espoused the hope of peace have been too ready to believe that a man who would in any degree give his assent to war must thereby alienate himself forever from moral sympathy. This is but one more symptom of the violence and extremity with which the ideal of peace seized the imagination of war-weary people.

Certainly in the world to-day we see masses of people who do not believe that the condition known as 'peace' is invariably and intrinsically preferable to war. Men of strong moral conviction, the pacifist himself no exception, are apt to defend rather than deny the appeal to force—in a good cause! Discontented nations, believing themselves repressed by more fortunate nations, do not believe that peace is inherently better than war. Discontented social groups, who believe that the privation they suffer is the result of the unjust power of superior social groups, do not believe that abstention from violence is the sole good. The struggle for peace is the struggle for a more equitable society, the condition alone in which peace can become possible.

The pacifists have often been accused of believing that all conflict in human life, of whatever sort, can be brought to an end. With all that can be said against them, I think they have seldom been such fools as this. What they have believed is that one specific variety of conflict, war between sovereign nations, has become in modern times and with

modern weapons conspicuously and disastrously destructive to all nations and all classes. They have believed that conflict of this kind cannot be tolerated if civilization is to endure, and that it can and will be suppressed by the resolution of the race when this lesson becomes sufficiently evident. Here is a moral position from which it is not necessary to retreat. The mistake has been that war between sovereign nations is only a part of the problem; not the disease, but the outward symptom of inward and organic maladies in the collective life of men.

We should gain little by preventing international war only to allow separate societies to be convulsed by internal conflict. But has not this been the very history of the post-war world? The peace machinery of the present is designed to perpetuate things as they are, the *status quo*, as we say. It is, by this very fact, designed to perpetuate a great deal of injustice and discontent. The irony is that to the degree in which our peace machinery succeeds in preventing war between nations it is liable to promote internal upheavals within nations, and to render more likely a series of violent political and economic changes which in turn will endanger international peace. The advocate of peace is driven to be an advocate of social change. But since distrust of violence is one of his profound instincts, he is bound to prefer as long as he possibly can other means of change. The prospects of social and economic transformation without external or internal violence are not such as to comfort a man of weak stomach. All the more reason for the pacifist not to decline every degree of moral sympathy with those who will not vow total abstention from violence!

The easiest appeal of any cause is to sentimentality. In the revulsion from the horrors of cruelty and destructiveness which the World War impressed on

men's minds, the advocates of peace took the quickest way to another extreme. They spoke and acted as though all cruelty, all suffering, all unpleasant duty, had been repealed by the treaties of peace. They seemed to take it for granted not merely that the outrages worked on men's bodies and minds by war had been terminated forever, but that cruelty and catastrophe in general would be prevented by the measures which they believed would prevent war. The devout pacifist was so impressed by the sufferings of war that other sufferings appeared negligible, and he virtually considered that with the liberation of the world from this great cause of misery all important collective miseries would have been forever overcome.

The advocates of peace have been children of history, inheritors of the nineteenth century with its expansive dreams of progress and reform. They are descendants of those who pleaded for the child laborers in the early factories, who cried out against slavery and helped to overthrow it, who carried surgery and education into jungles and deserts, along with their theory of salvation. Perhaps they are descendants also of those who dreamed of pantisocracies, and won the ballot for women. They are humanitarians and reformers. But the humanitarian frame of mind is notoriously subject to delusion. It sometimes seems that as the Hebraic Ten Commandments lost their divine authority, an eleventh and very human commandment has been insensibly added by popular demand: Thou shalt not suffer. When the humanitarian takes this position, he has become a sentimentalist, and has lost touch with the moral experience of the race. When the opposition to war has been allowed to rest entirely on emotional grounds, on the belief that tenderness and forbearance can be made universal, it has appeared at its weakest.

And not merely at its weakest, but its most inconstant. Nothing is so fickle as emotion. Photographs, films, and descriptions of the horrors of war have not solidified popular sentiment against it; often enough they have merely stimulated vulgar excitement. Sentiment is just as quick to rally to a picture of the fleet in its manoeuvres. Emotion is Protean; it is as though anger were not anger, fear not fear, but rather as though there were in the human organism a neutral reservoir of emotion, which only needed stirring up to exhibit any kind of symptoms which occasion might decide. And the more emotion is stirred up to extremes, the more nimbly it jumps from one extreme to another. Sentiment for peace becomes a fierce combative resentment toward the nation that seems to threaten peace. A sense of the cruelties of war is perhaps the least dependable support on which the cause of peace can rest. The cruelties and horrors become fascinations and incitements, or the emotion they arouse is transformed by sudden provocation into the desire to attack. The appeal to emotion is often urged as a weapon of peace, a counter-irritant to the excitement of war. It is more truly a weapon of war. The appeal to reason is better worth trying.

Every cause worth contending for has its just claim on moral feeling. The hope of peace, as of every other ideal, must ultimately derive from moral conviction enlightened by intelligence. To protest against sentimentality is not to protest against the emotions, but against reliance on mere feeling, which is extravagant, easily deceived, easily transformed.

Let an international crisis arise, and it is hard to know whether certain pacifists want peace or war. They show themselves ready to risk war, at least, for the sake of the machinery on which peace is supposed to rest. Only

the future can judge the effects and the value of the policy of 'sanctions,' which during the recent Mediterranean crisis received its first great trial as a weapon of the League. Advocates of peace rallied widely to the League and to sanctions. But it is clear that in adopting the policy of sanctions the League adopted a policy which contained the danger of war. The nation against which sanctions are applied not unnaturally regards them as an expression of hostility, first cousin, in fact, to a military threat. Nations commonly answer one military threat by another. And it appeared with startling force that many pacifists were willing to support an all but military policy — in the cause of peace!

Thus there are pacifists who would fight a holy war for peace. They cease to be moved by the considerations which presumably first led them to condemn war. They have said that no motive justifies war, and yet after all they believe in war for a good motive. But since the phenomenon of rationalization has been so thoroughly examined, we have learned a wise distrust of good motives. The only good motives for war are bad ones. If I want a man's wife and money, I have a reason for shooting him; but shooting him to preserve peace is a very questionable reason indeed.

The humanitarian is a creature of vagaries, and certainly the cause of peace has not lacked the touch of the fantastic. I once exchanged letters with a correspondent who told me of the imminent formation of a society, the name of which I shall paraphrase: Women of the World for Peace, founded in Brighton Corners, Pennsylvania. I did not comment on such an unexpected localization of the universal. I did, without success, politely ask whether there is any good reason to believe that women as a sex are more devoted to peace than men?

'Our' men, my correspondent called them. And I recommended a scene in *The Pirates of Penzance*, in which the policemen, reluctantly bowing to the inevitable, are incited to combat by an attractive female chorus. When President Roosevelt appealed to women to preserve peace, we may assume that he expressed his respect for popular sentiment rather than his understanding of international politics. What shall we believe of a Congress and a nation which, not long after repealing a disastrous attempt to keep people from drinking, formally passed solemn legislation to keep them from making profits during war? Such are the acts of a country given to moral spasms rather than moral ideas. If Aristophanes were to be born into our age, and to write a *Lysistrata* for our times, he would have to complicate the scheme of his play, for it would be hard to know which is the better object for satire, the partisans of war (if there are any!) or the partisans of peace.

III

But when we have made all these admissions, damaging to those who espoused the ideal of peace, what then? Is the cause of peace to be abandoned? Certainly not. Hope, thought, and effort are forbidden to no one. We can still believe that the judgment which thoughtful people learned to pronounce on war, regarding it as destructive without gain, a debauchment and a cruelty, the symptom of profound defect and failure in the collective life of men, is true and right. Among some at least of the most powerful nations there is perhaps even now a more general and sincere agreement in this view than ever before, even among those who do not think wars avoidable, and who would not refuse to take part if called on. And this agreement, if it is a lasting increment to the cause of

peace, even a tiny and now uninfluential one, must be counted true gain.

Most of us are acquainted, of course, with men for whom the World War was virtually a holiday; it was the most dramatic, expressive, and enjoyable episode of their lives. Even among those well acquainted with front-line fighting are many who escaped the worst extremities and who encountered mainly the better side of military experience, its fortitude, fellowship, and discipline. Such men honestly contradict the picture of war, which the non-combatant pacifist too easily forms, as an uninterrupted succession of hideous privations and hideous crimes. Airplanes in general are not sent out to bomb hospitals and sleeping villages; if they were we should have fewer willing pilots. Infantry do not regularly engage in hand-to-hand fighting with the bayonet; if they did we should find it harder to draft unresisting recruits. I have been told of a man, who had abundant opportunity to observe at close quarters the effects of shellfire on the human frame, whose chief personal problem during the World War was to maintain a supply of his customary laxative. These are useful considerations for the pacifist.

But all this does not alter the fact that war is war, that in all sobriety modern warfare, involving whole populations in the activity of refined and intricate destruction by all means of science, economics, and emotional infatuation, does in strictest truth threaten the virtual extinction of civilization in Europe and the serious involvement of America. This being so, all reason, all the moral sense, unite to inform us that we should try to prevent war. Human wisdom finds three courses in the face of threatened injury: to avoid the disaster, to control it as well as possible if it occurs, to mitigate its effects. The pacifist has staked his all on avoiding the disaster of war alto-

gether. His stake in world peace vanished some years ago; his stake in the continued peace of the European system, in which the peace of America is involved, has been seriously impaired, and is even more seriously threatened. What can he do?

One of the obstacles to peace has been that every amateur in the ranks, and not a few professionals, appear to spend their time devising impractical machinery and arousing undependable emotions in favor of their object, and few have tried to examine its limits, its errors, its moral foundation. Those who desire not a holy war for peace, but peace itself, may make their best contribution to the cause not by partisan contentions of policy, indignant judgments of men and nations, but patient examination of their true objectives, of what they may legitimately expect of the world, of the choices they may be called upon to make. In the effort to prevent war the machinery of treaties and conferences and devices must not be despised; and the man who desires peace must try to understand and ally himself in his own nation with the best-judged means for gaining his purpose. But he will do well to regard all policies and all machinery with caution, and not so far commit himself to any of them as to feel that the impairment of a given policy is the destruction of his whole cause. Every man is not a judge of policy; every man is not obliged to furnish ambitious plans and political machinery to improve the world. The obscure citizen who believes in peace has better gifts to bring to his cause than faith in extravagant proposals and embittered contention for them. More will be accomplished by those who do not arouse themselves about methods and policies, but who try rather to exert patient opposition within their own circles to mass emotion, to international hostilities, to propaganda movements against this foreign group

or that. A man cannot always be supplied with a policy for other men; but he may sometimes obtain a glimmering of his own moral position.

The primary moral conviction of the pacifist is that war is wrong. This conviction is indispensable if we are to make even an effort to prevent war. But suppose that the best efforts have failed. Still the conviction that war is wrong would have a place in the world. It would have a place on the home front, persistently maintained against the madness of inflamed propaganda and the excesses of noncombatant emotion. It would have a place (as it had during the World War) among men at the front, carrying out faithfully, with human submission and fortitude, the duties laid on them by their government. It would have a place during the period of treaty making, when the rage for decisive humiliation of the enemy is at its peak, when secret ambitions and jealousies are inflated to impossible excess, when hopeful idealisms become the mask behind which diplomacy operates with fatal skill. One object of the pacifist is to prevent war; another is to control it and to mitigate its effects. The central conviction that war is wrong, if he really is moved by this conviction, and not swayed like those around him by a militant passion for some cause, is indispensable to both objects, and forms the ultimate strength of the advocate of peace.

It is very probable that our own peace is bound up with the peace of the world, and that to contend for one is to contend for the other. We desire not to become entangled in the wars of other nations; but even supposing that this desire is firm and general among the American people, — and we do not know how firm or how general it may be, — there is every unlikelihood that we should be able to avoid entanglement. We may even reverse our tradi-

tional policy of supporting our right as a neutral to trade with belligerents, and to support this trade by armed force. We may compel travelers to voyage and exporters to ship their goods at their own risk. We may place formal embargoes on real or potential materials of war. Many thousands of Americans will at least desire to see these policies given a trial. But if American goods are seized or sunk and American travelers molested by peoples at war, it will be surprising if our declaration that they have taken their own risks will be remembered for long. Even though the country begins with the belief that citizens ought not to be sacrificed to protect the profits of exporters, this belief may not be able to make head against the emotions of the people if they see American trade and travelers destroyed by foreign countries. Whenever war breaks out it will be a threat to our peace; our peace is inseparable from world peace. Yet the effort to contend for world peace as such is at present idle, and only diverts attention from the perils within our own Western system. The pacifist should concentrate his thinking and his labor toward preserving the peace of his own country, and beyond that, of the group of nations and races that form the culture to which his country belongs. If he cannot maintain the peace of his own system, let him attempt to render wars less frequent and to mitigate their effects. This is a better approach to the peace of the world than an abstract universalism which devises elaborate machinery to keep all men everywhere peaceful at all times, and does not acknowledge the local dangers that convulse our own family of nations.

But the man who believes in peace may be called upon to make a more critical choice than one of mere sympathy or policy. Suppose again that efforts to prevent war have failed, that

we have entered on another period of casualty lists, of mass lies, of chemical and aerial destruction, of blockade by sea, of armies locked in trenches, of undernourished children, of boys and old men called to face tanks and machine guns and flame throwers. What is one to do who believes in peace? What choice is open to the man who holds war in physical and mental horror, who believes that if crime has any meaning in the collective actions of men, war is a crime? This is the ultimate personal choice. The believer in peace must respond with some degree of compliance or some degree of resistance. What is his decision to be?

I put this question once in the presence of a former European officer. The answer revealed his choice. With as much distaste for war as can be expected of a brave and reasonable man, he evidently felt that if his nation should ask him to take part in war, refusal would simply not be conceivable. Refusal does not present itself to him as a real possibility. Personal choice does not exist. This, undoubtedly, will be the view of the mass of men; and I cannot think that they are to be abhorred for it. I think that even the ardent pacifist may respect the position they assume. Yet, to the ardent believer in peace, this is perhaps the position which will need to be explained, and which it will cost him an effort of the imagination to understand.

Without some large degree of solidarity and community of instinct, society would be impossible. It is not strange that thoughtful men, as strongly opposed to war as the confirmed pacifist, should feel that when the nation, by whatever blunder or folly, has got itself into desperate conflict, there is no escape from the common burden, that in such an exigency private convictions and desires must give way. In many a man, the acceptance of military duty will not imply approval

of war, callousness to its brutalities, or illusions about the consequences of victory. It will rather express his sense of a profound element in human experience, which modern comforts, modern sophistications, modern liberty, have not repealed; it will express his sense of *necessity*. The sense of necessity is not clear, rational, abstract; it is obscure, human, concrete, seated in the emotions. Necessity commits crimes, necessity is stupid and unreasonable; men know this, but know also, or think they know, that it is none the less *necessity*. It is their recognition of the common job that must be done, even if the occasion for doing it should have been avoidable, even if it never would have been allowed to occur except for a piece of insane folly.

I say these things not to excuse war, not to recommend the conduct of compliance. I say them because it seems to me important that moral solidarity should be maintained among as many people as possible for as long as possible. It is important, therefore, that the devoted advocate of peace should understand the moral position of those, or some of those, who are prepared to take up arms. Men who accept their part in war as a necessary job to be done are allying themselves with the solidarity of the race. Men who refuse are, in the present state of the world, splitting off from it. Community of sentiment in regard to particular faiths and obligations can be changed, within the limits of certain social groups and over certain periods of time; that is the hope of those who believe in peace. But the tragedy of the pacifist who refuses military service, in the world of the present, is the tragedy of separation. Other men abhor warfare; other men oppose it. But this man declines the acceptance of the common burden. He may be wiser than the others; he may be less courageous, or more courageous. In any

case he will not be injured by a due measure of humility.

Of all men I have ever met, the man who struck me, not as unhappiest, — for temperamentally he was, I think, inclined to be cheerful, — but as most tragic in his personal history, was a deserter from a foreign army. He was of all men I have known the most isolated from every common purpose and instinct which brings other men together and gives them a sense of belonging to a group, whether a nation, a class, a profession, or a club. Most men have a sense of belonging to several such groups. This man belonged to none. He was not isolated because he had deserted; he had deserted because from his childhood he had been isolated, cut off by personal circumstances from ever gaining a sense of community with his fellow men or any subdivision of them. The situation of the pacifist who refuses military service is, of course, in no sense to be compared to the situation of a deserter. But if the man of whom I have been speaking had felt any sense of the common burden, of the *necessity* that leads other men to act in concert, he would have assumed the burden and shared it with them. It is the danger of isolation, of separation from the common task and the common solidarity, that to me seems to threaten those who promise themselves that they will refuse military service. Unless, of course, it turns out that there are more of them than we can now anticipate. There is that in me that would profoundly rejoice to think so.

If there is need for the pacifist to understand the moral position of those who will not decline to fight, there is great need that men in general should understand the moral insight of the pacifist. Those whose instincts will lead them to make some form of resistance of war, even after the nation has committed itself, have their position, and it too deserves to be respected

and understood. The pacifist believes that war is wrong. He may not expect that men will always try to avoid it, or succeed if they try. He will not believe it wrong merely because it imposes suffering, but because it enlists the constructive agencies of men, won at immense cost by long struggles with barbarism, in the work of destruction; because it selects the superior part of the population to destroy and be destroyed; because the suffering which it does impose is extreme, falling often on defenseless victims, women and children and civilians far behind the lines of battle; and because the acts required to bring about this suffering are in themselves brutalizing and ignoble. If this is true, then it is not unnatural that many men should say to themselves: 'I will have nothing to do with war. Whatever its cause or pretext, however plausible the excuses offered for it, however unavoidable it may appear, I will not lend my personal volition to it; I will not participate in the work of destruction by any actions of mine which lie within my knowledge or control.'

This is the other voice of *necessity*, of that sense of an impulsion greater than self by which a man is led to take a position and to stand on it. For necessity can instruct a man to take issue with his fellows, instead of leading him to community with them. And if his separation is true and right, it may become the solidarity of later times.

The man who refuses military service will expose himself to other dangers than the moral danger of separation from the society in which he lives. 'After all, does it do any good to go to jail?' is a question sometimes asked of those who profess peace. It would be very rash to maintain that it does not do any good to go to jail; but not everyone will be obliged to carry his resistance to such a radical point. As Sir Thomas Browne remarked that

every man is not a fit champion for truth, so it can certainly be said that not every advocate of peace is a fit candidate for jail. We may remind ourselves that peace may be contended for by quiet and persistent conduct as well as by extreme and vehement. There is more than one acceptable form of behavior during war, more than one mode, more than one degree of resistance which a man may be called upon to exert according to his character and his skill.

For my part, I doubt the wisdom of taking pledges or of trying to determine a fixed course of conduct in advance of unpredictable circumstances. It is enough to keep in mind what the pacifist may rightly object to in war; and that may be summed up in the word 'destructiveness.' His resistance will concentrate against this object. As far as it may lie within his power or judgment, he will avoid contributing to the work of destruction by his efforts or support or consent — destruction of life, of the goods and achievements of civilization, both real and intangible, and of moral integrity. And as he may he will protest against the destruction which is being waged around him.

It is no longer necessary to multiply arguments against war, but a symbol is never without use. I sat one evening in a moving-picture theatre. A newsreel was in progress. A great personage in diplomacy walked down a flight of steps; a very fat man in trunks proved the firmness of his abdomen by receiving full in the middle a cannon ball fired from an old-fashioned village-green cannon; some workmen disintegrated the wreck of an airplane in

which several people had been killed; a popular actress landed from a steamer — all this to the impersonal brassy affirmatives of hoarse music. And suddenly a little episode, dredged up amid all this rubbish and flung on the screen as impersonally and thoughtlessly as the rest, one more item of news, one more jab of stimulation. The barracks of a military school in France appear. Ranks of children, ranging, perhaps, from six or seven years to thirteen or fourteen, and dressed in stiff military clothes, march about a stony courtyard or parade. They are equipped with dummy guns, for they are too small as yet to bear adult arms. With these they go through the rudiments of a drill, their pointed faces all serious, all a little anxious, all looking for something that is not present, wondering about something which they have never discovered, but which belongs to them, and which they will never know. Precisely yet childishly they march and drill; precisely they sing a military song in thin, shrill voices, each chest rising to the same breath, each face impersonal, each pair of eyes as haunting, in the expression of something defeated and inarticulate, as the eyes of a rat in a cellar. The exercises over, one of the adult officers in command steps forward to the camera and explains. His sentences are brief, simple, and military, Gallic in precision as his voice is Gallic in accent. 'This is an institution for the orphan sons of French officers killed in the war. The children are fed, clothed, and educated at the expense of the state. They will be taught to follow the profession of their fathers.'

THE WAY HOME

MANY dreams I have dreamed
That are all now gone.
The world mirrored in a dark pool,
How unearthly it shone!

But now I have comfort
From the things that are,
Nor shrink too ashamed from the self
That to self is bare.

More than soft clouds of leaf
I like the bare form
Of the tree standing up without mask
In stillness and storm,

Poverty in the grain,
Warp, gnarl, exposed,
Nothing of nature's fault or the years'
Slow injury glozed.

From the thing that is
My comfort is come.
Wind washes the plain road.
This is the way home.

LAURENCE BINYON

FUTURE WARFARE

BY B. H. LIDDELL HART

I

THE director of Germany's military effort in the last war, General Ludendorff, has recently set forth his ideas on future warfare, and his creed of national life in preparation for it. He seeks to expound the doctrine of 'totalitarian warfare' which should be the natural accompaniment of the Totalitarian State. Addressed to his countrymen, his message deserves attention by other peoples. It also requires examination by scientific students of war.

He opens with a heavy attack on the theories of Clausewitz, which, as he emphasizes, were the foundation on which the German plans in 1914 had been built. Clausewitz, who had died nearly a century before, moulded the minds of the leading soldiers and statesmen, not only in Germany but throughout Europe, during the generations which led up to the World War. Since then his theories have suffered some searching criticism, especially from Anglo-Saxon analysts, for their tendency to make policy the servant of strategy, and strategy little more than a straight lane to battle. The theoretical extravagance of Clausewitz's idea of 'absolute war' — 'violence pushed to its utmost bounds' — was contrary to common sense. To use force without limit and without calculation of cost may be instinctive in a hate-maddened mob, but it is the negation of statesmanship. Germany's exhaustion in 1918 was the natural consequence of

this delusion. The conductors of her war machine, less wise than Bismarck, did not know when to stop; they went on until they tumbled into the abyss.

Although cause and effect here seem so clear, Ludendorff is still unable to see it. Through his colored glasses the fault of Clausewitz's teaching is not that it lent itself to such extremes, but that it did not go far enough. It allowed policy too much importance, not too little. As typical of Clausewitz he cites a passage concluding, 'The political goal is the *end*, and warfare is a means leading to it, and means can never be thought of without a certain end.' To Ludendorff this is old-fashioned nonsense. The totalitarian principle demands that in war a nation should place everything at its service; and, in peace, at the service of the next war. 'War is the highest expression of the national "will to live," and politics must therefore be subservient to the conduct of war.'

It becomes clear that the main difference between Clausewitz and his successor is that the latter achieves what seemed unthinkable to the former, and 'thinks' of war as a means without an end — unless making the nation into an efficient army be considered an end in itself. This is hardly so new as Ludendorff appears to imagine. Sparta tried it, and the end of her existence lies two thousand years back.

With the aim of developing the nation for war, of creating a super-Sparta, Ludendorff's first concern is to ensure 'the psychical unity of the people.' For him 'the Christian faith, and the life shaped by it, are the prime causes of a national breakdown in the totalitarian war.' This faith must be replaced by one 'built on racial convictions, where life is rooted in an affined knowledge of God peculiar to itself': to put it in simpler words — a belief in a purely German God. From this will spring a healthy nationalism in which all women will accept that their noblest task is to bear vigorous sons to 'bear the burden of the totalitarian war,' and all men will develop their powers for that purpose: in short — to breed, and be bred, for killing. The other positive suggestions which Ludendorff offers toward this problem of creating psychical unity boil down to little more than the age-old prescription of suppressing everyone who expresses, or even entertains, views contrary to those of the High Command.

The next need insisted on is for a sound and self-sufficient national economic system suited to the demands of totalitarian war. Ludendorff thus seems to realize that military power rests on an economic foundation. Yet, curiously, when he dwells on the crippling difficulties suffered in the last war and gives striking evidence of the effect of the Allied blockade, he does not see how this reflects on his belief that wars are decided by battle between the armies. For the only point of praise which he can give Germany's old guide in war is that 'Clausewitz only thinks of the annihilation of the hostile armies in battle.' To Ludendorff this remains 'an immutable principle,' although it is a theory which has rarely been borne out in practice during the century since Clausewitz died. Happily for Ludendorff, he is not troubled

by historical facts when they present obstacles to his faith.

II

Let us now study his picture of the way that the totalitarian war will be waged. It should open without a declaration of war — lest the people of the nation which declares war should feel any guilty sense of being the aggressors. Within a few hours of the decision to make war, air, land, and sea striking forces must reach their full war readiness. The rest of the air force and navy will complete their mobilization by the second day, and the rest of the land forces a few days later. Hostilities will have already begun with the dispatch of the mechanized divisions near the frontier to force an entry into the enemy country. On the seas the surface and submarine attack on the enemy's commerce will coincide with this opening stroke. 'The focusing point of the war now lies in sending air formations to gain air superiority over the enemy, to strike at the advance of the enemy's army by rail or otherwise, and also at aerodromes. Air battles will ensue.' It may be worth while also to bomb important industrial towns. Within forty-eight hours or less, the navy should sail to seek decisive battle with the foe. The main land advance may begin a little later, because of the masses that will have to be brought up — and these will have to come by rail, since motors will be inadequate to carry the numbers. 'There is no doubt that by the end of the second week of war operations will be in full progress everywhere.' Battle will follow battle till the enemy is finally crushed, or till reserves of men and material run out. 'In the wars waged by continental countries the decision lies on land.' The air force must first be used to help in beating the opposing army; only then will the army be able to act 'with its

air force' against the enemy country in rear.

Land, air, and sea action all have in common the fight to bring about a superiority of fire over the enemy. Nevertheless this will not suffice 'to bring about the annihilation of the enemy.' 'The final decision on land will lie in the fight of man against man, tank against man, or tank against tank'—how a tank can destroy a tank, any more than a warship can destroy a warship, except by fire, Ludendorff does not explain. For him the land battle is still a process in which the infantry is helped forward by artillery, machine guns, mortar and tank support, until it 'overwhelms the enemy in a man-to-man fight.' Furthermore, 'attack is always the deciding factor in battles.' Army battles with army, supported by aircraft; navy battles with navy, supported by aircraft; and 'in air battles air squadrons fight one another.' All movements should lead to battle; mechanization simply quickens the rush to battle.

He has no moral objection to striking direct against the enemy people—'the demands of totalitarian warfare . . . will ever ignore the cheap theoretical desire to abolish unrestricted U-boat warfare.' And aircraft will now combine with submarines in sinking every vessel which tries to reach the enemy's ports, 'even vessels sailing under neutral flags.' Likewise on land a time will come 'when bombing squadrons must inexorably and without pity be sent against' the people in the enemy country. But on military grounds, which are the ruling considerations, that time should normally be delayed until the battles have been won.

Ludendorff declares that technical means are becoming ever more important, yet clings to the old belief that strength lies in numbers—'it is a fact that victory "goes to the big battal-

ions.'" Hence 'the totalitarian war demands the incorporation in the army of every man fit to bear arms.' He admits that the conditions of war require the fighting man to be increasingly individualistic, yet assumes that this is compatible with the strictest discipline, and fails to reflect that the Totalitarian State is hardly the soil in which such individualism can flourish. He has a welcome for every new weapon and instrument, but rarely appears to consider how they may affect each other. He conveys no clear picture, and seems to have none himself, of the different factors of war in relation to each other.

His message would seem to be: multiply every kind of force as much as you can, and you will get somewhere—but where he neither worries nor wonders about. The one thing on which he is really clear is that 'the Commander-in-Chief must lay down his instructions for the political leaders, and the latter must follow and fulfill them in the service of warfare.'

What is offered in return for this claim to unlimited power for the military chief, this demand for a blank check on the resources of the nation? A faith, certainly—if it requires limitless faith to swallow it. The main articles of Ludendorff's creed might be phrased thus: 'I believe in a pure German God, the maker of the German nation in arms; and in the Commander-in-Chief, his only son and representative on earth. I believe in the almighty power of numbers—in battle as the means of winning war; in attack as the means of winning battle; and in the hand-to-hand fight as the ultimate means of overcoming the enemy's resistance.'

III

While it is clear that Ludendorff's faith is built on the traditional military theory, despite his sweeping repudia-

tion of the theorists, and that it is essentially derived from the past, it is difficult to find solid support for it even in past experience. It is easier to find the wars where battle did not prove decisive than where it did. Take the first great war of modern history — the Thirty Years' War. There were many battles in which one army was virtually destroyed, yet none had any decisive influence on the struggles. The mutual exhaustion had such effect, however, and made so deep an impression on military thought, that for nearly two centuries the average general was chary of fighting battles at all, while even the great ones took care only to fight when, by chance or by strategy, the dice were loaded heavily in their favor — when, as Saxe said, there was 'all imaginable reason to expect the victory . . . without trusting anything to accident.'

There was a change when Napoleon came on the scene. A Corsican, not a Frenchman; a supreme careerist, not a true patriot, he was unchecked in pursuing his ambitions by any sense of responsibility for the ultimate welfare of his country as apart from himself. If his dreams were boundless, he took short views, since his horizon was his own life span. Time was always against him; and he needed quick results. Now, whatever be the difficulties of winning a war by a battle, it is the quickest means — *if it can be achieved*. Hence his predisposition for this means.

In adopting it, too, he was helped by new assets. First was the newly introduced organization of the army in independent divisions, — whereby, instead of being a single body, it grew limbs, — with which it could grip the enemy at one point while it struck him elsewhere. This made it easier to force a battle on the enemy, to take him at a disadvantage, and to concentrate strength against weakness — while hindering the enemy's concentration. An-

other asset was the new mobility. The Revolutionary armies could no longer maintain, or be maintained by, the old elaborate supply system. They had to find a new flexible system; they had to secure their supplies where they could; they had to learn to live sparsely and march light. The troops themselves could not be kept in the old stiff-drilled formations, nor restrained to a slow pace for the sake of symmetry. But they could cover the country much faster than their opponents, and made rings round them on the battlefield. A further asset was the new artillery methods — of concentrating fire rapidly against key points; of disorganizing the resistance by this blasting fire before the assault was launched.

But even in Napoleon's hands unlimited battle ultimately proved an unlimited liability. The military splendor of the Napoleonic age fixed the worship of battle like a yoke round the neck of soldiers. Yet the later Napoleonic wars were not decided by battles. Napoleon destroyed the Spanish armies only to find his trouble beginning. And it was not by battles that the Spanish guerrillas undermined his power in Spain, and started his general ruin. Napoleon beat the Russian armies, but he did not beat Russia. The Russians wrecked his army by avoiding battle until Generals Hunger and Winter could get to work, and his real downfall was consummated in 1814 — when the Allies sealed his fate by swooping on Paris while he was trying to tempt them to meet him in battle.

The American Civil War saw plenty of battles — and Lee's failure to win a victory at Gettysburg certainly damped the hopes of the South. But it was Sherman's back-door entry into the South, his strategic march through Georgia and the Carolinas, which undermined the will of the Confederacy by an attack on their supplies and the morale of the people.

The last war was filled with battles, yet the most that the historian can fairly say is that they were a contributory factor — one of many, the main factor in the collapse of Germany being economic pressure. On this point there is Haig's own confession, at the end of October, 1918: 'Germany is not broken in a military sense. During the last weeks her armies have withdrawn . . . in excellent order.' The Allied armies were exhausted, and needed to be reorganized before they could follow up. But Germany was broken internally — by hunger, sickness, and despair. Her breakdown developed directly from military disappointment — from the depression which spread when her own offensive in the spring failed to bring the victory that Ludendorff had promised. But the foundations of her resistance had been undermined by the Allied blockade.

The abortiveness of battle as a means of winning wars can be traced to the declining power of the attack to overcome defense. This condition was due to the growing power of modern firearms, and had been long in evolution. It was first manifest in the American Civil War, where it came to be a standard calculation that one man in a trench was equal to three or four in an assault. In Europe the wars of 1866 and 1870 brought fresh evidence of the paralyzing influence of fire, although the brevity of those wars tended to obscure it. Nevertheless, after the second, the winning strategist, von Moltke, drew the conclusion that his victory could not be repeated, and enunciated the lesson that 'as a result of the improvement of firearms the tactical defensive has acquired a great advantage over the offensive. . . . It seems to be more advantageous to proceed to an attack only after having repelled several attacks by the enemy.' His warning was lost on his successors. Their optimistic view, as expressed by

von der Goltz, was: 'The idea of the greater strength of the defense is a mere delusion.' The optimism was shared in France, where, near the end of the century, the future Marshal Foch coined the axiom that 'any improvement in firearms is bound to strengthen the offensive' — and proved it to his own satisfaction by specious arithmetic. British experience in the war against the Boers showed the fallacy of such assumptions, but was merely regarded in Europe as evidence of the frailty of the British attacks. Then came the Russo-Japanese War, which foreshadowed nearly all the factors which upset military calculations in 1914 — the paralyzing power of machine guns, the hopelessness of frontal attacks, and the consequent relapse of the armies into trenches. But military optimism was even more impregnable — to the assault of facts. To ardent soldiers war was unthinkable without successful attack, so that they were able to persuade themselves that attacks could succeed. The delusive basis of that faith was quickly exposed when the World War began, and was made clearer still when the trench deadlock set in — for four years. And it is significant that the only great battles which had far-reaching results before morale had broken down were those which took the form of a counter-stroke after the enemy had spent himself in vain attacks — the Allied victories in the first and second battles of the Marne, the German victories at Tannenberg, Gorlice, and Caporetto. Yet none of the commanders at the outset, and hardly any later, showed remembrance of Moltke's advice, or were willing to delay their own offensive dreams until they had dispelled the enemy's.

The historical basis of the belief in the hand-to-hand fight is equally false, and it reacts on the belief in numbers. For a century the military manuals of

Europe continued to emphasize the decisive importance of physical shock, echoing Clausewitz's dictum: 'The close combat, man to man, is plainly to be regarded as the real basis of combat.' The French doctrine of 1914 fervently declared that the object of all attacks was 'to charge the enemy with the bayonet in order to destroy him.' Something might be claimed for it if the emphasis had been on the psychological effect of a close-quarter threat, but the time and attention devoted to bayonet training showed that the bayonet fight was regarded as a reality. Yet even in the eighteenth century a practical soldier like Guibert had remarked its rarity, while Jomini was but one of a number of witnesses of the Napoleonic battles who said that, except in villages and defiles, he had 'never seen two forces cross bayonets.' Half a century later Moltke would point out the fallacy of the French assertion that the victory at Solferino had been won by the bayonet. In 1870 French troops were to pay heavily against Prussian fire for this delusion among their leaders, yet Boguslawski records that in actual fact 'bayonets were never crossed in open fight.' But there are over two thousand years of experience to tell us that the only thing harder than getting a new idea into the military mind is to get an old one out.

Only in conditions where shock was a practical possibility could the theory of massing superior numbers be effective. It was difficult to adjust it to conditions where one man with a machine gun might count for more than a score, or a hundred, or sometimes even a thousand, who were advancing upon him with the bayonet. As the capacity to make such an adjustment proved to be lacking, the formula of victory became merely a formula of futility — and death. The more ranks of attackers, the more swaths of dead — that was all. The fallacy was proved

most emphatically of all by the Germans against the Russians; by their superior weapons and technique the Germans utterly discounted the vastly superior numbers of their Eastern Front opponent. The 'big battalions' merely made big cemeteries, burdened their own communications to breaking point, and bankrupted their own country's power. Yet the lesson is largely lost on the man who directed the German forces. After twenty years for reflection he resuscitates these delusions for application in another war.

Nevertheless we should be unwise to ignore them, and to accept instead the popular assumption that the next war will be waged in the air with the contending powers each seeking to destroy the enemy's capital and bomb the people into surrender.

IV

It is worth while to approach the problem of future warfare along Ludendorff's paths, not because his idea of the result is likely to prove real, but because it shows what is likely to be attempted. It is a guide to the outlook which still prevails among the military chiefs of Europe, to the persistence of obsolete conceptions along with new weapons, and to the consequent confusion of military thought. The general trend of the rearmament race now in progress fosters this by piling up numbers and by feeding the military chiefs with more means than their minds can assimilate. Ludendorff's is a fair representation of what may occur at the outset, if not in the issue, of a future war.

Mechanization has given the General Staffs a new ground for belief in mobile warfare — the picture to which armies always revert in peacetime, along with a renewed confidence in the speedy success of their own attacks. Prolonged as was the resistance which the military

authorities everywhere offered to the idea of mechanization, now that they have embraced it they build expectations on it which dumbfound a sober and long-standing advocate of this inevitable evolution. In many countries they have burst out into prophecy that trench warfare is a thing of the past, and that the wars of the future will be fought and finished with a quickness hitherto unknown.

For the initial movements, mechanized troops certainly offer a great advantage over those who have to march on foot or be brought forward by rail. This is the more important because of the growth of new fortifications along the frontiers; the prospects of an invasion will obviously be handicapped if the enemy is given time to man these with the reserves that become available on mobilization. Thus there is little doubt that the new mechanized divisions which the European armies now possess will be used in the first hours of war, with the aim of penetrating the enemy's frontier and opening the way for the subsequent general advance. All the General Staffs are trending toward this new picture, in which the first phase of a war is fought out by the mechanized part of their forces actually available, instead of waiting, as in 1914, until the main strength of the army has been assembled.

But there is reason to doubt whether this mechanized spearhead will produce the decisive advantage which is sought. The chances are against this, unless the enemy is not only taken unawares but is himself unmechanized. For, in the first place, obstruction is the natural antidote to the power of delivering mobile strokes which mechanization has revived. By utilizing rivers, canals, and railways as barriers, by demolishing bridges and blocking defiles, the defender may go far to nullify the new menace. Moreover, mechanization itself enables the means of obstruction

and demolition to be moved more swiftly to any threatened spot. And the defenders' mechanized troops, having less risk of being checked by hostile obstructions, may be switched to meet the danger faster than the mechanized attackers can develop it. Despite the apparent advantage that mechanization has brought to the offensive, its reinforcement of the defensive may prove greater still.

While the prospects of this initial stroke by the mechanized forces are slight, they are bright compared with those that await the main masses of the European armies. Even if these come close enough to strike, what ground is there for expecting that they will make more impression on the defense than in the last war? The main weapon that then stopped them was the machine gun: there is now a far higher proportion of machine guns, light and heavy, in all armies. The weapon on which the attackers mainly relied to overcome the defending machine gun in the last war was artillery: there is far less artillery now in all armies than in 1918. Even if this could be increased to the wartime scale, it is a weapon that, when used in mass, tends to block the path of the infantry it is trying to help. By ploughing up the ground, it acts as an automatic military brake. Furthermore, it increases the encumbrance by the mass of transport required to supply its heavy appetite for shells. Armor, in the form of the tank, proved a better means in the last war of helping the attack forward; but armor used in a direct assault against organized defense would now seem to have lost much of its value through the great and widespread development of armor-piercing weapons — there are now highly efficient anti-tank machine guns, and even rifles, as well as guns.

There are greater possibilities in the skillful use of obscurity as a cloak to the attack. Fog, natural or artificial,

and darkness are the best antidotes to the defensive machine gun. The risks of obscurity are mainly those of confusion; they are certainly less than those of annihilation, by machine guns with a clear field of fire, and they can be much reduced by training. The superiority of highly trained troops over normal troops is much more pronounced in the dark than in daylight. Such a level of training, however, is difficult to attain during practice in mass armies raised by conscription.

But the greater question that affects these mass armies is whether they will ever reach the battlefield. Their approach must be made by roads and railways; they will crowd these arteries which now, for several hundred miles back, lie under the menace of air attack. Their immense demands in food and ammunition supply require a continuous circulation along these arteries; thus the strain and the susceptibility to interruption are maintained all the way back even when the armies themselves have passed on. To gauge what might happen it is worth studying the process of mobilization and assembly in 1914. Despite all the care and effort devoted to its machinery there were hitches which caused serious trouble, and threatened worse. Yet in 1914 there was no interference from the enemy such as is certain to-day through the intervention of air power — from bombs on the bridges and rail junctions as well as on the trains and marching columns themselves; probably also from mustard gas sprayed over the roads, stations, bivouacs, and supply depots. There is no need to assume that the devastation will be as overwhelming as popular imagination and air enthusiasm picture. The complexity and delicacy of the process of mobilizing and moving forward an army are such that a mere touch, or series of touches, may well suffice to cause its collapse. The larger the army, and the

more its mobilization process is speeded up, the more susceptible it will be to dislocation because the greater will be the congestion of all the traffic arteries.

If the opponent should employ mustard gas, the paralysis of war is still more probable. For in the fighting zone mustard gas is most effective as a defensive blocking agent; it constitutes the most impassable, if invisible, barrier to advance, especially advance by armies composed of infantry; while in the rear zone it is essentially a dislocating agent, upsetting administrative arrangements and traffic circulation. But mustard gas is not essential to produce this stagnation. Machine guns and demolitions should suffice to stop an advancing army; air bombs acting on inherent congestion behind should suffice to prevent it remaining where it has stopped. Blocked in front, the mass army is likely to break down in the rear. If the maintenance of such armies is straining the resources of the nations in peace, in war the attempt to use them threatens national bankruptcy.

The attempt to seek victory in battle at sea has hardly more promise. Here again there is no need to imagine that the battle fleets will be bombed to destruction. If the battle fleets of the last war were deterred from meeting each other by the menace of the submarine and the mine, how much more likely is such a paralyzing effect now that to these weapons are added the new dangers introduced by shore-based aircraft and torpedo-carrying speedboats — the little 'sea-sleds' which are fast multiplying in many navies.

As for battle in the air, here at present is a sphere where the offensive is superior to the defensive. But that offensive need not take the form of striking at the hostile air forces; it is simpler, far simpler than it has ever been on land, to strike direct at the

sources of the enemy's power without first breaking through his shielding forces. The spaces of the air are so vast and the speeds of aircraft are becoming so high that it is waste of effort to fight when it is possible to slip past. Faithful to military tradition, some of the air forces, especially when under the control of conventional soldiers, may set out to defeat their aerial opponents; but, if so, they stand to lose the war while they are pursuing the battle.

For, coincidently and subsequently, economic pressure will be in progress in all its varied forms — as even Ludendorff foresees. With the growth of social and industrial organization, economic targets have proportionately outgrown military targets, and they have become more sensitive as the latter have become less vulnerable. The complex web of a nation's commerce and industry, its administration and supply, can be easily torn. Externally the flow of its supplies can be more easily reduced to stagnation now that its trade routes are exposed to attack from shore-based aircraft and other war agents of interference.

V

Military wisdom now lies, not in amassing armies, but in diminishing national vulnerability. This is a compound of factors. The very industry that augments a nation's strength for military action may produce a counterbalancing degree of vulnerability. And the centralization of industry may counteract the growth of industry from a military point of view. Every means of reducing and dispersing targets, and also of decreasing their sensitiveness, should be studied and sought. The preparedness of the people is no less important. As safeguards against air attack, for example, education and understanding count at least as much as

concrete measures for the provision of anti-aircraft weapons and shelters. A sturdy individualism based on a régime of reason and freedom, so long as it does not relapse into inertia, may withstand the shocks better than the emotionalism bred by totalitarianism, with its insistence on mass psychology and incessant appeal to mass sentiment. The self-reliant individual, capable of thinking for himself, has a better chance of adaptation to the unexpected. And the one certainty about modern war is that it is more uncertain than it ever was.

As compared with to-day, it was simple to make military calculations in 1914. To launch a war then was no worse a hazard than backing the favorite — even so, the favorite has often lost. But to-day it is like backing a horse that has never run, and whose breeding even is unknown. If calculation ruled the rulers, they would surely abstain from aggression. But ambitious and warlike rulers are apt to prove the most hardened of gamblers. Napoleon is their patron saint — and there never was a worse case of obstinate self-delusion than his triumphal assurance on the march to Moscow. His kind may still produce gamblers of that kind. But they carry their own antidote so long as they concentrate on building armies for battle, and thereby burden their war organization with a weight it can no longer safely bear. There would be more reason to fear them if they were to develop a new art of war aiming at paralysis rather than annihilation, and operating by multiple pressure without combat: a super-guerrilla warfare aimed at the sources instead of at the face of the enemy's armed power, and striking at the greatest number of points — economic, political, and psychological — over the widest area, without offering a target or coming to a clinch.

PEACOCK IN THE SNOW

BY BENEDICT THIELEN

I

It had been snowing for almost two days and the snow was deep all the way out to the house on the evening we went there for the first time. The air was cold and brisk, but we felt warm from the exertion, pushing through the dry drifted snow with the cold air against our faces and the now diminishing snowflakes striking singly against them with sharp, then quickly melting needle points. The lights in the houses that we passed looked warm and home-like against the cold.

'It seems funny — calling on Henry,' said Paul.

We three had lived together ever since we had started teaching at the university.

'Yes, it seems very formal,' I said.

Paul laughed and brushed some snow off his face. He took a deep breath.

'I love this weather,' he said.

We all loved the cold sharp weather. On week-ends we often went skiing on the hills around the town. Henry was the best skier of the three. This dry powdery snow would be good for skiing.

We did n't say anything for a time, pushing through the dry snow. Then Paul said: —

'I wonder what she's like. What's her name again?'

'Rosamond.'

'Oh, yes. Rosamond.'

'It's a pretty name,' I said.

He did n't say anything.

'Don't you think so?' I said.

'It's sort of fancy. Rosamond . . .'

Most of the houses that we passed were painted white. The snow and the white-painted houses looked clean and cold. The evergreens around the houses and the bare branches of the trees along the sidewalk, above our heads, looked black and hard as iron against all the pure whiteness. Everything was black and white except where the yellow lights shone out from the windows of the houses and softened the hard whiteness of the snow.

'When you shut out the lights it looks like a black and white pen-and-ink drawing, does n't it?' I said.

Paul nodded and said, 'That's what I like about it. It's clean and sharp. No frills . . .'

'It makes you feel at home,' I said.

'What do you mean?'

'It makes you feel as if you were back in the laboratory.'

'Oh, yes,' he said, and laughed.

I thought of the work I might be doing in the laboratory to-night instead of calling on Henry and his new wife. But we could n't very well get out of it. We were old friends.

'I guess there's something in that,' said Paul. 'I don't know: I'm really not very observing, — I mean I don't especially notice things around me, scenery and all that, — but when I do notice something it's always like this.' He waved his arm toward the white snow. 'It's black and white and never

colored. I don't care so much about color.'

'That's the way I feel, too,' I said. 'That's why we like this place.'

'Look, that must be it over there,' said Paul, pointing at a house.

'It's quite far out, is n't it?' I said.

'Yes. It looks nice, though.'

We paused as we came nearer the house, looking at it. It was a simple white-painted old colonial house. I suddenly remembered it.

'This is where old Truman used to live,' I said. 'Don't you remember?'

'Oh, of course. . . . Certainly.'

'I suppose it was too much for Mrs. Truman to afford after he died. So she rented it.'

'I saw her the other day, but I did n't know she'd moved.'

We started up the path to the house.

'Calling on Henry,' said Paul, and gave a short laugh.

'And Rosamond.'

'Yes,' he said.

Before we rang we stamped our feet on the porch to get the snow off our galoshes. Henry heard us and came to the door. It was good to see old Henry again. We went in.

'Well, well, well,' we all said, standing there in the hall and looking at each other and smiling, all of us feeling a little embarrassed.

It had been almost a year since Henry had left for his sabbatical and, during that time, got married. He looked well.

'We've missed you, old Henry,' said Paul.

'I've missed you,' said Henry.

'I guess you've been too busy to go into a decline on account of us, though,' I said.

We all laughed, looking at one another. It was nice to be together again. But different, in a way.

We stood in the hall. A draft came from under the hall door. Henry pointed to it and said:—

'I've got to do something about that. Get some weather stripping, or something.'

We looked at him and smiled.

'The old householder,' said Paul.

Henry blushed a little.

I looked toward the living room on the other side of the hall to see if his wife was there, but it was empty. Henry glanced up the stairs.

'Well, are you all impatient to get back on the job?' Paul asked him.

Henry's face lighted up.

'You bet I am. It's all very nice getting a sabbatical like this, but after a while . . . ' He shook his head. 'I won't mind getting back to work again. You know there were times when I felt I'd give anything just to smell some nice stink again: some nice H₂S or ammonia or . . . '

'I thought the scent of orange blossoms made a man forget all about everything else,' said Paul, and we all laughed.

We did n't say anything for a few seconds, then Paul said, 'Well, I've got young Jennings working for me now, and from what he's been able to get together for me I've almost decided that . . . '

He paused, seeing Henry looking toward the stairs, seeing a smile come over his face. We all looked toward the top of the stairs.

Rosamond. There she was, at the head of the stairs. The light was dim up there and we could n't see anything except the outline of her figure.

'Well!' said Henry, smiling up at her.

Paul and I glanced at each other and then up again at her.

She came slowly down the stairs, now, and as she came toward the brighter light in the hall we gradually saw her more clearly. But before we could see her face we saw the long trailing gown of some sort of soft stuff and the colors in it. I had never seen

colors like that together: green and purple and deep blue and even here and there a streak of a kind of pink. It reminded me of a peacock. I caught Paul's eye for a second. The soft stuff of the gown flowed along her as she came down and the colors seemed to flow with it, getting each moment more vivid as she moved slowly down the stairs into the bright light that filled the hallway from the chandelier above our heads. Then I saw her face, and I could understand the look on Henry's face better than I had a moment ago. It was a beautiful face, and I could see how a man could love it. It was a passionate face, too, with dark eyes and a generous mouth. We were n't used to seeing faces like that around here. The girls we knew, the ones who sometimes went skiing with us, were blonder and their eyes were usually blue or gray and not brown like these, and they had more outdoor color in their faces. I thought now that her name fitted her very well. In fact, she might even have had a more unusual name, like Dolores, or something like that.

We all smiled and said something as Henry introduced us and then she led the way into the other room. I watched the soft flowing blue and purple and green of the gown as she moved past.

II

The room had n't changed much since the days when old Dr. Truman used to be here. I remembered a lot of things in there about which I had forgotten. I remembered coming out here for seminars on cold winter nights like this. It seemed very long ago. I could see that Henry had rented the place furnished, just as it was. There were even some family photographs of old Truman's on the walls. It was not a big room, but it was very neat and clean, with white walls and clean white woodwork and a lot of books around

the walls in white-painted bookcases. On the floor there were a few hooked rugs in pale pink and blue and gray, and there were some simple but good-looking chairs of the early American type. Chairs of that sort are stiff and not very comfortable, but they go well with the colonial style of architecture that is so general around here. In front of the small white marble fireplace was the old wicker armchair in which Dr. Truman always used to sit. The only thing that I saw in the room which was different from the times when we used to come there was a large bunch of purple iris and another of darker purple violets in two vases on the mantelpiece. They seemed somehow out of place there, although I don't know why they should have.

For a few moments we all stood there in the room. I saw Henry's wife looking around, as if she were n't certain where to sit. You could see that she was as much of a stranger in the room as we were. More, perhaps, since we had been there often before. She looked at the small chairs and then at the wicker armchair. As her eyes moved around the room I had the impression, for a second, that she was frightened — which was foolish, of course, as there was n't anything in the room to frighten anybody. Probably she was just shy.

She sat down in the wicker armchair by the side of the fireplace. She was very graceful. The wicker of the chair creaked as she sat in it. I remembered how it always used to do that when old Dr. Truman sat in it.

'Well, this must be quite a change for you,' said Paul to her when we had all sat down. 'I mean coming right up here from down there, into all this snow and everything.'

'This is the first snow Rosamond has ever seen,' said Henry, smiling over at her.

'It's pretty, is n't it?' I said. 'Every-

thing black and white this way, like a pen-and-ink drawing.'

'Yes, it's very pretty. But it's so awfully cold,' she added.

Henry laughed and looked at us.

'If she thinks this is cold, what do you suppose she'll say when it gets really cold?'

She looked at him uncertainly.

'Really cold?'

'Why, yes,' he said. 'This is n't really cold.'

'I wonder what the temperature is,' I said.

Henry got up and went to the window. He drew aside the white curtain and looked out at the thermometer.

'Eighteen,' he said.

'Wait till it gets to be eighteen below,' Paul said.

We all laughed. Henry's wife looked worried, then she laughed, too.

'It does n't get to be eighteen below,' she said.

'Oh, does n't it!' said Henry. 'You wait and see.'

'You'll get used to it, though,' I said to her. 'It's really not so bad.'

She looked from one to another of us with a slight smile on her face. She had a warm-looking beautiful mouth. I looked at it and then at the bright colors of her dress. I thought of old Dr. Truman sitting in that chair, pulling his little white beard, and now of her in this bright dress with colors that I'd never seen together before, green and blue and purple and pink. The flowers on the mantel behind her happened also to be like some of the colors in the dress.

'Well, I'll just have to get used to it, shan't I?' she said, smiling at us more fully, now. 'Shan't I?'

'I'm afraid so, dear,' said Henry.

'But it must be hard, just the same,' I said. 'After you've been used to a place where it never gets cold, where . . .'

'It really is wonderful down there,'

said Henry. 'The blue water, and palm trees, and at night you get the smell of the orange groves, and . . .' He stopped, looking at us, and laughed. 'You see how romantic it makes you.'

It certainly did. Paul and I looked at each other and then back at Henry. And then at her. It was odd.

'And the air, Henry,' she said. 'Don't you remember how you always used to say the air was so soft?' She looked at us. 'I was so used to it, I thought it was funny when he said that. But now . . .' She looked toward the window on which the frost crystals glittered from the light in the room. 'Now I see what he means.'

'Well, yes,' he said. 'I know. At first I thought that was wonderful. But it's funny, after a while.' He turned to us. 'After a while I got so that I felt I'd give anything for some air with real — real snap in it.' He glanced toward the window and took a deep breath. 'Like this.'

He looked over toward her, but her eyes were lowered.

'Well, I'd certainly like to go there,' said Paul.

'You must come and visit us there next summer,' she said, looking up again and smiling.

'Oh, are you going to be there next summer?' Paul said.

'Well, we thought we might go there for a while,' said Henry. 'Rosamond wants to see her family, of course. . . . But I think it would be nice for her to get up to Maine or some place like that. She really ought to see some of that country.'

'Maine is very nice,' I said.

'Of course the water's terribly cold there,' said Paul.

'Oh, I don't know,' said Henry.

'Oh, yes, it is, Henry,' I said. 'It's really too cold to be much fun.'

'Oh,' she said, 'I should n't like that.'

'Rosamond's a great swimmer,' said

Henry. 'Much better than I am. You ought to see her: she's a regular fish.'

'I like to *really* swim,' she said. 'You know: not just in and out, but really swim around for hours.'

'Well, I would n't advise Maine, then,' I said.

'It's beautiful country, though,' said Henry, and Paul and I both agreed with him, because we could see that that was really where he would like to go.

III

For a few moments we said nothing, then Paul started the conversation again by asking her something about the South and she talked more, now, than she had before. From the way she talked I could see that she certainly must be very fond of that country. There was something, too, about her expression and the things she spoke of, and the way her voice sounded when she spoke of them, that made you see and even feel the things she was describing. It was different from the way Henry spoke. Perhaps it was just her Southern way of talking — although her accent was n't at all extreme. But there was something in her voice that made me see the herons standing in the red lakes at sunset, and the sharp edge of blue and green where the Gulf Stream flows north against the cold ocean water.

But she did n't talk long, and when there was a moment's pause Henry leaned toward us and said, 'How did Sparling finally make out? Has he published his results yet?'

We told him about that and then he asked us some more questions about the work in our department. You could see that, after having been away so long, he was anxious to find out all that had happened and to get back to work again himself.

While Paul was telling him about the new work he was doing I looked at

Rosamond. She smiled at me and then pretended to listen to what the others were saying. Of course she was n't interested, because she knew nothing about it.

I moved my chair over a little closer to hers. On the table at her side I noticed something that I had n't seen before. It was a shell, striped with bright bands of blue and green and orange, curving smoothly, with a sharp spire at one end and a delicate slightly iridescent fold at the other.

'That's beautiful,' I said. 'Did you find that down there?'

'They're all over the beaches,' she said. 'But they're pretty, are n't they? Sometimes when you're swimming you can see them moving along the bottom.'

The only shells I had ever noticed on our beaches up here were those big white clamshells and the dirty-looking little periwinkles.

I thought of the wide beaches and the warm clear water and the tall palms leaning before the wind.

I listened to her.

Country like that must be strange. I had never seen swamps where gray shreds of Spanish moss hang down motionless from the limbs of dead cypress trees. I had never seen ramshackle Negro cabins, dirty and falling to pieces, but with flame vines growing over the doors. I did not even know what a flame vine was, but I could imagine.

Paul and Henry suddenly looked guilty and both turned to her, smiling.

'We did n't realize until we got out here,' said Paul, 'that this was the house where old Truman used to live.'

'We certainly ought to know it well,' I said. 'All the times we've been here.'

'Poor old Doc,' said Henry.

'Why?' she asked. 'What happened to him?'

'Oh, he died,' Henry said. 'He . . .'

He stopped and looked at her, and for a moment we all felt embarrassed, as though we had said something we should n't.

'He was very old,' I said. 'How old do you suppose he was, Henry?'

'Oh, I don't know. . . . Well along, certainly.'

'I saw Mrs. Truman the other day, but I did n't know she'd rented the place to you,' said Paul.

'Yes,' said Henry. 'She's gone to live in some boarding house. I can't say that I blame her. It would be pretty cold and lonely out here all alone.'

I looked at Rosamond. Her eyes were moving slowly around the room.

'It's cold right now, Henry, if you should ask me,' I said. 'How about a little heat?'

Henry jumped up.

'Good night, I'm sorry! I had n't noticed.'

He went out of the room and we heard his steps going down the cellar stairs.

'It is cold, at that,' said Paul. 'Look, you can almost see your breath.' He turned to Rosamond. 'I should think you'd be frozen in that — that thin dress.'

She smiled and drew herself more closely into a corner of the wicker chair. It creaked a little as she moved.

'I thought perhaps it was just me,' she said. 'Henry thinks I'm so shivery that I did n't think there was any use speaking about it.'

'No, it really is cold,' Paul said.

I asked her something more about the South. I kept thinking of the things she had said. I liked to hear her voice. In the cold room and among our hard sharp voices her voice sounded soft and warm. Perhaps that was the way the air down there was different, too.

I never knew until now that there were real jungles there, with wildcats and alligators and rattlesnakes. And I

could see the muddy tidal shore, steaming under the hot sun, with gulls and pelicans and herons fishing, and cabbage palms and palmetto thickets crowding, densely, to the water's edge.

Henry came back.

'It was almost out,' he said. 'I'm not used to running a furnace, I'm afraid.' He went over to Rosamond and put his arm around her shoulder. 'Did you get cold, darling?'

'Everybody did,' said Paul.

'I'm terribly sorry. Wait, I'll get you something.' He went to the door. 'What shall I get you?'

She looked at us and then around the room.

'You might get me that green shawl, on the shelf in the closet.'

He hurried up the stairs.

'I remember this room always used to be cold,' I said. 'It's on the north side and hard to heat. We always . . .'

Paul cleared his throat and said, 'It'll just take some stoking.'

She gave a sudden laugh.

'Maybe the old man, Dr. — What's-his-name — just died of the cold.'

I looked at her, but, although she was facing me, her eyes were looking past me. I could feel them, warm, on the snow crystals of the window at my back.

I laughed and said, 'People don't die of the cold.'

'Don't they?' she said.

Paul smiled at her and shook his head.

I thought of the trees down there: pepper trees, and lime, and orange. And then there were strange names, like tamarind, and pawpaw, and yucca, and gumbo limbo. They sounded soft and ripe when she spoke them. I had never seen any trees like that. The only trees I knew were things like maples, and elms, and pines, and larches.

Henry came back.

'I could n't find that shawl anywhere,' he said. 'So I brought this

coat instead. It'll be warmer, anyway.'

He held out the coat toward her. It was a kind of gray woolen coat with a small fur collar.

She looked at it, then smiled and said, 'Well, it's not exactly smart, Henry, but it is warmer, that's true.'

She leaned forward in the chair and he slipped the gray coat over her shoulders. She pulled it around her. It covered most of her dress.

'Well,' said Henry, 'the heat ought to be up in a few minutes, then you won't need it any more. I remember how warm it always used to be when we were here with old Dr. Truman. It . . .'

'Do you play the piano?' Paul asked her, looking over at a pile of music that was lying on the table.

'She certainly does,' said Henry. 'Come and play for the gentlemen, dear.'

We all laughed.

'It's just that old upright the Truman girls used to practise on,' said Henry. 'But it'll probably do. It's been tuned, anyway.' He turned to her. 'Have you tried it yet?'

She shook her head.

He looked at us and said, 'You have to keep after these children to keep them practising. Bad girl!'

Paul and I avoided looking at each other.

'Why, I thought surely you'd be doing that when you should have been unpacking,' Henry said to her. 'Have n't you felt like it?'

'Why, I don't know,' she said slowly. 'No . . . I guess I have n't.'

He held out his hands to her. She hesitated a moment, then held out hers and let him pull her up from the chair.

'What shall I play?' she said over her shoulder, after she had sat down at the piano.

'Play that Bach thing,' he said.

IV

I liked the hard clear feeling of the notes as they came out of the piano under her fingers. You had a sense of precision and accuracy from them. They were cold and distinct, like separate drops of ice falling into the air. I thought of the black winter trees against the white snow, and of the laboratory, and of the exact solutions of mathematical problems and the kind of sparkle that comes as all the numbers slip correctly into their places and you see the solution approaching and you know it is right and finally the last figure is put down, the only figure that could fit into just that place, and you sit back and there is your problem — solved. The music stopped short, precisely, finally.

Paul and Henry and I looked at each other and nodded and then applauded. She glanced back with a smile over her shoulder.

'More,' said Paul.

I looked at the ice crystals and their etched patterns on the window-pane.

Her hands moved over the keys in some preliminary chords. We sat back and waited. I still heard the clear absolute notes falling into their proper grooves and final conclusion. I forgot about the places about which she had been talking a little while ago.

She began to play slowly. The music sounded unfamiliar. For a moment I thought the piano really was out of tune. It was an old piano and a few of the notes might have been worn or broken. I did n't know enough about it to tell. But then I felt that it could n't be the piano. All the sounds had been too exact before. In all that Bach piece there had not been one flaw. Everything had fallen into its proper appointed place. And I felt that these notes were also falling into their proper places, but I could n't understand it.

The music made a strange murmuring sound, low and throbbing, with now and then a thin harsh streak across it, like the sawing scrape of some insect, or the high cry of a bird. I saw the music. I saw sunlight and trees, and it felt warm. Thin reedy bird cries came through the hot still air, and there were the breathing sounds of breezes, and sudden harsh thrusts. I saw her hands move faster and now there was a kind of bitter longing in the sounds which they produced, mounting, until the room — in which I remembered the quiet voice of old Dr. Truman as he sat there in the wicker chair, pulling his little white beard, and the respectful voices of his students — became suddenly filled with a passionate torrent of music that I felt must somehow change the whole appearance of everything there, as if enormous flowers should suddenly burst into bloom out of the white walls, and the polished floor turn to warm muddy water, and the ice crystals upon the windowpanes be dissolved to green leaves.

The music suddenly stopped, leaving something unfinished hanging shattered in the air.

Paul and Henry and I looked at each other. We applauded for a moment. She did not turn around. For several seconds none of us spoke. Then Henry cleared his throat and said: —

‘That was fine, dear. What was that — something modern?’

She got up from the piano. The gray coat fell to the floor. She looked very beautiful as she stood there, her lips parted a little and more color in her face than there had been before. The bright colors of her gown made me think of luxuriantly growing blue and pink and purple flowers.

‘What was it?’ Henry asked her again.

She looked at him and then at us with a slight smile.

‘One of my masterpieces,’ she said.

‘Yours?’ Henry looked surprised. ‘You mean you — you composed it?’ She nodded her head.

‘Why, I never knew you wrote any music yourself, Rosamond,’ he said.

‘You see?’ She looked at us and then back at him. ‘There are some things that even you don’t know about me, darling.’

He looked at her for several seconds more and then at us, proudly.

‘Did you write that recently?’ Paul asked her.

She laughed and said, ‘Just now. That was the world première.’

‘That was fine,’ I said. ‘Great . . .’

I wanted to say something more, but I did n’t know just how to put it. I felt this music and its bursting flowers, but I could have said more to her about the Bach. I could express that.

We all stood there a little longer, then she went over to the fireplace and looked up for a second or two at the flowers that stood on the mantelpiece.

Henry went over to the radiator and felt it with his hand.

‘Ah, it’s coming along,’ he said.

She turned around and smiled at him, and then sat down again in the wicker chair. It creaked, and I thought again of old Dr. Truman.

We left soon after. She and Henry came to the door with us. It had stopped snowing and the sky was cloudless and filled with stars. Henry looked up and said: —

‘I think we’re in for some clear cold weather now for a while.’ He took a long breath of the sharp air. ‘Does n’t that feel great?’

He looked down at Rosamond and put his arm around her.

‘You’d better go and see how your furnace is getting on,’ said Paul, and we all laughed.

Paul and I walked along for a while without speaking, then he said, ‘Well, old Henry’s a real householder now, is n’t he?’

'Yes.'

'Like her?' Paul asked.

'Yes,' I said. 'She's pretty. . . . Unusual, sort of.'

'Yes, she's pretty.'

'She plays the piano well, does n't she?'

'Yes,' Paul said. 'She plays well. I liked the Bach. But was n't that last thing she played crazy, though!'

'I don't know,' I said. 'I thought it had something to it.'

It was hard for me to say just what I felt about a piece of music.

Paul laughed.

'Something to it? What?'

'Oh, I don't know. A feeling . . . I felt something there.'

Paul laughed again.

'That's certainly a clear statement for a scientist to come out with. "A feeling," says the exact scientist.'

'Don't you see what I mean?' I said.

He shook his head.

'It was very feminine. Vague . . .'

I did n't feel like talking about it. I was annoyed at not being able to express myself more exactly. It made me feel silly.

'That's the whole trouble with women,' he said. 'Their emotions and their ideas and — everything about them is amorphous. You can tell in just one minute's talk with a woman like that that she does n't know what she wants.'

'All right,' I said. 'You're probably right.'

'Well, don't be irritable about it,' he said.

'I'm not irritable,' I said.

'Oh, I thought you were. . . . Sorry.'

We walked along for a while without saying anything more. I kept hearing that music — and seeing it at the same time.

Finally Paul said, 'But I can't picture her with the other faculty wives — imagine her with Frau Professor Purvis, good God! — or going skiing with us. Can you?'

'No,' I said. 'I can't. It'll probably be hard for her. And Henry'll certainly be disappointed if she does n't take up skiing, he's so crazy about it.'

'Well, I suppose she'll adapt herself after a while,' Paul said. 'She'll have to.'

'Yes, of course,' I said. 'She'll have to.'

As we came up to the laboratory Paul suddenly stopped and said he thought he'd go in and have a look around. He asked me if I was coming in, too. At first I said I was n't, but then I decided I would, after all. Neither of us had intended to work that night, but somehow we got started and we stayed there until after three o'clock in the morning. I don't know why we did.

A *Bridge* ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

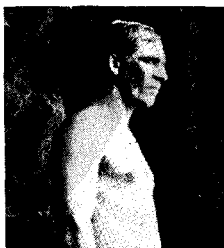


- As he fishes the stream of current literature, the Editor ruminates upon a somewhat domestic problem: Was there ever, he wonders, a time in our history when the cleavage between the generations was as sharp as it is to-day? Seldom have there been such differences of opinion, such conflicts in taste and faith, as now exist within the circle of a normal American family. The war cracked open a chasm between the Older and Younger Generations, and the after-effects of evolution, anthropology, and psychology still keep them apart. On one side of the chasm stand reverence, reticence, and manners that have not altogether lost their formality; and on the other, skepticism, plain speaking, and a freedom of behavior.
- Yet it is the Editor's belief that the *Atlantic* should serve—and, indeed, does serve — as a bridge between these opposites, a bridge open for the fair exchange between the two camps, a meeting place for those with burning convictions and those in doubt, a vantage point set high enough in space to afford a clear perspective of contemporary life.
- The Editor prizes the loyalty of his elder readers who are in a very real sense custodians of tradition. And he prizes the aspiration of the younger writers and readers who are building the new. He hopes the Older Generation appreciates how often the Younger contributes its share to the magazine. Analyze, if you will, the contents of an issue as typical as that of July 1936. Of its twenty-four contributors, twelve were under forty, eight were under thirty-five — which is fair enough. To maintain an even balance, to champion the wise, the witty, and the earnest, whatever their age, and to avoid the hidebound — such is our resolution of 1937. We try very hard to keep the magazine essentially unchanged, and yet always to change it, and our goal is to mean to the new generation what we meant to their fathers.

THEY *Make* THE ATLANTIC



Robert Dean Frisbie



Roy Clark



Charles Nordhoff



James Norman Hall



Glanville Smith

"SOME UNSUSPECTED ISLE IN THE FAR SEAS"

In a world so full of worry as ours, it is easy to envy the solitude of Robinson Crusoe. But islanders — even those in the South Seas — have their tribulations, as is witnessed by this letter from *Robert Dean Frisbie*, the only white man on Danger Island.

ANGER ISLAND (PUKA-PUKA)
Via APIA, SAMOA

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

It is now nine months and sixteen days since we had our last news from the world. Yesterday, far away on the horizon to southward, we sighted a puff of smoke. It moved slowly along the sea's rim for a few degrees; then it merged with the cloud-rack and disappeared. That was the first palpable reminder we have had of the other world — your world — since my return! Our disappointment cannot be expressed in the meagre medium of words. Not that we are dissatisfied with our island, — far from it, — but we long poignantly, almost tragically, for a few of civilization's amenities, among them soap, tobacco, tea, sugar, kerosene, and matches.

I enjoyed my last little scrap of tobacco on June first, my last sugar about the middle of May; my lamp flickered out for good a few nights ago; matches are a thing of the distant past; sugarless, milkless tea I had up to a week ago, but the last sliver of soap was used to smooth my chin preparatory to a last shave some six weeks ago. Like the rest of the natives, I am living in as primitive a manner as any savage lived in the pre-Cook days. And now that I have been without these so-called essentials, I find that there is only one which I really need.

tobacco. Matches are convenient and the children like to play with them; but for fire-making the good old rubbing stick does the business effectively. Kerosene is a luxury for millionaires and spendthrifts; it tempts one to read too much. Tea and sugar are, of course, habit-forming foods. Soap? Who cares for soap when there is plenty of wood ashes, coconut husks, and lumps of coral from the jagged reef? Rub down thoroughly with damp ashes and a coconut husk, then finish off with a massage with a lump of coral, and if you are not clean I miss my guess! Tobacco, though — there is no substitute for it.

There will be no less than nine copies of the *Atlantic* for me when the ship comes, if the ship comes, if the *Atlantic* is still being published, if Spengler's predictions have not been realized. . . .

After ten months of isolation, Frisbie sent us an account of his tiny tropical kingdom. He tells the reasons that once compelled him to desert it, of the age-long voyage by *Cockroach Schooner* and tramp steamer that brought him to the United States, and of the devastation that promptly overtook him in America. He calls his fascinating manuscript *Unconventional Journey*: it will be serialized in three midwinter issues. . . . And there will be other Islanders heard from in 1937: *Roy Clark*, the schoolmaster on Pitcairn; *Glanville Smith*, who is cruising for a year in the magic realm of the West Indies; and, last but not least, that unique partnership, *Charles Nordhoff* and *James Norman Hall*, now at work on their new manuscript, *Botany Bay*.

THE LONG VIEW

Most of us can report an accident that happens under our nose. But to take the long view of a national emergency, to think your way through the maze of unemployment, to soar above the traffic of modern life, calls for the pinions and eyesight of an eagle — or a philosopher. *Atlantic* philosophers are highly individual. *Walter Lippmann* has the sharpest political insight of our generation. His constructive analysis of the Good Society, and the influences which corrupt it to-day, will illumine seven successive issues. *Bertrand Russell*, in a series of vest-pocket biographies, will give you a delightful idea of Philosophy's Uterior Motive. *Albert Jay Nock* is a prophet who denounces complacency. His new essay on Henpecking will make men laugh and grow wise. Proponent of the new Psychology, famed for his diagnosis of melancholia, *Gregory Zilboorg* explains the cause — and effect — of Loneliness. And in the person of Mr. Pennyfeather (the creation of *Donald Moffat*) we have a new Autocrat who speaks for New England with shrewdness and urbanity. This winter Mr. Pennyfeather will discourse on Politics and — rumor has it — on Women. He is a bachelor.

THE LADIES

Without whom our pages would be drab. We boast of no conquests: we merely mention, quietly, the following engagements. We'll dance the first dance with *Agnes Repplier*, whenever she will let us: there is no more charming essayist alive. With phrases like burning arrows *Mary Antin* lights up the dark realm of Mysticism. After long residence in the Orient, *Nora Waln* retired to the Rhine Valley, from which she sends us a paper about the village vineyards, rich in bouquet and color. In England, *Mazo de la Roche* watched her play, *Whiteoaks*, fill packed houses — and yet found

time to write a Christmas manuscript of singular charm. From Paris come two short stories of *Gertrude Stein's*, to tickle or provoke the imagination. *Della Lutes* stuffs a short story so full of juicy American food that your mouth waters. Her book, *The Country Kitchen*, is already a best seller. Meantime, for the hungry months ahead she has cooked up a story about the Country Dance (and the Oyster Supper that went with it), another about a Sunday Night Supper, and a third about a "shivaree." Her stories are meant to be swallowed whole. Listen: —

DELAFIELD, WISCONSIN

DEAR ATLANTIC: —

Yesterday I made a marble cake from the recipe in *Della Lutes's* article "Church Supper" in your April issue. The cake was delicious! The *Atlantic* has always, in the course of a year or so, covered almost every subject of interest to me, but I never expected to take it to my kitchen, prop it up on my table, and follow a recipe from its pages. The *Atlantic* a cookbook! Well, it is now a complete magazine for me.

Sincerely,
HAZEL BRINE HOLT

A lady's age is her own secret. But certainly our youngest contributor is *I, Patience*, who is now in Hollywood, playing her part in the film version of *Innocent Voyage*. Wait till you read her Letters from Hollywood!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

From those who have lived intensely and who relish the retelling of their experiences we select crisp slices of autobiography which will be found in every package of the *Atlantic*. From *Lola Kinel*, a young Russian whose gift of languages kept her alive and who, as translator for *Isadora Duncan* and *Essenine*, witnessed as pathetic a marriage as ever befell. From *Grant Wood*, an Iowa artist who learned as



Donald Moffat



Nora Waln



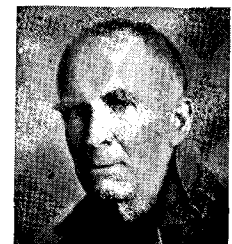
Mazo de la Roche



"Delly" Lutes, *et. 6*



"I, Patience"



Bill Adams



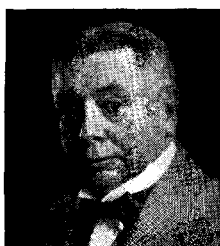
Grant Wood



Walter Lippmann



Lola Kinel



A. Edward Newton

much as Europe had to teach but never lost his American integrity. From *David Cornel DeJong*, a Dutchman, now living on our side of the water, who has written a prose Rembrandt about the great skating holidays in Holland. From *Bill Adams*, six feet two of English oak, who served as an apprentice on a square-rigger. From *Hans Zinsser* (*Rats, Lice and History*), pathologist, who is compounding the memoir of a young man in medicine.

QUESTIONS OF FAITH

Such questions have risen to trouble us inwardly ever since Adam was shown the gate. It is some consolation to know that we are in good company. It is consoling, for instance, to hear such a scholar as *Henry Osborn Taylor* express his thoughtful convictions about Continuity and Survival. It is stimulating to hear from a clear-spoken metropolitan clergyman and to realize — as never before — the trials of a Parson's Progress in the twentieth century. It is bracing to hear from a layman, *John A. Chamberlain*, who has practised law for thirty-five years and whose long study of the Bible has given him a remarkable vision of

eternal life. It is relevant to listen to an American in his twenties, a reliable reporter on one of New York's great papers, explaining why he places his faith in Communism. *Joseph Barnes* is no incendiary. His "American Dream" may not be yours: it is simply a question of faith.

THE UNEXPECTED MANUSCRIPTS

They come when least expected. Who could expect that *A. Edward Newton* had been storing up ammunition for a raid upon lawyers? "Newton on Blackstone" is a tirade with plenty of humor and plenty of point. It should be read aloud in every lawyer's household. Who could guess that in a huge state reformatory for women would be found a teacher of poetry as magnetic as *Hilda Hinckley*? Is it common knowledge that American youngsters have suffered from malnutrition as a direct result of the depression? Yet the statistics gathered by *Maxine Davis* cry aloud their distress. These are but a few of the unexpected manuscripts in promise for 1937. And with them, occasionally, there comes an unexpected letter such as this: —

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY Co.

Enclosed please find check for two more years' subscription.

This is the twenty-fifth year that we have been taking the *Atlantic*. My husband gave a life subscription to the *Atlantic* to me for my wedding gift in June 1911. We thought it better than a jewel!

Yours truly,

MAY L. C. KIRKMAN

The ATLANTIC is a cherished gift. Bring pleasure to yourself—and a friend. It couldn't be simpler. A minute of your time, and this blue coupon-envelope takes care of the rest.

THE COÖPERATIVES — AN EXPERIMENT IN CIVILIZATION

BY J. B. MATTHEWS¹

I

THE General Secretary of the Coöperative League, Mr. E. R. Bowen, advises us that 'we are at the end of an era' and that 'the change now in process is from capitalism to Consumers' Coöperation.' An investigation of the foundations of such a startling claim is important to all concerned, and quite clearly all are concerned — none more than consumers.

An inevitable by-product of the publicity emanating from President Roosevelt's European commission on coöperatives has been new attention bestowed upon the institution which the Rochdale textile workers initiated ninety-two years ago. Coöperators in this country and abroad were naturally elated by the appointment of the presidential commission of investigation. Until recently, European coöperators described the United States as 'a barren coöperative desert.' The latest issue of the *People's Year Book*, which is a publication of the British coöperative movement, hailed President Roosevelt's 'swing to the Left,' evidence for which it found in his recognition of the Stockholm — not the Moscow — way.

¹The author has been a co-director of Consumers' Research, Inc., for many years. When the presidential commission recently sent abroad to investigate European coöperatives makes its report, there will doubtless be many avenues to explore. It is our intention to discuss other aspects of the coöperative movement. — EDITOR

Eight years from now we may expect an impressive celebration of the Rochdale centennial, commemorating the decision of a group of poverty-pinched English weavers to become their own retailing distributors. With a view to extending the purchasing power of their meagre incomes, these weavers devised a coöperative method for the elimination of private enterprise in the field of distributing consumers' goods. The rules which these pioneer consumer-coöperators formulated for the conduct of their enterprise have been called 'the first declaration of consumer independence.' As set forth in a recent statement of the International Coöperative Alliance, the essential principles governing a true Rochdale coöperative are (1) voluntary and unlimited membership; (2) democratic control: one member, one vote; and (3) dividends to each member in proportion to his purchases. Other principles, less universally applied, are (1) limited interest on capital investment, (2) goods to be sold for cash only, (3) goods to be sold at prevailing market prices, (4) appropriation from surplus savings of sums for education and 'the general social good of the members,' (5) political and religious neutrality.

From its humble Rochdale weavers' origin stems a world-wide consumer-coöperative movement which numbers,

according to coöperative reports, at least one hundred million members. Its recent growth in the United States, which has been 'coöperatively' a backward country, has been considerable. Current estimates among enthusiastic coöperators and frightened private retailers alike place the number of members in the United States at two million families and the business turnover for 1936 at \$500,000,000. As a matter of fact, these estimates are much too high, for they include numerous associations of farmers who have banded together for the coöperative purchase of their *producers'* goods, such as gas and oil for the operation of farm machinery, seed, fertilizer, and baby chicks. A pamphlet published by the Midland Coöperative Wholesale makes the obvious point that 'the joint purchase of certain supplies' by farmers does 'not constitute consumers' co-operation,' but less careful propagandists for the movement ignore the important distinction between consumers' and producers' goods. The records will show that most of what is included in the growth of consumers' coöperation in the United States amounts to a farmers' movement for the rationalization of agricultural production.

Discounting the exaggerated claims of both friends and foes of consumers' coöperation, it is nevertheless true that consumers' coöperatives in the United States are multiplying rapidly. The impetus behind this growth is multi-form. Government recognition and, in a lesser degree, government sponsorship, the pressure of the long-continued economic crisis upon consumers, abuses in the prevailing system of distribution, energetic coöperative propaganda, including the nation-wide tour of the Japanese religious and coöperative leader, Kagawa, and a vague but favorable reaction to the noncombative word 'coöperation' in a world beset

with cruel and bitter conflicts, are among the factors which must be considered in accounting for the new vogue.

In spite of exaggerated reports, it is far easier to ascertain the growth of coöperative membership and the volume of coöperative business turnover than it is to comprehend the movement's social relationships. In the latter we are confronted with irreconcilable contradictions present in the coöperative movement nationally and internationally. American investigators who cross the Atlantic expecting to find a single and somewhat consistent social pattern labeled 'consumer coöperation' will discover, through even casual inquiry, that the label is applied to groups of the most diverse nature. True, there is an International Coöperative Alliance, an extremely loose federation, in which the national co-operative organizations of some forty countries are brought together, but the totality of their membership is about as significant socially as the lumping together of the populations of the member states of the League of Nations. Some of these national organizations accept the principles which the Rochdale weavers formulated, while others are guided by drastically revised versions of the Rochdale rules.

The head of an American consumers' coöperative speaks of 'the integral connection between the coöperative, the socialist, and the communist movements of Europe.' This is a case of wishful thinking to be attributed to this individual coöperator's own bias toward the Left. One European co-operative group asserts its absolute political and religious neutrality, while another, through choice or compulsion, openly takes sides. In France, a co-operative leader declares that 'absolute liberty is at the basis of coöperation,' and, elucidating this French coöperative *liberté*, adds: 'The society is open

to consumers, whatever their opinions, or their manner of thinking. It forbids every act contrary to this principle. It ignores all conflict, whether political or religious.' In Belgium, on the other hand, the Société Générale Coopérative is affiliated with the Belgian Labor Party. This left-wing coöperative group reports with pride that it contributes, year in and year out, more than ten million francs annually to socialist organizations, and then concludes with the admonition: 'Therefore, buy everything in coöperative shops.' In Finland consumer coöperators are split into two groups, the socialist K.K., and the antisocialist S.O.K. In Holland there are three organizations, one for Protestants, another for Catholics, and yet another which is religiously unattached. Germany, Italy, and the Soviet Union have 'coördinated' their consumers' coöperatives into their totalitarian systems. France, England, Sweden, and Switzerland have consumer coöperation and capitalism juxtaposed in widely varying degrees of competition.

In the Proceedings of the Sixty-Seventh Annual Coöperative Congress of Great Britain, 1935, a national executive charged British trade-union leaders with 'trying to create ill-will and to cause dissension' and with never losing 'an opportunity of decrying and belittling the [Coöperative] Movement in its relationship with its employees.' In the United States, the general manager of the Central Coöperative Wholesale reports that after a 'six-year relentless Communist attack directed against the Central Coöperative Wholesale and its membership' the Communists have approached his coöperators 'with flowery words and nice-sounding proposals,' but, he observes, 'no more than a leopard may change his spots have the Communists changed their aim to capture the control of our Wholesale.' With an entirely different

orientation, another Rochdale consumers' coöperative in the United States takes the position that the coöperatives are to constitute 'the Quartermaster Corps' whose principal duty shall be to 'feed, clothe, and house' the Army of Labor and thus be 'a decisive factor in winning strikes.' It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that the social and political situation and the economic pattern of the coöperatives are highly muddled, both abroad and in the United States. Are the coöperatives mere adjuncts to the labor and radical movement, or are they politically neutral agencies of the consumer?

Outside the coöperative movement also, there is a confused and discordant chorus of appraisal. Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of Agriculture, Henry A. Wallace, has commended consumer coöperatives as a bulwark of democracy against dictatorship (although their functioning in this respect did not appear to be a matter of any significance whatever in Russia and Germany, both of which had very large coöperative movements prior to the establishment of their present régimes). In an official pamphlet, the United States Department of Labor admonishes coöperators to remember at all times that 'coöperation is not merely a business' but 'an experiment in a different kind of civilization.' (It will strike some as a singular circumstance that the Department of Labor should consider itself authorized or fitted to appraise and commend new patterns of civilization.) Views current in business circles contrast sharply with these official New Deal opinions. To the executive vice president of Food and Grocery Chain Stores of America, consumers' coöperatives are a 'Frankenstein monster.' In an independent, anti-chain publication the coöperatives are described as 'silly sister clubs' which threaten nevertheless to become the 'worst menace to American democracy.'

While private mercantile enterprises rage or shrink in fear when they contemplate the growth of consumers' coöperatives, while officeholders begin to manœuvre for their reputedly important electoral support, and while political groups of the Right and the Left seek to subvert them for their own ulterior purposes, it is possible that the paramount interests of the consumer in the question of the coöperative form of manufacture and distribution may be forgotten. Of all the interests affected, those of the consumer, which are most fundamental, are least likely to find clear and articulate emphasis.

II

The consumer's interest in the marketing of his goods is not concerned exclusively with price considerations. Price is only one aspect of the problem of the consumer's standard of living, and it cannot always be said to be the paramount consideration even when poverty levels of subsistence are present. Useless, harmful, hazardous, or fraudulent merchandise is too dear at the lowest conceivable price levels. Concealed shoddiness in goods may make low prices an illusory bargain. The consumer is concerned not only with what he pays for an article, but also with what the seller claims for it, with what he can or cannot do with it after he has obtained possession of it, and with its effects upon his health. It is the price per unit of performance that is really significant to the consumer, and not simply the absolute price in terms of the currency. The consumer is, in addition to these considerations, vitally affected by the techniques of merchandising quite apart from the intrinsic merits of the merchandise which he buys. So far as the consumer is concerned, the expanding of his purchasing power to bring within his reach a larger amount of

useless, harmful, or fraudulent goods is not a meritorious feature of any device or system of distribution, private or coöperative. It is this fact which must be kept in mind when investigating the relative usefulness of consumers' coöperatives; it is precisely with this fact that the President's European commission ought to concern itself concretely.

Irrelevant merchandising appeals of one kind or another are, we find, employed by most consumer coöperatives. Even the peculiarly irrelevant testimonials of Hollywood movie stars are used to sell goods across the coöperative counter in London, Brussels, and Paris. A great coöperative department store in Stockholm, probably the largest institution of its kind in the world, features as its main advertising copy the information that Greta Garbo once sold hats in the building, in spite of the fact that the coincidence occurred some years before the Kooperativa Förbundet owned the place. America hardly needs to import foreign skills in this line of advertising.

For technically tricky and misleading language, it would be difficult to surpass the claim of a brand of coöperative aspirin tablets that they 'are far in advance of other and inferior brands.' The strictest interpretation of the statement, of course, means simply that they 'are far in advance of inferior brands.' If, however, the statement is interpreted to mean 'far in advance of other brands and inferior brands,' it is wholly untrue, for there are 'other brands' which the coöperative product does not at all surpass. Indeed, the range of quality in brands of aspirin is so small as to be negligible, and nothing except unlikely and inexcusable carelessness in manufacture could account for any important deviations from the standard quality long established by the drug trade and by governments for this product. It is therefore a grossly exaggerated claim

in respect to any standard remedy to state that the coöperative article or any other is 'far in advance' of another brand. The Federal Trade Commission in the United States clamped down on the makers of a popular brand of aspirin for indulging in similar competitive claims of superiority.

But this coöperative's claim for its own brand of aspirin does not stand alone; it is typical of the movement's indulgence in superlatives about itself and its merchandise. French coöperative apple jelly is said to be made with 'extra pure sugar.' The Belgian Consumers' Coöperative Society states that its products are of 'incomparable quality.' British coöperative cigarettes are said to be made of 'super Virginia' tobacco. Coöperative soaps are said to be 'extra superior,' and chocolate bars are advertised as 'de luxe' and 'extra fine.' With respect to any restraint in the use of soaring words and adjectives in the superlative, the coöperative movement certainly is not 'far in advance of other and inferior brands' of merchandising systems.

The British coöperative tooth paste outdoes, in its claims, all of its American competitors in private enterprise. On the carton of the coöperative product we read: 'Makes teeth like pearls. Kills germs, firms the gums, makes teeth sparkle, removes stains and film. Makes dull teeth white.' Most of these claims are spurious.

Varicolored Sulphur Tablets, each one embossed with the word 'Co-op,' are recommended 'for the blood and complexion.' Three times on the carton, thus driving the point home, appears an appeal to little coöperative guinea pigs: 'Children like them'; 'Particularly pleasing to children'; 'A great favorite with the children.' The formula of this nostrum discloses clearly enough the reason for this childish predilection. The tablets contain 58 per cent sugar — significantly named

'saccharose' on the carton rather than by a name the parent will understand — and 18.32 per cent cornstarch, described with its scientific name 'amylum.' Concerning the sulphur content, which is 15.26 per cent of the whole, Cushny's *Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, a leading authority, warns that 'sulphur is in itself an inert body' and most of it passes through the alimentary canal unchanged, but 'some of it forms sulphides in the mucous membrane of the intestine, and these cause irritation, especially in the large bowel . . . in large quantities it has caused, in some instances, more severe symptoms.' The additional ingredients, cream of tartar and tartaric acid, which are not properly used as medicines at all, may harm the liver and kidneys and certainly should not be used in any medicine which children are encouraged to take. Finally, a remedy sold in 'assorted fruit flavors particularly pleasing to children' is evidently to be consumed as casually as though it were candy.

On a tin of Health Salt, a familiar saline laxative of habit-forming character, the British coöperatives describe their nostrum as a 'perfect substitute' for ripe fruit. A more preposterous or disingenuous claim would be hard to imagine, whether under private enterprise or coöperation.

Bismuth Digestive Tablets, dispensed under the brand name of the London Coöperative Society, are offered to coöperating consumers to 'make eating worth while.' The principal ingredients of this all-too-promising remedy are: sugar (termed 'sucrose' on the label), 50 per cent; milk sugar (given the higher-sounding name of 'lactose'), 9 per cent; and precipitated chalk, 22.5 per cent. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this product will fall far short of its claims of making eating worth while or 'ridding after-meal discomfort.'

A coöperative tonic recommended for debility, nervousness, brain fag, impure blood, rheumatism, and gout, among other disorders, contains 84.899 per cent *aqua destillata* ('distilled water' to most of us). Of this nostrum it is said that 'a few drops in a glass of sherry form a delightful health-giving appetizer and digestive.' Obviously that depends on whether the consumer likes sherry or not, since the 'few drops' of the tonic are indistinguishable when placed in a glass of the wine. With the exception of the distilled water in this Victorian-era tonic, all of its ingredients, among which may be mentioned the compounds of the drugs cinchonin, cinchonidin, and quinine, are either useless or undesirable for human ingestion except under medical prescription and medical observation.

Vitamin Yeast Tablets bearing a co-operative brand name are declared erroneously on the carton in which they are packed to 'contain nothing harmful.' This is apparently one of the old 'shotgun' remedies, as it is recommended 'for Stomach, Liver and Kidney Disorders, Indigestion, Headaches, Brain Fag, Rheumatism, Skin Eruptions, Constipation, and Bilioussness.' It is, to say the least, misleading and wholly unfair to the pharmaceutically uneducated consumer to term any product 'Vitamin Yeast Tablets' which contains caffeine, amidopyrine, acetphenetidin, and two bromides as its active ingredients. This is exactly the same device which in the United States has been employed by a famous American quack remedy, containing yeast, a laxative, and a nerve stimulant (nux vomica) — a remedy which sold widely because the consumer assumed that he was using something which was more akin to a healthful, wholesome food than to medicine.

Iodized Concentrated Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, with the brand name of the London Coöperative So-

ciety, is presented as 'The Great Blood Purifier' and recommended 'for curing all disorders arising from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood,' a claim which in the United States could not be made for any product, whatever therapeutic substances it contained, to be shipped in interstate commerce or sold in the District of Columbia without its maker's running afoul of the law. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that there is no medicinal substance or combination of substances known to medicine which gives even hope of curing all or many disorders arising from an impure or impoverished condition of the blood. With reference to this nostrum it is sufficient to quote the *United States Dispensatory*: 'The use of sarsaparilla in medicine is an interesting example of the power of superstition to survive the attacks of truth and reason.'

It would be safe to say that *most* of the European coöperatives' medicinal products would have difficulty with the Federal Trade Commission or the Food and Drug Administration in the United States. The British coöperative Pile Ointment carries the following plainly untruthful claim: 'If used as directed on the tube this Pile Ointment will not only be found effective in curing Piles, but also in preventing the conditions conducive to their return.' Such a claim has been illegal under the federal Food and Drugs Act and in most of the states of the United States for thirty years.

The shelves of European coöperatives are well stocked with nostrums and quackeries. Perpetuating the hoary superstitions of the age of pre-scientific medicine, they reveal the absurdity of the notion that the profit motives of capitalism underlie in some unique way the frauds that are practised upon consumers. What the state of medical knowledge or the character of merchandising practices may be in some

far-off coöperative utopia is beside the point. For the present, at least, the clientele of the coöperatives is subject to the hazards of quackeries which appear wholly inexcusable in a time of rapid scientific advance. No capitalist system of distribution could be more dangerous, and the American system of private pharmacy is superior to the coöperatives' at every point.

For the unsuspecting consumer going on a picnic, the British coöperatives offer a concoction from which 'fruit' drinks may be made. A recent announcement of the United States Department of Agriculture reports the seizure of a number of 'frauds on the purchaser' among which were '320 packages of so-called "fruit crystals," consisting of sugar, tartaric acid, artificial color and citrus oils.' When a government department whose main duty is the protection of agricultural producers so far outdoes a consumer's coöperative organization in the protection of consumers, we are confronted with the obvious fact that institutions' names are sometimes defective carriers of their meanings and purposes.

The publications of the coöperative movement are no safer as guides for consumer habits than are its products for indiscriminate use. In a recent number of the *Belgische Samenwerking*, the Flemish edition of the monthly journal of the Société Générale Coöperative, we find the following advice: 'Belgians, who are menaced in your dietary by the crisis, make a more ample use of sugar in your daily eating. Sugar is the best source of muscle-power, and in addition it is far and away the least expensive food.' The statement is signed by the Chief Health Inspector of the Belgian Government, Dr. Louis Delattre. It would be difficult to imagine a more grave dietetic error than this recommendation. It would be hard to contravene more completely in a few words what modern

medicine and nutrition have to say on the subject of sugar in the diet. The sole nutritive function of sugar, according to authoritative opinion in Belgium as in America and England, is to supply the body with fuel or energy, but unless it is consumed in extreme moderation, at appropriate times in relation to meals, and in certain forms, its use may seriously unbalance the diet by destroying the appetite for such essential body-building and body-sustaining foods as meats, eggs, vegetables, and fruits. When a consumers' coöperative periodical such as the *Belgische Samenwerking* prints the quoted statement of Dr. Delattre prominently in a printer's box and in italics, without troubling to make the simplest and most obvious critical examination of the problem from the medical and consumer standpoint, it not only assumes grave responsibility for misleading its consumer constituency, but also offers evidence to the effect that zeal for a particular form of social organization will often so far outrun technical knowledge of the consumer's health requirements that the whole aim of the movement is discredited and its competence to do any sort of responsible and disinterested service to consumers opened to doubt.

III

Turning our attention to those types of consumers' goods which require some kind of mechanical testing to determine quality, we quickly find that the shortcomings of the coöperatives are not limited to the vending of medicinal nostrums and quackeries and to nutritional ignorance.

For good or ill, this is an age in which men generally shave their beards. Much male comfort or discomfort depends upon the microscopic quality of the little piece of steel with which the beard is removed. In a test of nine razor blades, six of which were made

and sold by private enterprise and three of which were coöperative blades from as many countries, the coöperative blades rated sixth, seventh, and eighth respectively in comparative initial sharpness, and sixth, seventh, and ninth in durability. The following tabulation indicates the approximate relative use-values of the blades, 100 representing the most satisfactory cutting edge:—

			<i>Initial</i>	<i>Durability</i>
			<i>Sharpness</i>	
Capitalist	blade	No. 1	100	100
"	"	No. 2	100	100
"	"	No. 3	83	90
"	"	No. 4	62	83
"	"	No. 5	56	83
Coöperative	"	No. 1	50	71
"	"	No. 2	50	71
Capitalist	"	No. 6	44	70
Coöperative	"	No. 3	45	62

When the cost per shave based upon the relative cost and performance of the blade is considered, the comparisons are exceedingly unfavorable to the coöperatives' blades. On this basis, capitalist blade No. 1 would give twenty-four times the service given by coöperative blade No. 2, which was not only of low relative quality, but was sold at an outrageously high price per blade.

In a test of American typewriter ribbons, it was discovered that a coöperative article selling for 55 cents gave less service than a ribbon of private enterprise which sells for only 20 cents. There was some difficulty in obtaining the coöperative ribbon, as the coöperators refused to sell their article when it was known that it was to be submitted to comparative tests. Too often a coöperative product is a sacred thing upon which critical hands must not be laid and in whose goodness one must believe willy-nilly.

A Rochdale consumers' coöperative in the United States listed among the radios sold with its own trade-mark an instrument which showed exceptionally

poor performance on test. Aside from the coöperative's misleading advertising involved in the merchandising of this radio, an even more questionable procedure was discovered when a purchaser was sent to the private distributor, who supplied the coöperative, to take delivery of one of the instruments — the coöperative having none of the radios in stock at the time. In buying through the coöperative, the purchaser paid \$1.80 more than he would have paid if he had gone directly to the private distributor, and furthermore he was compelled to wait while the private distributor removed his own trade-mark and substituted for it the trade-mark of the coöperative. Few consumers will wish, even for the privilege of supporting 'an experiment in a different kind of civilization' or a 'Quartermaster's Corps for the Army of Labor,' to pay higher prices for identical merchandise, or to pay two visits instead of one to places of business, or to be inconvenienced by waiting to get a coöperative trade-mark on their goods instead of the name plate of a private enterpriser.

IV

The reasons why consumers' coöperatives fail to meet any adequate test of serving the interests of consumers are rooted in the basic assumptions and methods of the coöperative movement.

In a pamphlet on *The Coöperative Movement* published by the Midland Coöperative Wholesale, we read that 'the Coöperative Movement automatically stops the practice of short weights and improves the quality of all the necessities of life, because no one can benefit from dishonesty or poor quality.' The General Secretary of the Coöperative League in the United States declares that 'there is no reason for adulteration when consumers own their own business and buy for themselves.' Statements such as these would

in themselves be sufficient explanation for the situation which we have found in the quality and character of coöperative goods. To assume that the quality of goods is *automatically* improved by the simple device of eliminating the profit motive from distribution is to reveal a lamentable failure to comprehend the nature and importance of technology in the production of goods. Technological competence, care, and skill are not automatically conferred upon ten or a thousand persons by their decision to perform for themselves a function for which they have been paying others. There are no substitutes for technical skill and knowledge. Coöperative literature reveals a prevailing disposition to assume that the elimination of profit settles all the problems of goods and of distribution, including the one of quality.

High professions of mercantile virtue may be made in good faith but mean little or nothing in the absence of an awareness of the problem of quality and its relationship to technology. Last year the newly formed Retail Trading Standards Association of England (corresponding to the Better Business Bureau movement in the United States) launched a campaign in favor of 'straightforward shopkeeping.' Appropriately enough, it would seem, they invited the coöperative societies to become members of the Association. The Coöperative Union declined the invitation with a statement that the work of the Retail Trading Standards Association had been anticipated by the Coöperative Union several decades before. In a letter to the *Times*, the General Secretary of the Coöperative Union quoted the Union's first rule of membership which had been adopted many years ago. It reads: —

This Union is formed to promote the practice of truthfulness, justice, and economy in production and exchange; by the abolition of all false dealing either

- (a) direct, by representing any article produced or sold to be other than what it is known to the producer or vendor to be; or
- (b) indirect, by concealing from the purchaser any fact known to the vendor, material to be known by the purchaser, to enable him to judge of the value of the article purchased.

In the light of what we know about a considerable range of British coöperative goods and merchandising practices, it is impossible to give significant weight to this statement of the coöperatives' code. Many a private enterpriser has in practice bettered the performance of the coöperatives, without ever having thought to express in writing so lofty a statement of principles.

Reports of coöperative gatherings show that the subject of quality in coöperative goods is sometimes raised by members. The answers of the management are so notably vague that they engender the suspicion that there is rarely or never any systematic and careful testing to ensure appropriate quality. At the 1936 annual meeting of the Central Coöperative Wholesale, discussion of the question of quality was closed 'by a motion instructing the management and staff of the Wholesale to exercise all possible care in the selecting of goods and maintenance of quality.' Nowhere is there to be found a statement of the testing procedures and the extent of laboratory equipment, if any, used to ensure quality. Inquiries concerning these bring nothing more than vague assurances that the coöperatives produce and market only the best of everything, often accompanied by the highly ambiguous statement that coöperation is a system in which consumers write their own specifications for goods.

It is reasonable to suppose that if there were systematic and careful testing the leaders of the coöperative movement would be proud to give the de-

tails of such work to inquirers, and especially to broadcast them as an appeal for patronage. If perchance such laboratory methods and equipment exist, they have not been used, as independent tests of coöperative goods clearly disclose, to improve the quality of the Swedish coöperative cosmetics and razor blades, or of American coöperative hose and can openers, or of British coöperative medical supplies.

It has yet to be shown that appropriate qualities in consumers' goods prevail in any system where consumer choice is not entirely free, or in other words where producers and distributors are not compelled to compete for consumer patronage by some degree of appeal to quality. Any kind of monopoly which tends to throttle consumer choice or limits it to a single product of a given line of goods is destructive of the necessary motive for production of high and continuously improving quality. The convinced and loyal consumer-coöperator who patronizes his coöperative because it is 'an experiment in a different kind of civilization' will not switch to a private competitor of the coöperative when he discovers that the Co-op trade-mark is not a guarantee of good merchandise. By his attachment to the coöperative for a reason which is not related to the quality of goods, he fails to exert buyer pressure which is a necessary factor in encouraging quality production.

If consumer coöperation were extended to the point where all private enterprise disappeared (a consummation which most coöperators envisage when they assert that we are in transition from capitalism to consumer coöperation), an effective monopoly destructive of the consumer's interests would be the inevitable result. Any totalitarian system of production and distribution involves this unhappy state of affairs. In so far as the individual coöperator loyally reserves his patronage

for his coöperative he freely elects (in those countries where capitalism and coöperation still exist side by side) to forgo the principle of free consumer choice which to some degree, at least, encourages quality production. Free consumer choice and free private competitive enterprise are equally necessary for an adequate motive in quality production. The examples of quackery and low quality which have been cited in the case of consumer coöperatives are more than matched in the Soviet Union, where free consumer choice is effectively throttled by an entirely different form of totalitarian production and distribution; but that is another story for another discussion. Suffice it to say that neither a workers' state nor a coöperative system has shown in practice the ability or even the clear intent to serve consumers as well as has private business enterprise.

The vision which coöperation holds before the consumer is compounded of an appeal to the ideal of economic democracy, on the one hand, and the price advantages of a rebate, on the other hand. The rebate — or the dividend, as it is called in accepted coöperative parlance — is so tangible a factor that it cannot be discontinued or interrupted without distinctly discouraging coöperators. It has constituted the chief drawing card, especially among workers of meagre incomes, to whom a quarterly purchase dividend makes a great appeal. Few if any coöperatives have organizations for production and distribution which can be compared with the most efficient establishments of private enterprise. This means that they begin with a financial handicap, to which must be added the imperative necessity of their rebating dividends, the consequence being that there is no margin left for competition in quality with the best of private enterprise. Furthermore, the coöperatives must set aside

substantial portions of 'surplus' income for education and the general social good. These latter expenditures meet a practical promotional necessity for holding members which is not matched by the establishment of laboratories for testing. Coöperative appropriations to build 'a better world' constitute a drain upon resources which might, as some think, more properly go into the making of better goods. Few will deny the need for 'a better world,' but it is a dubious procedure to lay a sales tax upon consumers' goods in order to pay the expenses for building such a world. Even if, as Secretary Wallace believes, consumer coöperatives were a bulwark of democracy against dictatorship, taxing the quality of consumers' goods is a decidedly circuitous and inexperienced approach to a problem which can and should be met directly by political action.

According to a recent annual report of an American Rochdale coöperative, less than one half the members voted in the election of the governing board. This would seem to indicate a substantial failure to appreciate the privilege of voting control of coöperative enterprise. Furthermore, as in the case of practically all corporations, the same board is elected year in and year out. These perennial boards of consumer coöperatives would be examples of wholly inexplicable deviations from normal human behavior if they were not concerned to make a good showing in their annual reports. Some coöperative protagonists would have us believe that the boards of consumer coöp-

eratives are completely indifferent to balance sheets and annual business turnover, but such indifference is impossible. There is manifest among coöperatives a drive to sell merchandise, which is not associated with the profit motive but which is nonetheless powerful in an energetic and ambitious coöperative manager. In 1931, Stalin delivered a stinging rebuke to Soviet consumer coöperatives for being 'concerned most of all with their balance sheets.' 'They are,' he said, 'infected with a certain Nepman spirit' — which was, in 1931, almost as grave an indictment as the charge of being infected with Trotskyism is in 1936. To illustrate his point, the Soviet dictator charged that the coöperatives stocked goods like haberdashery in preference to the necessities because haberdashery was the 'more profitable.' Elsewhere, throughout the coöperative world, consumer coöperatives have stocked inferior merchandise and medicinal quackeries partly because these things are 'profitable' in terms of the things which coöperative managers value and which coöperative members value in their managers.

Wise consumers, keeping in mind the exacting test of price per unit of service, value, or performance, will be in no hurry to embrace an illusion of economic democracy which may entail the surrender of some of their most important interests. On the record to date, private competitive enterprise, with all of its faults, appears to be the best available servant of consumers' interests.

ETERNAL LIFE

BY JOHN A. CHAMBERLAIN

I

THE stout rag rug on the floor of the long living room was padded beneath with a generous supply of straw — a comfortable place for a boy on a winter's night to stretch out and enjoy the heat from the wood fire.

It was Sunday evening. The horses had been given their supper of timothy hay, the eggs had been gathered, the cows milked, the henhouse door closed, the lambs had been carefully shut in their shed, and the wood box piled high with firewood.

The family had assembled for the one carefree evening of the week. Father sat in his rocking chair. The older children were sitting around the table. Mother was reading aloud from a book lent by the district school-teacher. I was the boy on the rug in front of the fire. A pan of popcorn and apples was close at hand. I was enjoying the evening. Mother's reading was music to me; I loved to hear her voice. But as the hands of the old wooden-wheeled clock crept toward nine I could no longer conceal my sleepiness. Mother, observing this, reached for the Bible, the signal that the evening's entertainment was about to close.

From my position on the rug in front of the fire I had heard her read from the Bible Sunday evenings ever since I could remember. Here I had seen Adam created and Cain kill his brother. I had grieved with Jacob for his seven long years' work on a farm only to be

given the wrong wife. I had been sold with Joseph into Egypt and had become the king's favorite. I had snugly floated with Moses in his ark among the bulrushes and had led the children of Israel through the Red Sea. As a grand climax to it all I had strutted forth with the red-headed boy David in front of the entire Philistine army and smote the giant Goliath right between the eyes with my slingshot, and with one foot planted on his prostrate chest held up his gory head amidst the thunderous applause of the Israelitish army.

But to-night what was she reading? It was about the wonder man Jesus. He made dead men live and blind men see. I was a bit dubious. But Mother said it was so, and Mother was to be relied upon. But what is she reading now? 'Whosoever believeth in him should . . . have eternal life.' Could that be true? Men certainly died, even people who believed in the Bible. Old Grandma Williams from the next farm east, a great Methodist, had died, and only yesterday I had seen the hearse go by in a snowstorm and Father had helped put her in the ground in the little cemetery on the hill. She was as dead as my dog Rover, run over by a hay wagon and buried by the old stone pile in the barnyard.

These Sunday-evening readings continued until I was sent away to prep school and college, then to law school

at the University. I started practising law in the neighboring city, and have been at it for about thirty-five years. When I was a boy, the Bible was the most talked-of book in the house; early I had acquired a taste for it. While in school I continued to read it, but not very regularly. Soon after my admission to the bar I was asked to teach a misfit class of boys in Sunday school. Later I was given the men's class. For over a third of a century I have tried to teach the Bible. I have read it a great deal and have studied parts of it with care. I have not been interested in any system of theology or in any theory of God. I am not troubled by doubts about the existence of God or about the divinity of His Son. I believe the Bible to be the Word of God and have endeavored to understand it.

II

Some years ago I read of an unbelieving editor who told a preacher that if he could convince him that he would live forever he would be in church every Sunday. Here was my old question of eternal life. What is it, and what assurance have we that it is what we faintly think it is or desire it to be? I find the direct statement in the Bible that it is granted to the followers of Christ. But there seem to be many inconsistent or at least vague statements in the Bible about life hereafter, so that the ordinary man is left in doubt as to whether the life he is to inherit is a very certain or satisfactory existence. Is he to sleep untold ages after he dies? Is he to lose his present existence by being swallowed up in the life of his Creator? Is he to cease existing as the person he now feels himself to be? Is he to be a breath of air, a disembodied spirit floating about in the ether devoid of sight, feeling, and senses? Is he to be changed into an immaterial spirit that sings psalms and renders adoration to his

Creator without will, feeling, or understanding? Will he be a man or a phantom?

I am not questioning the Bible or its benefits. I have gained untold satisfaction from its pages. To me it is the word of God, and in it there is superhuman power. I believe that most men who read it have the same experience. But I find that most of its readers are in doubt about the meaning of eternal life. What is it? Does it have any correspondence to life as we know it? When does it commence? What are some of its main qualities?

As I have already stated, I have endeavored for many years to be a serious student of the Bible. I believe in it. I have not read it in a critical spirit, but as one who believes in God and in Jesus as His divine Son, yet I have been left in doubt about this question of eternal life. Certainly the Bible teaches that it is something. But what is it?

My Bible class is composed of men from various walks of life, a fair cross-section of American business and professional men. I find that these men have no definite idea as to what eternal life is. They rely upon the statements of the Bible. Some think the dead sleep until the Judgment Day; others think they, like the thief on the cross, enter upon the future life immediately after death; still others believe they are absorbed into the good of heaven and that each one loses his personality; while others assert that we shall be men like the angels that have appeared upon the earth. All support their views with more or less appropriate passages of Scripture. But after over thirty years of studying and teaching the Bible, and after consultation with others, I had not reached a definite idea about the life hereafter. I had about concluded that this was a subject too mystical and difficult for the human mind, and that nothing more could be learned about it. This has not been a satisfactory posi-

tion. As more time has passed, I have had the feeling borne in upon me that a satisfactory answer exists and that there must be a way of finding it. I desire to state at this point that I am not now, nor ever have been, interested in so-called spiritualism. From what little I have read about it I do not think it furnishes any satisfactory answer to the questions I raise about eternal life.

An aged friend of mine recently died. He had been an ardent Christian. His long life had been one of devotion, worship, and unselfish philanthropy. Toward his last days he told a visiting friend, 'I was in Heaven yesterday. I saw my father, my mother, and my old business partner.' My friend's wife and his physician smiled about the statement. They said he had been dreaming. But he, as clear-minded and as alert as ever, asserted that he knew what he was talking about. This report interested me. Here was something definite, and recent. Here was a devout man, with a right to inherit eternal life if anyone had such a right, who asserted that he had seen his father, mother, and partner as living people and had recognized them as such. His statement is just what I wished to believe about eternal life. I wanted to believe that in the afterlife men lived, talked, and saw as men. Here at least was something tangible.

I recall that Russell Conwell appeared before his congregation one Sunday morning and told them he understood from the Bible that there was no communication between those of the other world and those of this, but he had seen his deceased wife that morning, standing at the foot of his bed, and she had communicated with him. He stated that he had seen her on other occasions. This, coming from a man of unquestioned reliability, is more evidence that eternal life consists of a continuation of life in a form such as we know it here — a life in human form

that can be seen. I was reminded of the complacent Socrates, who, several centuries before Christ's sojourn upon the earth, had faced an unnatural death with the assurance that God will continue a man's life, as a man, after death.

III

Some time ago I saw an ad in one of the popular weeklies stating that a book called *Heaven and Its Wonders and Hell*, by Emanuel Swedenborg, could be obtained for a small sum. Formerly I had had the impression that Swedenborg was the founder of a freak religion, but a sound preacher had told me that he was a philosopher of parts. I secured the book. After reading a little of it I was skeptical of the sanity of the author. But I went to the public library and read some biographies of the man. I found that he was a profound scholar, a reader of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin; that he was a great scientist; and that, as government director of mines, he had done much for the mining industries of Sweden. He was the son of a bishop, and above all was an honest Christian man. He spent twenty-seven of the last years of his long life in writing on religious subjects, giving an account of his remarkable experience. His writings on the Bible and religious subjects include some thirty volumes. His explanation of the Book of Revelation convinced me that here was no ordinary man.

But to get back to the book I had purchased. I was entranced with it. In it I found the answer to practically all the questions about eternal life that had perplexed me — a book of over five hundred pages, written with delightful simplicity and clarity, its assertions buttressed with passages from the Bible. It calls attention to the fact that Christ, after His resurrection, appeared as a man, so recognized by His disciples and believers — that He

walked, talked, ate, and acted like a human being. It states that man's mind is his spirit, which never dies. When man loses his natural body his mind lives on, clothed with a spiritual body. After death man is like himself with the exception of this change to a spiritual form — that is, he walks, talks, eats, sleeps, and has all his senses in the spirit world the same as in this world, though much improved.

Is this the fantastic dream of a man subject to illusions? Let us see. This man was a scientist by profession, accustomed to proving things by experiments. He was not a writer of fanciful tales, but a writer of facts. For a period of twenty-seven years this gifted man asserts he was at intervals lifted out of his body in thought, and while in complete consciousness was shown Heaven and Hell. He talked personally with thousands of angels. He conversed with scores of deceased acquaintances. Time and again he had this experience. His spirit, or mind, was taken into Heaven. He observed the celestial homes, streets, fields, palaces, inhabitants, and customs, and had these things explained to him. In appearance the spirit world is similar to the earth. Men of the earth become angels immediately after death; they are conducted by angels to the land of spirits, where they appear the same as upon earth. They see, feel, walk, and eat — study, write, and worship. They have governments and live in societies of like minds. Their food, clothing, and homes are furnished by the Lord; but they have work to do.

Of what life after death consists, how men live, their speech, their houses, their wisdom, their progress, their government, even time and space there, were shown to this visitor. His writings set forth the things revealed to him.

As a lawyer I have had the usual experience of examining written testimony and of testing the reliability of witnesses. Mr. Swedenborg convinces me that his experiences were real. He explains many difficult passages of the Bible; he answers my questions about eternal life.

IV

More than fifty years have passed since I lay on the rug in front of the fire and heard Mother read from the Bible. Again I am in the old living room sitting before the fire. Long ago Father and Mother were taken to the little cemetery on the hill. The old farm has become not only a vacation place but a shrine. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren scamper through the long room and sometimes stop and examine the queer old book on the curly-maple table. Often they beg for a story and ask strange questions about what becomes of people after they die. I tell them that children are taken care of by loving friends and teachers and grow to be men and women of Heaven.

The sun has dropped below the tree-tops over Nichols' woods. The children have assembled for the night. There is another boy on the rug before the fire. His eyes grow heavy. I reach for the old book on the table.

MY FISHPOND

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

It lies embowered in a little cup of the hills, my fishing pond. I made a last trip to it just as the season ended, when the autumn leaves of its great trees were turning color and rustling down to rest upon the still black water. So steep are the banks, so old and high the trees, that scarcely a puff of wind ever ruffles the surface of the pond. All around, it is as if the world were stilled into silence, and time blended into eternity.

I realized again as I looked at the pond what a beautiful, secluded spot it was, how natural its appeal to the heart of the angler. You turn off a country road, go sideways across a meadow and over a hill, and there it lies — a sheet of still water, with high, high banks, grown with great trees. Long years ago someone built a saw-mill, all gone now, at the foot of the valley and threw back the water to make a pond, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. At the widest it must be nearly two hundred feet — the most skillful fisherman may make a full cast both ways. At the top end, where it runs narrow among stumps and rushes, there is no room to cast except with direction and great skill.

Let me say at once, so as to keep no mystery about it, that there are no fish in my pond. So far as I know there never have been. But I have never found that to make any difference. Certainly none to the men I bring there — my chance visitors from the

outside world — for an afternoon of casting.

If there are no fish in the pond, at least they never know it. They never doubt it; they never ask, and I let it go at that.

It is well known hereabouts that I do not take anybody and everybody out to my fishpond. I only care to invite people who can really fish, who can cast a line — experts, and especially people from a distance to whom the whole neighborhood is new and attractive, the pond seen for the first time. If I took out ordinary men, especially men near home, they would very likely notice that they got no fish. The expert does n't. He knows trout fishing too well. He knows that even in a really fine pond, such as he sees mine is, there are days when not a trout will rise. He'll explain it to you himself; and, having explained it, he is all the better pleased if he turns out to be right and they don't rise.

Trout, as everyone knows who is an angler, never rise after a rain, nor before one; it is impossible to get them to rise in the heat; and any chill in the air keeps them down. The absolutely right day is a still, cloudy day, but even then there are certain kinds of clouds that prevent a rising of the trout. Indeed, I have only to say to one of my expert friends, 'Queer, they did n't bite!' and he's off to a good start with an explanation. There is such a tremendous lot to know about trout fishing that men who

are keen on it can discuss theories of fishing by the hour.

Such theories we generally talk over — my guest of the occasion and I — as we make our preparations at the pond. You see, I keep there all the apparatus that goes with fishing — a punt, with lockers in the sides of it, a neat little dock built out of cedar (cedar attracts the trout), and, best of all, a little shelter house, a quaint little place like a pagoda, close beside the water and yet under the trees. Inside is tackle, all sorts of tackle, hanging round the walls in a mixture of carelessness and order.

'Look, old man,' I say, 'if you like to try a running paternoster, take this one,' or, 'Have you ever seen these Japanese leads? No, they're not a gut; they're a sort of floss.'

'I doubt if I can land one with that,' he says.

'Perhaps not,' I answer. In fact, I'm sure he could n't: there is n't any to land.

On pegs in the pagoda hangs a waterproof mackintosh or two, for you never know — you may be caught in a shower just when the trout are starting to rise. Then, of course, a sort of cellar-ette cupboard with decanters and bottles, and gingersnaps, and perhaps an odd pot of anchovy paste — no one wants to quit good fishing for mere hunger. Nor does any real angler care to begin fishing without taking just a drop (Just a touch — be careful! Whoa! Whoa!) of something to keep out the cold, or to wish good luck for the chances of the day.

I always find, when I bring out one of my friends, that these mere preparatives or preparations, these preliminaries of angling, are the best part of it. Often they take half an hour. There is so much to discuss — the question of weights of tackle, the color of the fly to use, and broad general questions of theory, such as whether it matters what kind of hat a man wears. It seems

that trout will rise for some hats, and for others not. One of my best guests, who has written a whole book on fly fishing, is particularly strong on hats and color. 'I don't think I'd wear that hat, old man,' he says; 'much too dark for a day like this.' 'I wore it all last month,' I said. 'So you might, but that was August. I would n't wear a dark hat in September; and that tie is too dark a blue, old man.'

So I knew that that made it all right. I kept the hat on. We had a grand afternoon; we got no fish.

I admit that the lack of fish in my pond requires sometimes a little tact in management. The guest gets a little restless. So I say to him, 'You certainly have the knack of casting!' — and he gets so absorbed in casting farther and farther that he forgets the fish. Or I take him toward the upper end and he gets his line caught on bulrush — that might be a bite. Or, if he still keeps restless, I say suddenly, 'Hush! Was that a fish jumped?' That will silence any true angler instantly. 'You stand in the bow,' I whisper, 'and I'll paddle gently in that direction.' It's the *whispering* that does it. We are still a hundred yards away from any trout that could hear us even if a trout were there. But that makes no difference. Some of the men I take out begin to whisper a mile away from the pond and come home whispering.

You see, after all, what with frogs jumping, and catching the line in bulrushes, or pulling up a water-logged chip nearly to the top, they don't really know — my guests don't — whether they have hooked something or not. Indeed, after a little lapse of time, they think they did: they talk of the 'big one they lost' — a thing over which any angler gets sentimental in retrospect. 'Do you remember,' they say to me months later at our club in the city, 'that big trout I lost up on your fishpond last summer?' 'Indeed I do,' I

say. 'Did you ever get him later on?' 'No, never,' I answer. (Neither him nor any other.)

Yet the illusion holds good. And besides, you never can tell: there *might* be trout in the pond. Why not? After all, why should n't there be a trout in the pond? You take a pond like that and there ought to be trout in it!

Whenever the sight of the pond bursts on the eyes of a new guest he stands entranced. 'What a wonderful place for trout!' he exclaims. 'Is n't it?' I answer. 'No wonder you'd get trout in a pond like that.' 'No wonder at all.' 'You don't need to stock it at all, I suppose?' 'Stock it!' I laugh at the idea. Stock a pond like that! Well, I guess not!

Perhaps one of the best and most alluring touches is fishing out of season — just a day or two after the season has closed. Any fisherman knows how keen is the regret at each expiring season — swallowed up and lost in the glory of the fading autumn. So if a guest turns up just then I say, 'I know it's out of season, but I thought you might care to take a run out to the pond anyway and have a look at it.' He

can't resist. By the time he's in the pagoda and has a couple of small drinks (Careful, not too much! Whoa! Whoa!) he decides there can be no harm in making a cast or two. 'I suppose,' he says, 'you never have any trouble with the inspectors?' 'Oh, no,' I answer; 'they never think of troubling me.' And with that we settle down to an afternoon of it. 'I'm glad,' says the guest at the end, 'that they were n't rising. After all, we had just the same fun as if they were.'

That's it: illusion! How much of life is like that! It's the *idea* of the thing that counts, not the reality. You don't need fish for fishing, any more than you need partridge for partridge shooting, or gold for gold mining. Just the illusion or expectation.

So I am going back now to the city and to my club, where we shall fish all winter, hooking up big ones, but losing the ones bigger still, hooking two trout at one throw, — three at a throw! — and for me, behind it all, the memory of my fishing pond darkening under the falling leaves. . . . At least it has made my friends happy.

THE MILLION DOLLAR COMMUNITY CONTEST

THE Million Dollar Community Contest was announced in the July issue of the *Atlantic*, which reached the news stands and subscribers on Saturday, June 20. On the following Monday the first trickle reached the Atlantic office of plans that were to seem as numerous as the sands of the sea. All July they drifted heavily in — a flood slackening in August, augmenting in September, until, on the closing date, the long tables behind the editorial rooms were silted white with 8461 entries. Moreover we received corrections, additions, carbon copies, alternative plans, and scores of importunate requests for assurance that such and such a plan had been received. The manuscripts for the contest were carefully segregated and counted, but because of the enormous number the answering of anxious queries about them was all but impossible.

The envelopes bore postmarks from every part of the United States, stamped in towns as disparate as Klamath Falls, Oregon, and Biddeford, Maine; Tempe, Arizona, and Bearden, Tennessee. Canada was amply represented, and England. There were two from Warsaw and from Dublin, three from India, and several from the Philippine Islands.

The form of the manuscripts varied from that of a will, stiff with legal terms, to casually penciled letters addressed to 'Dear Mr. Millionaire,' 'Dear Good Samaritan,' or even 'Dear John.' Entries were often accompanied by additional material, — pictures, newspaper clippings, or pamphlets fur-

ther illuminating the sender's idea, — or occasionally, as in the case of the winning plan, by a set of legal forms necessary in setting up the project.

It was with very real emotion that we looked into these thousands of plans, which, in spite of their diversity and the eccentricity of some of the suggestions, represent so vividly the hopes and ambitions of America for its ideal community.

The subjects of the plans fell largely into two main divisions, education and recreation, with two smaller ones of agriculture and the care of the needy. Scholarship plans of infinite variation outnumbered all the rest — traveling scholarships, exchange scholarships, music scholarships, scholarships for bright children to be leaders and average children to be followers. Also under the head of education were schemes for trade schools and vocational training, child guidance, matrimonial instruction, and civic research.

Proposals for recreation provided community centres, elaborate and complete, parks, hobby houses, gardens, forests, and swimming pools. Sanctuaries were suggested for birds, beasts, and for creative people; planetariums, aquariums, gymnasiums. There was at least one plea for a coöperative football team. Music and theatre projects were dear to many contestants, who wished for free concerts, glee clubs, community singing, drama, pantomime.

Agricultural plans included specific assistance against drought, grasshoppers and chinch bugs, as well as agri-

cultural colleges to be operated in conjunction with a model farm or dairy.

The old are neediest, said nearly fifteen per cent of the contributors. Let the donor provide more homes for them, or model apartment houses where they can be together and independent. Children are needy, too — perfect orphanages and modern day nurseries were recommended, also shoes for unshod boys and girls, a year on a farm for every fifth-grade child.

Housing plans formed a large classification that embraced model communities, apartment or small house projects for special groups — the single woman in business, for example, or the unemployed over forty.

Religion dictated many of the proposals — for Bible schools and institutes, for spiritual retreats, for air-conditioning the churches, for a sectarian hospital. One competitor wished for a fund to eliminate the collection of money during church services.

More worldly plans advocated a factory to take care of the unemployed in the community, a subsidized newspaper, a fund for cancer research, a tax-free town, socialized medicine, kindergartens, libraries, psychiatric clinics. The editors venture the guess that hardly a conception of human betterment has gone unrepresented in this contest. Merely to enumerate the variety of the proposals would occupy fourteen *Atlantic* pages.

A few plans were unique — for a goats' milk dairy; a temple of poetry; one competitor wanted to buy the Parthenon and set it up in the donor's city, another to build public baths, Roman style, a third to enforce an ordinance requiring a maximum speed for all vehicles of twelve miles an hour.

The 8461 plans were as diverse as the individuals who sent them, and in most cases bore a direct relationship to the nature and occupation of the author. Educators usually advocated scholar-

ships, as did those who have been deeply benefited by education — lawyers and ministers. Doctors wished for hospitals and improved medicine. Many plans for the aged were written by old people or by their children, burdened with their support. Artists desired art centres or endowments for creative work. However, a woman who expressly stated that she was American and white suggested a gymnasium with a swimming pool exclusively for the use of Negroes. The majority of the imaginative and eager plans for recreation were contributed by women, but these were often impractical in nature, perhaps demanding too extensive equipment or a disproportionate initial expenditure. Although more women than men submitted plans in the contest, seventy-three of the hundred semi-finalists were written by men.

The editors watched the shape of a composite Utopia emerge from the mass of ideas and enthusiasms, and looked for a single plan that would be the synthesis of what most of the contributors considered to be of greatest benefit to a community. There were plans for old age, but more for youth; plans for amusement, but more for knowledge; plans to receive something for nothing, but more to give according to one's capacity and to receive according to one's need. Many were remedial ideas for the sicknesses of society, but surpassing these in number and cogency were thousands of plans building toward a broader and a richer life.

We perceived then that the winning plan should point toward the future; its beneficiaries should themselves contribute to its success. It seemed to us, as to a great number of the contestants, important that the donor should participate in his own benefaction. It was practical that the equipment and setting up of the project should consume only a small fraction of the million dollars, and that the plan should not

depend for its success chiefly on the skillful administration which is not always available.

Five plans were salient from the one hundred best. Two were generous community centre projects, both by women. An English gentleman contributed an understanding proposal to encourage local craftsmanship and creative ability. A foundation or trust for the constructive use of leisure was thoughtfully designed by a New England humanitarian. Finally, a plan for

the further education of high-school graduates met our exacting tests, and we awarded it the donor's prize of one thousand dollars.

Our selection has been made on general principles. It may well be that the donor, with the advantage of intimate knowledge of a particular community, will make another choice. Certainly there is every opportunity here for a fruitful experiment in the difficult art of wise giving.

— THE EDITORS

THE PRIZE-WINNING PROPOSAL

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

GREATER opportunity for the further training of its high-school graduates seems to be the most imperative need of a city of a hundred thousand population already possessed of good schools, parks, playgrounds, swimming pools, golf courses, and an art gallery, but no college. A million dollars will not build, equip, and endow a local college, but it will underwrite a plan which will afford, to the local high-school graduates of the benefactor's city, college opportunities elsewhere in the state greater than those they now enjoy.

To this end, then, let the benefactor cause to be incorporated under the laws of his state a non-profit organization without shares of capital stock, to be known as The College Savings Trust Fund Association. The charter should provide that the benefactor be the chairman of the board for life, and that the board be self-perpetuating. The benefactor should then make a declaration of trust in accordance with which he turns over to the association the million dollars he desires to dedicate to the welfare of his fellow townsmen.

The declaration of trust should contain the following provisions: —

1. That the benefactor reserve the right to revoke the trust at will.

2. That the association through its board of directors manage the trust estate and receive the income therefrom.

3. That the first claim against the income be an amount adequate to maintain the benefactor in his accustomed manner and to meet the special demands which business success begets.

4. That the remainder of the income, but none of the principal, be used to promote among the citizens of the benefactor's city systematic saving for the college education of their children.

Through the machinery thus set up the association should accept a limited number of members upon application and upon a showing of worthiness and by virtue of a declaration of trust also on their part. The declaration of each member should contain the following provisions: —

1. That the association be the trustee.

2. That the child in whose behalf the saving is to be undertaken be the beneficiary.

3. That the member reserve the right to revoke the trust and that he grant the association the right to terminate it; in either case the member to receive in cash or

in par value of United States Government bonds, at the option of the association, an amount equal to, but not greater than, the sum of deposits made.

4. That the member deposit ten dollars a month and no more, until the beneficiary enters college, but no lump sum in excess of sixty dollars and then only in case of delinquency deemed by the board to be unavoidable.

5. That to each ten dollars deposited by the member, and in consideration thereof, the association add ten dollars from trust fund income, but not from principal, and with these funds build up a deposit to the credit of the association at each of a selected group of colleges in the benefactor's state, the size of the deposit so built up at each college to bear an appropriate relationship to the number of students from the benefactor's city who have been accustomed to attend it, or are likely to do so.

6. That upon the entrance of the beneficiary in any one of the colleges so named the association establish a credit at the college in favor of the member equal to twice the amount saved by him during the saving period named in the trust agreement.

7. That the association authorize the college to pay the beneficiary's tuition fees, laboratory fees, for his books, board, and room rent, and charge the cost against the credit so created, but that it direct the college to make no advances in cash unless specifically authorized by the board to do so.

8. That the association purchase group life insurance on the life of the member in an amount equal to twice his prospective savings, the association to be the beneficiary under the policy and in case of the death of the member, the beneficiary under the declaration of trust by the member to receive all the benefits which under the trust the beneficiary would have received had the member lived.

9. That the association deposit a stated amount per month with each of the local hospitals, or with any of them, under an agreement that they will furnish hospitalization, but not private medical attention, to the member or his beneficiary when requested by the board to do so.

A brief in behalf of this plan would recite the following advantages:—

1. The benefactor retains potential control of his estate, for he can revoke the trust. He can exercise as much actual control as he wishes, for he is chairman of the board of the association.

2. He retires from active business, but devotes his latter years to the welfare of young people. This is the best possible substitute for family ties.

3. He diverts income from the accretion of capital, of which he has no further need, and directs it toward a philanthropic purpose. He thus prolongs his feeling of current accomplishment.

4. He has a chance to try out his plan. If it does not meet with the popular response anticipated, he can modify it, or even abandon it altogether while he is yet alive, and formulate another.

5. The opportunities under the plan are open to many who are willing to earn its advantages, but to none who look upon the benefactor's philanthropy as a chance to get something for nothing.

6. The group life insurance feature underwrites the purpose of the members, and the hospital arrangement is a health and accident policy which protects the earnings out of which is created the corpus of the fund necessary to the attainment of the purpose.

7. The plan creates a system of floating scholarships which follow the students wherever they go to college, for the association can shift its deposits from college to college.

8. The plan endows both colleges and hospitals, for it puts them in continuous possession of an unexpended balance of the association.

9. The plan is sound economically, for it is in accord with the inexorable law that the most effective way for a group to get what it saves for is to set its savings to producing it.

10. The plan is sound financially, for a good college's promise to pay off a deposit in educational opportunity, its stock in trade, is safer than an equally good and equally honest bank's promise to pay off a deposit with money. A good college's promise to pay in education is as much to be relied upon as a good farmer's promise to pay in corn.

THE COLLECTIVIST MOVEMENT IN PRACTICE

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

IN the realm of ideas a change in theory is reflected in practice only after a lapse of time, and, as Mr. Keynes has said, the active men of an epoch are generally applying the theories of men who are long since dead. Thus Adam Smith published *The Wealth of Nations* in 1776, and before his death in 1790 two English Prime Ministers, Lord Shelburne and William Pitt, had been converted to his ideas. Yet it was not until 1846 that the corn laws were repealed, and the free-trade system was not established until Gladstone brought in his budgets of 1853 and 1860. That great reversal of policy was the outcome of a change in European thinking which took about seventy-five years to mature.

In that period liberal philosophy was in the ascendant: conservatives like Sir Robert Peel, and revolutionists as well, thought of the future in terms of an increasing emancipation from prerogative and privilege. Freedom was the polestar of the human mind. When there was an evil to be dealt with, men looked instinctively for its cause in some manifestation of arbitrary power. They sought the remedy in the limitation of arbitrary power and the disestablishment of privilege. They believed in governments which were under the law, in the rights of men rather than the sovereignty of kings or of

majorities, in free trade as against protection and preference. They held that improvement of the human lot was to be achieved by releasing thought, invention, enterprise, and labor from exactions and tolls, from the rule of princes, monopolists, great landlords, and established churches. Although some, conservative by interest and temperament, were opposed to drastic change, while others were in favor of radical reform, the terms of the controversy were whether existing prerogative and privilege should be maintained or should be withdrawn.

It may be said, I believe, that between, say, 1848 and 1870 the intellectual climate of western society began to change. At some time in that period the intellectual ascendancy of the collectivist movement began. A phenomenon of this sort cannot, of course, be dated precisely, but it is clear that after 1870 liberal philosophy was on the defensive in theory, and that in practice the liberals were fighting a losing rear-guard action. England, it is true, remained faithful to free trade until the Great War of 1914, but the protectionist doctrine grew everywhere in popularity. In 1850 a liberal like Herbert Spencer believed that the next phase of social reform lay in an attack on the great landed monopolies; as time went on he lost confidence and

finally suppressed what he had written on the subject. John Stuart Mill, though he never became an authoritarian socialist, did begin, toward the close of his life, to write on the assumption that the benefits of liberal philosophy had all been achieved and that further progress lay in the direction of collectivism.

More than seventy-five years passed before the collectivist movement was dominant in actual affairs, but in this middle period of the nineteenth century it established itself in men's thought. Both capital and labor became predominantly protectionist. The older theory that incorporation is a privilege was abandoned and the way was opened to the corporate forms of business organization and the adoption of general incorporation laws. The collectivist organization of industrial workers was legalized. Then, too, the conception of democracy changed. Once the popular movement had been chiefly concerned with the Bill of Rights and other limitations on the sovereign, but the rapid enfranchisement of the masses resulted in the belief that popular sovereignty must not be restrained, that the meaning of free government was the dictatorship of the majority.

Thus freedom ceased to be the polestar of the human mind. After 1870 or thereabouts men thought instinctively once more in terms of organization, authority, and collective power. To enhance the prospects of business they looked, not to competitive enterprise, but to tariffs, to concentrated corporate control, to the suppression of competition, to large-scale business administration. To relieve the poor and lift up the downtrodden they looked to an organized working class, to electoral majorities, to the capture of the sovereign power and its exploitation in their behalf. Though great corporate capitalists continued to invoke the shibboleths of liberalism, yet when con-

fronted by the collective demands of the workers or the hostile power of majorities they were thoroughly imbued with the collectivist spirit fostered by their attachment to protection and to the concentration of control. Their opponents talked of liberty when their attempts to organize were resisted or their plans for regulation by the state were attacked, or when one of their agitators was put in jail for disturbing the peace. But in their belief that popular sovereignty must be unrestrained, in their persistent demands for the magnification of government, in their fundamental aim to rationalize and perpetuate the private collectivism of the corporate system, they became the adversaries of freedom and the founders of a new authoritarian society.

The contemporary world is so thoroughly imbued with the collectivist spirit that at first it seems quixotic to challenge it. Yet the prospects of reversing the mercantilist policies of European states can hardly have seemed bright when Adam Smith wrote *The Wealth of Nations*; but now we know that the zenith of those policies had been passed. The Ancien Régime was doomed, though Europe still had to go through the wars and revolutions which marked its end. So it may well be today that the beginning of the end is at hand, that we are living at the climax of the collectivist movement, its promises already dust and ashes in men's mouths, its real consequences no longer matters of theoretical debate, but of bitter and bloody experience.

II

The easy confidence of the pre-war generation has now been shaken by grave doubts as to whether the collectivist principle is consistent with peace and prosperity or with the moral and intellectual dignity of civilized men.

A reaction, definite and profound as that which in the late eighteenth century set in against the Ancien Régime, has, I believe, already begun.

But the popular and influential leaders of contemporary thought are in a quandary. Their settled convictions compel them to believe that a new and better order is being created in one or the other of the collectivist states; their instincts and their observations tell them that the coming of this new society is attended by many of the symptoms of a relapse into barbarism. They do not like dictatorships, the concentration camps, the censorship, the forced labor, the firing squads or the executioners in their swallowtail coats. But in their inmost convictions the intellectuals who expound what now passes for 'liberalism,' 'progressivism,' or 'radicalism' are almost all of them collectivists in their conception of the economy, authoritarians in their conceptions of the state, totalitarians in their conceptions of society.

Mr. Stuart Chase, for example, tells us that in order to achieve abundance we must have 'centralization of government; the overhead planning and control of economic activity. . . . The United States and Canada will fall into one regional frame; similarly most of Europe. Economically supreme over these frames must sit an industrial general staff with dictatorial powers covering the smooth technical [*sic*] operation of all the major sources of raw material and supply. Political democracy can remain *if it confines itself to all but* [*italics mine*] economic matters.'

Thus, though Mr. Chase is the enthusiastic sponsor of dictatorship on a continental scale, he would like to preserve some remnants of personal self-determination. The problem for him, and for all the collectivists of his school, is to reconcile their theoretical belief in a dictated economy with their

instinctive revulsion against the behavior of active dictators. For some the reconciliation is achieved by explaining away the barbarism of the dictatorship they happen to admire while denouncing it manfully in all others. Thus sympathizers with the communist effort are profoundly outraged by the German persecutions and the Italian deportations. But they have an abiding faith that the Russian persecutions and deportations have been exaggerated and misunderstood. Mr. George Soule, for instance, holding up the Soviets as an example, says with what is apparently an untroubled conscience that the land and capital of Russia are administered by the Communist Party so 'that all these things shall be used for the benefit of the whole population (except of those whom the Socialist State regards as enemies or useless persons, like statesmen, priests, private traders and private employers).' Others, who sympathize with the fascist effort, are certain that its brutalities are an unfortunate necessity in order to forestall the greater brutalities of a communist régime. By such casuistry as this men accommodate their faith in the collectivist principle to their recollection of what constitutes a civilized society.

Apologists for both communism and fascism, then, are compelled to believe that the absolutism which they see at work in these promised lands is transitory;¹ that it is either an accidental blemish or a temporary necessity. They are greatly mistaken. A collectivist society can exist only under an

¹ Cf. Engels's letter to Bebel (1875): 'Since the State is only a transitional institution which must be utilized in the struggle, in the revolution, in order to crush our enemies by force, it is pure nonsense to speak of a free people's State: as long as the proletariat needs the State, it needs it, not in the interests of freedom, but in order to crush its enemies, and when it becomes possible to speak of freedom, the State as such will cease to exist.' — AUTHOR

absolute state, a truth which Mr. Chase seems dimly to have appreciated when he said that 'political democracy can remain if it confines itself to all but economic matters.'

The fascist conception of life, says Mussolini, 'accepts the individual only in so far as his interests coincide with those of the state.' Does communism accept the individual on any other terms? Does it recognize any right — to labor, to possess property, to think, to believe and to speak — which does not coincide with the interests of the state? It cannot. The ultimate ideal, the practical goal, the inescapable procedure of any full-blown collectivism, was summarized by Mussolini, who in his time has been all kinds of a collectivist, when he said, 'All in the state, nothing outside the state, nothing against the state.'

Thou shalt have no other gods before me. A political providence is necessarily a jealous god — how jealous will depend upon how far the state is impelled to go in directing the social order. Of course the average humane collectivist does not wish to go all the way to the totalitarian state. He does not wish to go too fast or too violently to the point at which he would like to stop. This does not alter the fact that he has embraced a principle of social organization which has no other remedy for evil except to intensify the intervention of the state. For, unless the moderate collectivist believes that a little intervention will end all important evils, how can he say when he proposes to stop? Though no doubt most collectivists in western countries hope to stop a long way this side of absolutism, there is nothing in the collectivist principle which marks a stopping place short of the totalitarian state. Their tastes and scruples are the sole checks on their principles, which in themselves are absolutist. And, worse than this, the application of those prin-

ciples is cumulative in its effect. As long ago as 1884, Herbert Spencer pointed out that 'every additional state-interference strengthens the tacit assumption that it is the duty of the state to deal with all evils and secure all benefits,' and at the same time there is a continually 'increasing need for administrative compulsion and restraints, which results from the unforeseen evils and shortcomings of preceding compulsions and restraints.'

Spencer predicted that this tendency must lead to the transformation of industrial and quasi-popular régimes into 'militant communities' organized for 'a state of constant war' under a 'revival of despotism.' There may have been some doubt about that judgment in 1884. But now the course that Spencer predicted is unfolding itself before our eyes. Fifty years have passed since he wrote. During those fifty years there has been no stopping place in the progress of mankind toward ever greater regimentation in ever contracting societies. There has been no point in the expansion of tariffs, bounties, bureaucracies, inspectors, censors, police and armies, no point in the contraction of markets, the disintegration of states, the disunion of ethnic groups — no point at which the protectionists and the collectivists have been able to say: 'Thus far and no further.'

How can they say so? The application of their principles creates such disorder that they are never without warrant for redoubling the dose. Without abandoning their central doctrine, how can they refuse to invoke the state as savior when there is obviously so much evil that should be remedied? There is no other principle they can invoke, for, like the secret of some ancient art, they have lost the principle of emancipation as the method of civilized progress.

They must not complain, then, if men look at Russia, Italy, and Ger-

many to see where the cult of the state is leading them. There, in deeds visible to all, the idea is incarnate.

III

All régimes of authority have been established by armed bands who, by force or intrigue or both, have seized the coercive machinery of the state. This power they have used to imprison, terrorize, exile, or kill all who might be disposed to dissent, and to extirpate all organs of representation — such as elections, a free press, and voluntary assembly — through which dissent might be encouraged. To the innocent in foreign lands all this is explained as unpleasant but necessary: as the transitory measures in an emergency, like the martial law which, in a free community, might be declared after an earthquake. The implication of the argument is always that eventually constitutional government will be restored, and with it the right to dissent. But while this explanation is offered to foreigners whose feelings have to be placated, the plain truth is that the 'transition' is never completed and can never be completed while the régime lasts.

The authoritarian collectivists, when they are grounded in their principles and candid with themselves, know quite well that the right of dissent can never be restored without renouncing their principles and destroying their social order. When they speak of liberty, as they occasionally do, what they mean is that they hope eventually to train their peoples to desire only what the state desires, to have no purposes but the official purposes, to feel free because they have become habituated to conform. 'Far from crushing the individual,' says Mussolini, 'the Fascist State multiplies his energies, just as in a regiment a soldier is not diminished but multiplied by the number of his

fellow soldiers.' Obviously, whatever the individual may gain by being a member of a regiment, he loses his right to dissent, to object to the strategy of the generals or the tactics of the officers, and all possibility of having something to say about what he will live and die for. It is solely when he has lost the will to dissent that he can find in the regimental discipline a more perfect freedom.

The crucial problem presented to the theorists of collectivism is how to eliminate the obstinate variety and contrariness of mankind. They realize that terrorism, however effective for a while, is revolting and cannot be sustained forever; no régime can be vigilant enough in perpetuity to crush opposition wherever and whenever it arises. There are instances, to be sure, of despotisms which have endured for centuries. But the experiment has never been tried in a population that has known freedom and is accustomed to a fairly high standard of life. Moreover, the ancient despotisms were established by conquest, whereas the new ones, at least up to the point where a *coup d'état* is practicable, have to rely upon conversion. The collectivist doctrine is obliged, therefore, to provide some kind of plausible formula which promises to abolish conflict in society.

IV

The fascist version of the collectivist principle is less explicit than the communist. For, while the communist doctrine has an intellectual history which goes back to the earliest known speculation about the state, fascism, though it is also an ancient doctrine, has disguised its ancestry by adopting a very new ideology. There is no literature of fascism comparable in erudition or in pedantry, for that matter, with the literature of Marxism; there are only

the speeches and tracts of agitators and the works manufactured by propaganda ministries. The fascist doctrine has been hastily improvised since the World War, and it has never been elaborated, as the communist doctrine has been, by men who could speculate and investigate at their leisure, criticizing and refining their theories under the conditions of freedom obtaining in capitalist democracies.

It is from the behavior of the fascists that the fascist remedy for human variety has to be deduced. The panacea would appear to be propaganda, drill, and education. Fascists make the assumption, never wholly explicit or completely stated, that there is only a marginal willfulness in human behavior; that the great mass of mankind is naturally docile; that, by exterminating the minority and drilling the mass, significant dissent will disappear. Hence the claim of the fascist states to an absolute monopoly of all agencies of education, intelligence, and culture, for without such a monopoly they could not protect the mass, whom they propose to discipline into unanimity, from the contagion of individual contrariety.

The preliminary step in the operation is to create about the fascists of the future a sterile area through which dangerous ideas cannot penetrate, to select with the greatest care the ideas and information which may be administered, and then to habituate their subjects to the official doctrine by continual and vehement repetition.

It is one of the most curious experiments ever undertaken: this attempt, in an age when the means of communication have been stupendously magnified, to control by government bureaus all the organs of intelligence in order to remake man, character, faith. The German experiment, except to those who are its victims, is particularly interesting, and, like the offer of a strong man to let himself

be vivisected, a great contribution to political science. For the Germans are the most gifted and most highly educated people who ever devoted the full strength of a modern state to stopping the exchange of ideas; they are the most highly organized nation which ever devoted all the coercive power of government to the abolition of the intellectual life of its people; they are the most learned people who ever pretended to believe that the premises and the conclusion of all inquiry may be fixed by political fiat.

The success of the experiment would seem to depend upon the fulfillment of a paradox. All Germans must sink into docile but eager resignation, accepting the decisions of the *Führer* as the fellah accepts the will of Allah; and then out of this conforming mass must arise brilliant, adventurous, and supremely intelligent leaders.

It should be remembered that while the National Socialists lay great emphasis upon obedience they also extol the principle of leadership, recognizing quite correctly that the German economy, the German army, and the German state cannot be reduced to a routine. They know that to sustain so large a population on so poor a soil requires exceptional foresight, inventiveness, enterprise, and technical competence. So a population is dogmatically drilled, its curiosity is frustrated, it is forbidden to examine the premises or the conclusion of the official dogma, it is unable to exchange ideas at home or abroad — and then is required to produce leaders. This is the most puzzling paradox of the Nazi philosophy. The principle of leadership is highly individualistic. It presupposes the continual emergence of resourceful men; the principle of absolute collective conformity from birth to death would hardly seem calculated to develop and select them.

The truth is there is no formula any-

where in the fascist doctrine which even suggests how its social ideal could be realized. It seeks two inherently incompatible results: great leaders and a conforming nation. If it devotes itself to promoting conformity, it will not produce leaders. It will produce routineers, bureaucrats, and courtiers. If it devotes itself to producing leaders, it will destroy the conformity of the mass. If it establishes an hereditary ruling caste, it might produce enterprising leaders and docile subjects. But it would then have returned to a class division in society which is irreconcilable with its ideal of unanimity and national solidarity.

V

Although the inherent contradictions of the doctrine prove it to be a fantasy, if in Mussolini's words it is held that 'fascism, as an idea, a doctrine, an ideal, is universal,' these paradoxes disappear once we descend from the level of universal pretensions to that of prevailing policy. We have only to adopt the hypothesis which both Mussolini and Hitler offer in explanation of their policies when they are not possessed by the ideological fervor. It is the simple hypothesis that they lack the physical resources to maintain their populations at a desirable standard of life and that they must conquer new places in the sun. This makes the whole fascist system and ritual easily intelligible, and all aspects of it, so strange when considered as a method of social reconstruction, are suddenly recognizable as perfectly familiar phenomena.

In saying this I am not intending to imply that the Italians and Germans are in fact crowded because they do not govern enough territory or that their difficulties can be overcome by conquering empires. This question must be examined later. I am merely

saying that they believe this hypothesis and that this belief explains the two régimes.

Thus there is no doubt that the fascist revolutions were preceded by a severe class struggle in which the workers and peasants were threatening gradually to expropriate the industrial capitalists and the landlords. There is no doubt, too, that the devastation of the World War and the subsequent failure to restore the international economy intensified the struggle to the point where it was almost unmanageable. Both Italy and Germany are peculiarly dependent upon the outer world for necessary materials. They were unable to buy what they needed in sufficient quantity by the sale of their exports. In both countries there was a diminishing national income and a class struggle to share it. The contrast between their situations and that of the creditor nations possessing ample resources at home or empires abroad was striking enough, and both peoples became imbued with the idea that if they did not obtain access to greater opportunities they would be destroyed by civil war. With tariffs rising everywhere to impede their exports, dependent upon precarious and, as the event proved, capricious international credits, they felt wholly insecure. Rent by struggle at home, their standards of life sinking, unable to obtain substantial concessions abroad, they became possessed of the idea, as Hitler put it, that they must fight 'tremendous battles for the existence of mankind' and that 'in the long run only the passion for self-preservation can win a lasting victory.'

There is no mystery in fascism, once its pretensions to being a universal formula of social reconstruction are put aside and it is recognized as the elaborate and intense militarization of a people for a war of conquest. Fascism is martial law, and there is no essential

feature of fascism that is not perfectly familiar in any highly organized nation when it goes to war.

All the phenomena of a nation at war are reproduced. Strikes and lockouts are ruthlessly suppressed as treason against the safety of the nation. Hatred is fanned to a white heat, ruthlessness is exalted, pacifism and humanitarianism, as Hitler says, are treated as 'a mixture of stupidity, cowardice, and superciliousness'; only the martial virtues are officially approved, and the people are taught, as Mussolini has put it, that 'war alone brings to its highest tension all human energy and puts the stamp of nobility upon the people who have the courage to engage in it.' Some persecution is necessary in time of war: it enables the noncombatants to feel they are at war with someone. It hardens the heart of the people, like bayonet practice, till they feel it is righteous to plunge the cold steel into their neighbor's bowels. The exploitation of learning for propaganda, of science for military efficiency, is integral in the conduct of a war. And so, too, is an enchanting idealism that beyond the trenches and the cemeteries lies the Promised Land.

The controlled economy which the fascist states adopt is designed to make industry self-sufficient for the supply of the army and the maintenance of the civil population. It is a planned economy. The objectives and the priorities, which determine exports, imports, capital investment, prices, and wages, are to be found in the necessities required by the general staff. There is martial law, a state of siege, the conscription of capital and labor. So it is idle to ask whether men like Mussolini or Hitler mean war or whether their protestations of peace are anything but *ruses de guerre*. Fascism is nothing less, and probably nothing more, than the latest and completest development of the nation in arms. It is militarism

without qualification preparing for a totalitarian war.

VI

The communists also profess to be creating a new civilization in which the diversity of human interests will have disappeared. This is the basic assumption of the collectivist philosophy, and we have found that in the fascist version the purpose which actually organizes uniformity out of diversity is the total mobilization of a people for war. It is the general staff which provides the specifications that the planned economy meets, and it is toward the inculcation of military morale that its cultural activities are directed. We must now examine the communist version with a view to determining whether a collectivist society can be organized for civilian ends; whether an economy can be planned for what Marx and Engels called 'a free association of individuals'; whether, in the last analysis, collectivism can be anything else but the mobilization of a people for conquest or for defense.

The suggestion that there is such a question and that it may reach the heart of the collectivist philosophy may seem startling and eccentric to communists and their sympathizers. For they believe they have found the remedy which will end poverty, class war, international war, and usher in an era of peace and abundance. Holding this conviction, they refuse to believe that the dictatorship, the terror, the conscription of life and labor, which have prevailed in Russia for eighteen years are integral in a collectivist order, or that their striking resemblance to martial law during a state of siege is more than superficial and transitory. I venture to suggest that this is an illusion and that a close analysis of its theory and direct observation of its practice will disclose the patent fact that all collectivism, whether it be

communist or fascist, is military in method, in purpose, in spirit, and can be nothing else.

The belief that the suppression of dissent and the extermination of dissenters are merely transitional in a communist society rests upon the assumption that a radical change in the institutions of property will eliminate the conflicts of interest among men. The communists also look forward, as Marx said, to 'a remoulding of human nature,' and while in Russia they have thus far sought to remould it by using a monopoly of the cultural agencies to drill the people, in the strict logic of their theory such discipline ought not to be necessary. 'The mode of production in material life,' said Engels, 'determines the general character of the social, political, and spiritual processes of life.' Human nature should be remoulded, therefore, not by propaganda, but by the socialization of the means of production.

The argument is that if property used in the production of wealth were collectively owned, and were administered without personal profit by agents of the commonwealth, the social antagonisms in society would disappear. For it is supposed that they originate in the private ownership of productive capital, that this is the bone of contention, that all important social conflict is provoked by the fact that productive capital is privately owned. If this is true, then a harmonious and unanimous society should appear when productive capital has been socialized. The continuation of the dictatorship, the terror, and the propaganda could only be explained away on the ground that the process of socialization is not yet complete and that the capitalists who still hope to recover their property are not yet dead.

If we ask how the private ownership of productive capital engenders social antagonism, the answer must be that it

results in a social inequality which inspires the Have Nots to aggression and the Haves to defense. It follows that the elixir in the communist prescription is not primarily the collective ownership of productive capital but its management on the principle of equality of reward. This is a vital distinction. It is easy enough to vest the title to property in the community; it is a wholly different thing to administer that property so that rewards shall be equal. Collective property can readily be administered for the benefit of a class. There is no magic in title deeds. There is nothing in the act of transferring the ownership of productive capital to the community which gives any guarantee that those who manage the property will not enrich themselves and exploit the community. On the contrary, collective ownership is entirely compatible with the division of society into hereditary castes. For what is there in the principle of collective ownership which precludes a distribution of income in which the political administrators take the lion's share? There is nothing, and anyone who thinks there is should read Plato's design for a communist society composed of stratified social classes.

Obviously, property may be collectively owned and its output unequally shared. But collectivism of this sort is not what the idealists of communism have in mind. For the inequality would, on their own premise, continue to provoke class struggles. They are committed to believing that these struggles will end only when there is nothing to struggle for. Since their philosophy does not permit them to believe that men will cease to struggle because they have lost interest in worldly possessions, or that competition may be reasonable and beneficent, communists are driven to the hypothesis that if worldly possessions are equally distributed men will cease to

struggle for more than their allotted share.

The whole promise of communism — that it can end class war, imperialism, national war, personal acquisitiveness, and possessiveness — rests upon the two suppositions that equality of reward can be established and that it will be acceptable. So the correct way to state the communist theory is not that it means to abolish the private ownership of productive capital, — that is merely one of the means to the end, — but that it promises to administer productive capital according to the principle of equal rewards.

This promise is, of course, conditional upon the ability of the rulers of a communist state to define equality in actual practice, to administer the economy by offering equal rewards, and to discourage, suppress, reëducate, and, if necessary, exterminate those who demand more than an equal reward.

Now it is no easy problem to deduce from the general principle of equal rewards the criteria by which they can be determined. I use the word 'rewards' because it is evident that the hypothesis could not be satisfied if all incomes derived from useful labor were equal in terms of money. Identical money wages would merely enhance the desirable advantages of inequality in other things. In an army all private soldiers are paid the same wage, but it makes a vast difference to the soldier whether he is paid for service in the front-line trenches or for being the chauffeur of the minister of war. It must be obvious, particularly to communists who pride themselves on having a realistic appraisal of human selfishness, that only total equality of reward could, according to their theory, end the struggle for privilege. The total satisfactions, the real income measured not only in money, not only in goods, but also in place, power, repute, safety,

adventure, interest, relief from monotony, would have to be so equally divided that no one would wish to have any other job than the one which is open to him.

But, though the communist diagnosis demands it, equality in this sense cannot be defined in theory or arranged in practice. The reason is that equality of reward has only a subjective meaning, whereas wage schedules, occupational requirements, the recruitment of labor, and the selection of managers and officials are objective decisions. The two cannot be reduced to a common denominator. Thus, if money incomes are equal, how shall the pleasure and pain of the effort expended be equalized? How many hours in a coal mine are equal to how many hours in the commissar's office? If wages are proportioned to the effort needed to acquire them, money incomes will be unequal. If wages are proportioned to the product, the coal miner will get a larger return in a good mine than in a poor mine. If he is deprived of this economic rent, wages cannot be equalized with productivity. If opportunity is equal, achievements will be unequal. For ability is not equal. If ability is equalized, — say by putting a good farmer on poor land and a poor farmer on good land, — then opportunity is not equal.

All this has been said many times, but it is none the less true. Total equality is impossible unless all human satisfactions as subjectively experienced can be reduced to a common measure. In an exact and total equality everything would have a price — not merely goods, services, and work, but honor, power, taste, effort, and sacrifice. If such a calculus were possible, it would be conceivable that all rewards, all careers, could be so equalized that all men ought to feel that to desire more would be to quarrel with perfect justice.

But such a calculus applied to any actual economy would have results that are not even hinted at in communist literature or in the Five-Year Plans. There would have to be an individual wage for each worker, separately calculated, and an individual price separately calculated for each customer for each article consumed. For only by an elaborate objective economic inequality could the sense of subjective equality be satisfied. The wage would have to be what the man feels his labor is worth to others, and the price what the product of other men's labor is worth to him. This is, of course, an absurdity, but in reducing the argument to an absurdity the gulf between the practical formulæ of communism and its ideal pretensions is disclosed.

VII

In practice, what the communists propose to do is to stop the payment of incomes to the owners of productive capital, to landlords, bondholders, and shareholders. The assumption is that, if income is paid out in wages alone, then rent, interest, and profits will no longer produce social inequality, and that this will end the class struggle, war, and the other social evils of an acquisitive society. But the truth is that the inequalities provoking ambition and antagonism will remain even though wages are equal. For the difference between working in a mine and in a government office, between working on poor land and on good land, with good tools or poor ones, with labor-saving machinery or without it, will still persist. The fact that the landlords and capitalists had disappeared would not mean that no substantial advantages were left to struggle for. If a ditchdigger were paid as much as a commissar, it would still seem preferable to be a commissar. Unless the

communist state can find a way to make each man's lot seem to him as good as any other man's, there will, if the communist interpretation of human nature is correct, be social advantages which men will strive to obtain and fight to hold.

One kind of privilege in particular would be absolutely ineradicable in a communist state. That is the privilege of ruling it. In a planned economy some must make the plan and administer it, the rest obey it and be administered. It is impossible to imagine a method which would eliminate from the exercise of such vast power all the familiar characteristics of a privilege. It might be stipulated that those who are to exercise this power shall be eunuchs chosen by lot, imprisoned like the queen bee, and then, when they have served a fixed term, put to death and buried with honors. Some such arrangement might discourage the struggle for place and power. But if communist rulers are to be less drastically dealt with, if they are to be trained for their special tasks and provided with the conveniences, the freedom, and the authority which the exercise of responsibility requires, they will live better and be more important than other men.

To rule in the communist state must and will remain an object of ambition. To rule means to decide how the collective savings shall be invested, how and when the population shall work, and what each man shall receive. How is it possible to imagine that occupational and regional grievances and hopes will not unite with personal ambitions to create factions and parties? Shall a new plant be built in the Ukraine or in the Urals? Shall an old plant be modernized or shall the money be used to increase the pay of the army? Shall there be more schools or more roads, more clothes or more steel, more food for the people or more imported ma-

chinery bought with the money the people need for food?

The mere fact that the state is the owner of the factories, its managers agents of the government rather than of the shareholders, would have little influence upon the desires of employees to redress their grievances or to improve their lot. Some industries, and in each industry some workers, are strategically more indispensable than others; is there reason to suppose, especially on the materialist hypothesis, that they will refrain from exploiting their advantages? In determining how much capital to save out of current production, in allocating it for new investment, the communist government has to choose among industries, regions, occupations. Though the planning were done with incorruptible wisdom, it would result in a series of vital decisions favoring the present generation or the next, this kind of industry or that, this region or another. It would be astonishing indeed if those least favored in the plan did not persuade themselves that if they controlled the state they could plan the economy with greater satisfaction to themselves and therefore with an even more incorruptible wisdom.

These questions of advantage arise out of the variety of life itself. They spring up in any society, capitalist or communist. But since a communist society is politically administered, and highly centralized in all vital matters, the social conflict is concentrated in the field of politics. Everything is decided politically, all conflict becomes political, and power becomes the key to all other possessions.

In short, communism when it abolishes private property in productive capital establishes a new kind of property in the public offices which manage the collective capital. The commissars replace the capitalists, exercising the same powers or greater ones, enjoying

the same social privileges or greater ones, and though their money incomes may be smaller, their luxuries less florid, they have everything that could tempt the less favored to envy them, to challenge them, and to strive to replace them. The social situation and the psychological mechanism which exist to-day, and which, according to communist theory, divide society into antagonistic classes, remain intact in the communist order. The only difference is that whereas under capitalism social advantages give political power, under communism political power gives social advantages. The struggle for wealth is simply transmuted into a struggle for power.

VIII

This analytical examination of the contradictions in the communist theory suggests that we must look elsewhere than in the official doctrine for the working principles of the Russian planned economy. It is not possible to understand the practical government of the Russian State by studying the Marxian dogmas. The dogmas accompany the action but do not direct it, like the songs that soldiers sing when they go to war.

That there is some kind of radical cleavage between the Marxian theory and the historic Soviet State is most readily visible in the fact that before 1917 no orthodox Marxist could have imagined that Russia would be the first communist society. It had been laid down in the theory that communism must appear first in the most highly industrialized countries. Although some attempts have been made to explain away this discrepancy, there can be no doubt that Marx and all his followers up to the Russian Revolution thought that capitalism would develop gigantic monopolies and that socialism would come through their

nationalization. The new order was supposed to be developing as an embryo within the old order, and the dictatorship of the revolutionary proletariat was to be 'the midwife,' as Marx put it, of 'an old society pregnant with a new one.' But when it came to the historic test, the oldest capitalist societies, like England, Belgium, Germany, and the United States, were not pregnant and could not be delivered, whereas agrarian Russia, with its feeble and semi-colonial industries, gave birth to communism.

This contradiction between the prophecy and the event is extremely significant. It not only shows that communism is not a necessary development out of capitalism, as all good communists used to believe, but it indicates that communism as it appeared in Russia may be fundamentally unrelated to the evolution of capitalism, that it may have its roots in a wholly different set of circumstances.

There is fairly good reason for thinking that on the eve of his conquest of the Russian State Lenin held the orthodox Marxian view that the new order must already exist, pre-formed within the old one. But within a year, by the summer of 1918, Lenin knew that this method of realizing communism had failed, that the Marxian theory of the old order pregnant with the new did not hold in Russia.

Communism did not come into the world as a development of the maturity of capitalism in Russia; it did not develop from the capitalism existing there, but had deliberately to be fabricated on its ruins.

This is, I believe, a crucial point in any effort to understand the inwardness of the communist régime. The circumstance which compelled Lenin to depart from the Marxian idea of controlling the economy organized by capitalists and to adopt the idea of organizing a new economy was the

civil and international war which broke out in July 1918 and lasted until November 1920.

It was in the interval, known officially as the period of 'war communism,' that the fundamental principle of the planned economy was adopted, because, as Lenin put it in January 1920, 'the centralization of the national economic administration is the principal means at the disposal of the victorious proletariat for developing the productive forces of the country.' The means was a centralized administration, the end was the support of the Red Army in a defensive war on many fronts and also in an offensive war against Poland.

At the critical period of this war the Russian Soviet State was practically surrounded by enemies. There were German and Austrian troops in the Ukraine, a White Army in the Caucasus, a Czech army in Siberia and the Urals, a British, French, and American army at Archangel, French naval forces in the Black Sea ports; and then, within this ring, the counter-revolutionary armies of Kornilov, Denikin, Wrangel, and Kolchak. Red Russia was cut off not only from the outer world but from the Russian regions which produced wheat, meat, coal, and oil. In this desperate struggle the communists had to create an army and supply it.

These were the circumstances under which the primary institutions of a Planned Society were established: the centralized administration, the dictatorship and the terror, the 'planning' of production, the conscription of labor, and the rationing of consumption. These are the familiar features, not merely of communism, but of all modern national war economies. It is highly significant that Lenin was driven to a dictated collectivism because he had to fight a war, that he had not intended to bring in communism in this

way until he was forced to fight a war. What he created under the compulsion of events was not a Marxian state but a military state. No doubt the Marxist aspiration and ideology reënforced the morale of the people, as the Wilson ideology reënforced the Allied morale in 1917, as the fascist ideology reënforces German and Italian morale. But the directing purpose of the planning and of its execution was not the Marxian promise but grim military necessity. Any Russian régime compelled to fight such a war would have had to adopt essentially the same political and economic organization.

IX

This brings us to the question of whether in its subsequent development Russian collectivism has continued to be predominantly military in its aims and its methods. To prove that it has been, the argument must go deeper and must show that the purpose which has dominated the fundamental decisions of those who have planned the Russian economy is a military purpose, that the economy is organized not to improve the popular standard of life as rapidly as possible but to make Russia a formidable military power.

The proof is to be found in the fact that the two Five-Year Plans have had as their primary objective the creation of heavy industries in the strategically invulnerable part of Russia, and that to finance this industrial development the Russian people have been subjected to years of forced privation. If the primary purpose of these plans was the improvement of the standard of life, can it be seriously argued that the erection of steel plants would have been put ahead of the manufacture of clothes, that food would have been exported while the people went hungry in order to buy machinery to make

goods which could have been bought direct at cheaper prices? No doubt the idealists believe that in giving the people steel instead of bread they are creating for the future a self-sufficient industrial system on the socialist pattern. But why is it necessary to make Soviet Russia self-sufficient? Why was it necessary to aim at self-sufficiency even in the years when Germany and most of central Europe were ruled by social democrats? Because, as the communists have repeatedly insisted, they lived in dread of an 'imperialist' war. In other words, they did not choose steel rather than bread in order to prove that communism could do anything that capitalism could do; they chose steel because they wished to be self-sufficient against a military blockade.

I do not mean to argue that Russian Communists have not done many incidental things which are not military in purpose. But I think it evident that the fundamental decision as to the form of the political state, the plan of the economy, the determining policies of the régime, are what they are because Russia has been preparing for war on her European and her Asiatic frontiers.

X

If this analysis is correct, then it has been demonstrated that the totalitarian states, whether of the fascist or the communist persuasion, are more than superficially alike as dictatorships, in the suppression of dissent, and in operating planned and directed economies. They are profoundly alike. For they have the identic controlling principle, which is the militarization of a people to the maximum degree. That the fascists and the communists hate each other and regard their respective doctrines as antithetical does not impair the generalization that they are both organizing for war. Their hatred merely

supports the generalization: it means that they have also the will to fight the war.

We may go further and say that, though the planned economy is proposed as a form of social organization which will provide peace and plenty, thus far in all its concrete manifestations it has been associated with scarcity and war. From 1914 to 1918 all the belligerents were driven step by step into a planned and politically directed economy. The bolsheviks, as we have seen, were driven into it by the civil and international war they were forced to fight. They have continued with it under the Five-Year Plans, which in their strategy and in the order of their priorities are fundamentally military. The fascists have adopted collectivism more or less frankly proclaiming their

intent to solve their social problems by developing their military power. In all the nations which are still democratic and capitalistic, plans are drawn for their rapid transformation into totalitarian states. The only difference is that here they are not described as schemes of social reconstruction. They are called more candidly the plans of mobilization, and they are drawn up in War Colleges, Committees of Imperial Defense, in General Staffs and Naval Boards.

That is where all planned economies have originated and must in the very nature of things originate. For it can be demonstrated, I am confident, that there is only one purpose to which a whole society can be directed by a deliberate plan. That purpose is war, and there is no other.

In the next issue Mr. Lippmann will discuss the crucial question whether a dictated collectivism essential for waging war can serve the purposes of peace and prosperity. — THE EDITORS

IRISH SUNDAYS

BY WINIFRED M. LETTS

I

THE liberality of their Sundays is a change which I do not envy the children of to-day. Having grown up in a rectory in Lancashire during late Victorian days, I look back with a wistful tenderness to those Sundays of old, beginning, as they did, with the crackling of starched underlinen and ending in a 'Now the day is over, stars begin to peep' atmosphere.

I must admit that the rigors of many rectories were not known in ours. Weekday amusements were given a Biblical twist which sanctified but did not diminish them. There were jigsaw puzzles of Bible subjects. To this day I see the expression of the ram caught by his horns, and the look of the infant Moses among the bulrushes. The games that on weekdays turned to history or to geography were now Scriptural. We worked through the alphabet gasping out Abijah, Abraham, Absalom, and coming down to Zabulon, Zaccheus, Zachariah. In the difference of Sunday lay its charm. Even in church we enjoyed a laxity which was, I suppose, due to a considerate mother who enforced no rigidities of attendance. Provided we did not annoy our fellows in the pews around us, we might look at sacred picture books, or in a subdued manner play trains with the prayer books. We were at a safe distance from the paternal eye, which was engaged in pulpit or reading desk.

During the sermon and the lessons

we could lean our cheeks against a gray fur cape that my mother wore — a curious-smelling, warm garment. At these reflective times I gave my entire attention to the stained-glass windows, so modern that their origin was within childhood's memory. Late parishioners of note, such as churchwardens and their female relations, having ceased to harry the clergy at vestry meetings, quickly reappeared in stained glass as apostles, martyrs, and holy women. Old Mr. York, who had made his rector's life a burden, now shone out as a tetchy-looking Saint Peter. Dear old Mrs. Briscoe, the baker's wife, was Anna the Prophetess; and, most interesting of all, Mr. Clough was Blind Bartimæus. Mr. Clough was still alive and in America, and my real interest in seeing him as Bartimæus was a certain hasty promise on his part of American stamps for my album. How the sun shone through Bartimæus! Would he remember the stamps? That window kindled new hopes each Sunday.

As for the afternoon, there was quite a pleasant home Sunday class with a little instruction and a story by Miss Yonge, or someone of a like mind; or sometimes the heroic adventures of Selwyn, Hannington, or Livingstone. If the modern young do not get some such reading they miss the very classics of adventure.

Now and again we went to tea at the big house of the parish. We had com-

rades there of like ages, but distinguished from ourselves in being rich. The very word impressed me then as it does now. 'Rich' — a state one imagines and sees at a distance. A beloved old lady called 'Granny' used to start us on our demure walks with dates in our pockets. Her kindness filled me with horror. I loathed dates and never dared to say so. It was always the problem of the afternoon, how to cast them behind me unnoticed. Even then I was not at ease, for I feared that the dates might grow up and accuse me some day by their reappearance as flourishing date palms. I pictured Mr. Taylor, that handsome, severe-looking person, pointing his finger at a full-blown palm while he fixed me with his one eye and his monocle and asked, 'Do *you* know how that tree came there?'

Sunday teas had always some pleasant difference. At the rectory it was hot muffins with fat sultanas in them; at the big house, jam with hot buttered toast, a luxury which almost appalled our simpler souls.

Rectory suppers were generally social affairs with a coming of curates and much cutting of cold sirloin served with piccalilli and pickled walnuts, my father telling excellent stories and drinking good British beer from an old silver mug. I had an inward sense that it was all very English and so different from Ireland, but that one preferred Ireland every time and all the time.

II

Ireland meant Knockmaroon and a state of the blessed, a life of perpetual summer holiday. So it is to our Irish summer Sundays that I turn with the country benediction: 'God be with the days.'

Now indeed was Sunday put to an acid test, for our weekdays held such freedom of woods and fields and river

bank that we might have grudged the dues of Sunday.

But, no, there were interests peculiar to the day, and though I can offer no record of infant piety I can say that churchgoing was never a weariness to us. From the well-adapted children's services of to-day we might have gained in grace but not in pleasure.

There was always a discussion at breakfast (I believe the household at Earham had the same) as to who should drive and who should walk. There was also the question whether to go down to Chapelizod Church at the foot of the hill or up to Castleknock. I never had the slightest doubt that to drive to Castleknock Church was my entire aim and object.

My grandfather must have taken polite but slightly unwilling grandchildren to Chapelizod on some occasions, for I do remember that there was a thin excitement in being shut into one's pew by a severely jowled sextoness. Also the height of the pew must have made it necessary for us to reverse and kneel at our seats during the prayers. That the cotton fingers of my gloves had a nasty taste when sucked is all that I recall of these churchgoings.

But of Castleknock — yet I hurry away too fast. There was first a reading of Keble's *Christian Year* before we tackled the solemn excitement of dressing.

The drives that live in my memory are those when the family was in mourning. It was for my grandfather. And, while I realize this, I never then or later thought of him as dead or really connected him with that brougham full of crape.

To wear crape — what a glorious indulgence it seemed. I had hoped that seven-years-old might be allowed some little show of crape somewhere. But even Victorian taste forbade it, and I had the chastened joy of gray print with a black sash and a black hatband.

As for my grandmother, her lovely little face, with its cameo features, shone in pale beauty from veils and swathings of black. Black-edged handkerchiefs, lavender-scented, were dragged from pockets hidden deep in crape. The only adornment was ivory, those tiny billiard balls strung to hold a cross. In this billowing of black and scented draperies a small child drove to church in a chastened dignity that was more worth having than the commonplaces of walking.

Besides, to one who esteemed a cab drive a rare treat in her Manchester life, this journey by brougham transcended mere weekday jollities. It was something to lay aside for later boasting. One could say to a school friend, speaking quite casually and to the manner born, 'So when the brougham came round,' or, 'I like the box of a brougham best, don't you? I always drove home that way on ours' — one would say that to little vulgar Manchester ears and pass carelessly on to other matters.

Of course the box was preferable to the inside. It was so high and exciting, and what fun it was to sit up there by dear Bob Smith, who was with the family, boy and man, for fifty years — in fact, till he died in a service that was love and perfect friendship on both sides. Bob was as dear as our kind relations, and it was a coveted treat to sit up there beside him. What pride one felt in seeing curtsies accorded to the carriage and in waiting for the recognitions of lifted hat or waved hand! However happy were the walkers, I rather despised them. Although on a mere weekday I esteemed the back axle of the brougham the only suitable place for traveling, on Sunday there was a decorum to maintain.

Every church has an individual smell, obvious to children's keen noses. I think the smell of Castleknock was like the chant Mornington, which to

this day sings in my head, clearer than all the Plainsong of Solesmes. What chant was more suitable to this congregation, where a row of daisy-like children, the descendants of this same musical lord, filled a pew? Indeed, I feel aggrieved with Mr. Philip Guedalla for writing rather flippantly of the Iron Duke's father and his musical habit. However, we sang the psalms to Mornington with a sanctified cheerfulness. The Ferrier pew was in a side aisle. We sat behind Sir Robert Ball and his family. He was astronomer at Dunsink at this time. His row of sons and daughters filled us with profound interest. (I have already precluded infant piety from our church attention.) Our heroes were the boys in such stories as the Honorable Mrs. Greene's *Cushions and Corners*, or in the Ballantyne and Henty books. We thought the Ball family fit to figure in these pages.

The greatness of Sir Robert Ball properly impressed us. When he sat on the collection plate and it could not be found, it was felt that his mind surveyed stars beyond our dreaming or pronunciation.

The Balls and others remain immortally young in memory. Sir George Brooke is there with a quiverful of little boys in Eton jackets. The Hamiltons of Abbotstown are still little girls with a little brother in a sailor suit. That he is now Lord Holmpatrick with a son of his own has not changed the little boy in a sailor suit. And the late Lord Iveagh's sons, the three Guinnesses, still rollic round their tutor as they go to church, while Sir Robert Ball's family are boys and girls.

As for the little girls, the problem that was warranted to pass one over the Confession and some further prayers was this — had they new hats or last year's leghorns with new daisy wreaths? I found it a crude unkindness when, a kind little Hamilton having offered me thumb room on her prayer

book, an elder sister whispered loudly, 'She can't read yet.' After all, subterfuge was one of the games of church-going. One stood on a hassock, — or even perilously on two, — and pretended to have grown that much since last summer.

III

My mother remembered a braver time of churchgoing when the Marquis of Abercorn was Viceroy, and when he, 'Old Magnificent,' and the Duchess and two pewful of handsome sons and daughters came to Castletown Church. As a girl she delighted in the looks of those sons, as later she delighted in their books. From her came the stories of certain thrills which distinguished Sundays. In her day, as in ours, Canon Ralph Sadleir was the rector, a man unique in his way. I can only say that no one could have contrived or invented two of his kind. He was a law to himself, and neither Archbishop nor any potency ever restrained him from doing what he wished to do. He flourished in his self-chosen ways, and rode a horse in the streets of Dublin till he was in the eighties. I have only on hearsay the story of his wrath with his refined and languid congregation after a well-nigh inaudible repetition of the Nicene Creed.

'Am I,' he cried, 'the only Christian in this church, or why have I only heard my own voice repeat the articles of our faith? If you would not have me think you a congregation of atheists and heathen you will *repeat* the creed with me.'

Another time it was his favorite hymn that had been sung languidly. 'You have massacred a hymn I love — no feeling whatsoever!' He sat himself more firmly on the stool that was concealed in an opaque pulpit. 'Now then, we'll have it again, please.'

No, I only knew Dr. Sadleir on the uneventful Sundays. But even so the

impression he made on one child never faded. I should like to know if he impressed other children as much. I still seem to hear his voice in the reading of those wonderful dramas in the history of Israel. Of the New Testament I remember nothing — a proof, I think, that children are far more impressed by justice than by mercy. It was not piety but a child's sense of drama which held me spellbound while Dr. Sadleir read the lessons. I still can hear his voice when these chapters recur in the order of service. For me Elijah will always wear a D. D.'s gown and have a warm Irish accent, for did I not identify him with Dr. Sadleir? With what a scorn he spoke to the priests of Baal! How he taunted them with his 'Call again . . . peradventure he sleepeth.' I pictured the slaughter outside the doors of the church on the well-mown grass. Almost I expected that we should pick our way out over the fallen bodies of the priests of Baal.

'Abner, Abner' — Dr. Sadleir would beckon with a dramatic finger. He must have sensed the scarlet and purple and gold of those old chronicles. How one longed to join in the drama; to warn that reckless young Rehoboam that he should not and could not speak to the old men of chastising them with scorpions and of making their yokes as heavy as a man's body. Wonderful indeed were all these stories, but none impressed me like the drama of Jehu the son of Nimshi, and Jezebel, the proud queen. I find now that my version of it does not quite tally with the Bible story. But what I have stored in memory is the series of pictures evoked by the old man reading behind the brass eagle.

I found myself standing on an old city wall beside a chronicler; below us and away from us stretched a great plain. On it was a speck that grew and grew until it was a man driving

a chariot. Dr. Sadleir's voice said: 'It is the driving of Jehu the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously.' That 'furiously' was much more striking than the more English 'furiously,' just as his 'charyot' gripped one more than 'chariot.'

There was Jehu coming nearer and nearer in his 'charyot' with the sweating black horses. Then he was in the narrow street of the old town and I could see Jezebel peering at him out of her window, the black faces of the eunuchs behind her. How painted and gay she was! One could not but admire her and her taunting voice: 'Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?' But there was Jehu looking up, a bearded face with red cruel lips. 'Is anyone on my side?' Ah! those black faces! And he said: 'Throw her down.'

What a splendid swirl of skirts and arms and legs as Jezebel fell from that high window! Later (one thought of it as after church, even after dinner) there was nothing left but two hands. The dogs had eaten Jezebel. It all had the callous justice that is found in fairy stories. I could not think that the pointer and setter who were our daily companions would have eaten Jezebel, — they were too fastidious, — and I was hard put to it to picture the sort of dogs who made so revolting a meal. And then the story was finished; we were back in church singing the 'Te Deum,' which grew wearisome in length.

I do not remember any sermon, only the look of our pastor sitting down in the pulpit and leaning out to admonish us in that warm, rounded voice. At this time I fell to gazing at the kaleidoscope windows with their gay patterns, or at the marble memorial with a weeping angel who bent over an urn.

The only line in the hymns that ever really impressed me was one about the 'wave of Euroclydon.' I have never

discovered what it was. I would rather keep the splendid mystery of it and my childhood's picture of a long, curling, foamy, jade-bellied wave rushing upon us to swallow the whole congregation.

On Communion Sundays we children were sent out to the carriage, there to wait for our elders. At once we pulled down the red blinds and became Russian princesses, chased across the steppes by howling wolves.

IV

I cannot remember if Sunday dinner differed from our ordinary excellent three-course dinner. But I recall the indulgence that let us play games at dessert. After all, we had the freedom of gooseberry and currant bushes all day and dessert could only add peaches and Marie biscuits to our fare, or melons with their luscious warm scent and the possibility of making endless seed necklaces. We were allowed to make notes of music on the rims of our finger glasses, to bite Marie biscuits round and round till only a hub remained. (I cannot think that this was noticed and countenanced.) After all, what *can* you do with a Marie biscuit but play games with it? You can break it secretly and hold it in place, telling your neighbor to find the crack; and with a finger bowl many things can be done.

At some period in the afternoon, after Sunday reading in an aunt's room, a procession formed and went happily from the coach yard down to the river. Male relations carried oars and rowlocks, we followed as blithely as children on a Greek vase. The wood paths were steep; down, down they plunged into green, sun-smitten depths till we reached the boat fastened below Undine's Bower, a summerhouse on the brink of the Liffey.

Then for an enchanted hour we

rowed up and down near cider-golden shallows and peat-colored depths, by trailing willows and forget-me-not banks, by towering willow herb and hemp agrimony, and lush grasses. Sometimes we were in the swirl of waters by Glorny's Weir or near those mysterious tunnels of the deserted mill. Again we were gliding under the banks of the Stewart Asylum toward the lower weir, awed by the deeper water. A kingfisher would flash by, halcyon gleam of emerald and sapphire, or the water ouzel would slip among the stones.

All went happily through those slow, quiet, Victorian Sundays until bedtime came and we fell asleep with the hope of a glorious week to follow. Only one shadow could cloud the evening, and that was the pious practice of singing hymns. Impossible for a child to define the agony of melancholy that can fall with certain music. I know that I felt

in my heart at these times 'the pang of all the partings gone and partings yet to be.' I think only a poet who knew and loved children could have written that line. When we sang hymns, so often pitched too high for elderly voices, so often a little flat, I knew that life held terrors and heartaches that they, these grown-ups, knew and would not admit. Was it the harmonium which filled us with a vague terror of loneliness? An elder sister, having crept away to weep on some such occasion, was asked the reason and could only reply with the deep wisdom of childhood, 'It's so like the children of Israel going through the Wilderness' — an entirely adequate reason for tears.

I cannot but agree that the child of to-day has a far more sensible, athletic, suitable Sunday; I can only protest that we Victorians did not always fare so badly as our present youngsters suppose.

NOTES ON CONDUCTING

Conversations with Koussevitzky

BY SYLVIA G. DREYFUS

I

It is five minutes of ten on a Thursday morning. Slipping past the faithful Cerberus who stands guard at the stage entrance, I find myself in the gloomy corridors of Symphony Hall. Barren now of the chattering débutantes who flock to the Friday afternoon concerts, empty of the fervent devotees of Saturday evenings, the halls are dim, their quiet broken only by the swish of a mop or the plop-plop of water in the pails of the cleaning women. I push open one of the sound-proof swinging doors and enter the great auditorium, cavernous, dark save for the feeble rays of wintry light which, high up in the wall, break through a small window to touch into ghostly white the rows of classical casts, gray and aging in their niches, 'Faun with Infant Bacchus,' 'Apollo Citharædus,' 'Girl of Herculaneum,' 'Demosthenes.' . . .

An enormous curtain of a thin muddy red material hangs from the ceiling to the floor, cutting off the whole auditorium, except the first five or six rows, and forming a barrier to keep the sound from traveling back over the acres of unoccupied seats. From behind the curtain blares forth a hideous medley of sounds; the most determined modern composer does not achieve such cacophony. I pull aside a corner of the drapery and slide unobtrusively into a seat near the stage, where I

watch, trying not to hear, the hundred and ten members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Perhaps ten of them talk and smoke quietly; the rest, with deaf concentration, are practising a hundred different musical phrases, entirely unrelated, though they may possibly come from the same composition. The result is not, for the moment, music. But very soon it will be.

Suddenly there is quiet. The musicians pull their chairs around into position, shift the music on their stands, extinguish their cigarettes. A door at the side of the stage has opened. With quick short steps the conductor makes his way to the front. He is a slender man, not tall, with iron-gray hair and rugged features. His shoulders are slightly stooped, contrasting with the almost athletic liteness of the rest of the torso, so that the head juts forward, giving an immediate impression of determination and power. In the long, dark blue cape, velvet-collared, he is a romantic figure, the picturesque musician of an earlier day. But beneath the cape, which he immediately discards, he wears baggy rough trousers, a soft white shirt, and an old gray sleeveless sweater, the natural and comfortable costume of a hard-working modern conductor. For the present we have music in its shirt sleeves.

Now it is exactly ten o'clock. The conductor stops to speak to the concertmaster for a moment, then, with a smile of greeting to his men, mounts the podium. There is a decisive tap of the baton; a crisp command. Serge Koussevitzky begins the rehearsal.

For a time all goes smoothly. They are playing Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Though it is a familiar piece of the orchestra's repertoire, it is not treated to a cursory or cut-and-dried rehearsal. Indeed, Koussevitzky does not know the meaning of the expression 'cut-and-dried.' His attack upon the composition is fresh and spontaneous, and he works on this symphony with the sharpest concentration. Sometimes, with a gesture, he stops the music, indicates the number of measures to be repeated, and continues with the playing. Sometimes, in a sudden fury, he snaps his baton against the music stand with a report like a revolver, and then, shattering the immediate silence, bursts forth, in French, German, Russian, or English, into heated criticism.

'No!' he shouts to the erring violins. 'No! *Dal Dal Da-da-da-DA!*' He sings, stressing the rhythm in strident tones.

When the violins have achieved the desired result, the work proceeds.

The rehearsal lasts for three hours. For three hours I listen, watching the conductor as with infinite care he works out the brilliant pattern of his musical conception.

II

Serge Koussevitzky was born in a little town in central Russia in 1874. His parents were very poor, but musical; and his earliest memories are of music. Although he took piano lessons and, as leader of the local theatre orchestra, learned to play other instruments, by the time he was fourteen he had exhausted the limited possibilities of Vishny Volochek. Penniless,

his heart set on a musical career, he ran away to Moscow. At the Philharmonic Conservatory the only instrument for which the boy could obtain a scholarship was the despised double bass. He achieved a technique hitherto unknown on this difficult and ungainly instrument, which he plays as if it were a 'cello, and the concerts which he gave in Russia and European cities from 1896 to 1905 caused a sensation in musical circles. He was — and still is — regarded as the world's greatest double-bass soloist.

But his musical powers demanded a wider outlet: he had always wanted to conduct an orchestra and he now determined to do so. After his marriage to Natalya Ushkova in 1905, they settled in Berlin. In 1906 he made his début as conductor with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, later in the same season conducting in London, Paris, and Vienna. Returning to Moscow the following year, he soon organized his own orchestra and with this group of carefully trained musicians gave regular concerts in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and the provincial cities. His training, his knowledge, his magnetic personality, fitted him for orchestral conducting; he was independent and ambitious; his orchestra was his own, so he was entirely free to carry out his musical plans. Koussevitzky's concerts made familiar to his countrymen the great literature of symphonic music, before this time almost unknown in Russia, and brought to them, too, the leading European conductors, composers, and soloists. He fostered enthusiastically the development of Russia's own musical genius, performing the works of national composers and also commissioning new compositions. Among his innovations were popular Sunday concerts at which young conductors led his orchestra and young soloists had their opportunity. Particularly interesting ventures were three

tours down the Volga in 1910, 1912, and 1914, when he took his whole orchestra on a specially chartered steamer and for six weeks gave concerts at all the large towns on both banks of the river.

But in 1914 everything was changed. He carried on as best he could during the war years; then the revolution and the Bolshevik upheaval brought new disaster. Koussevitzky's fortune was swept away; artistic freedom and musical opportunity no longer existed. In 1920 he and his wife left Russia. During the four years that followed he appeared as conductor in Paris, England, Italy, Spain, and Portugal. He conducted Russian opera, a new venture for him, in Paris, Madrid, Barcelona, and Lisbon, and his regular series of concerts in Paris became an important feature of French musical life. And in 1924 he was invited to conduct the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

III

Not long after the Thursday rehearsal I had tea at Koussevitzky's home. As we sat at the dinner table with its white plain cloth and simple silver service, — in this household the family takes tea in the comfortable European fashion with all the necessities set before one and no need to balance a precarious teacup on one's knee, — we talked of painting and politics, and, inevitably, of music. Koussevitzky mentioned several new compositions which he intended to present during the season and some old works which had not been played for so long that they were ready for rediscovery.

'Tell me, please,' he said as he spread honey carefully on his rusk, 'how did you like the Taneiev Symphony? You have never heard it before, I know. How did it impress you?'

My answer to this question is of no importance. But it is characteristic

of Koussevitzky that he had asked it. He wants to know how listeners, young, old, intellectual, emotional, are affected by a performance. I have heard him question a sixteen-year-old boy about his impressions of a composition and listen with keen seriousness to the reply. He likes to find out the reaction of the musically untrained mind; in discussing musical matters with the elect, he may wander in fields forever barred to the uninitiated, but he has sincere respect for the opinions of those who, though lacking a background of musical education, listen eagerly to music.

His frank, unaffected interest offered me an unusual opportunity. I realized that here was an expert who would be willing to answer, without complex technicalities, some of the questions about music which had been in my mind for a long time.

'The more orchestral performances I hear,' said I, 'the more mysterious the art of conducting seems. If you would tell me . . .'

'Before you start that conversation,' observed Mrs. Koussevitzky from behind the tea urn, 'you must have some fresh tea and a piece of *vatrushka*.'

So we fortified ourselves with the delicious Russian cheesecake and more tea with lemon.

IV

'If we are to discuss conducting as an art,' said Koussevitzky, 'the first logical question is, What is conducting? To answer that question is not altogether simple. For conducting is not a simple matter, though many think so. I suppose that the majority of people in the average audience honestly believe that the conductor does nothing but wave his baton in regular beats — one, two, three, four. Well, there are in the world many thousands of orchestra leaders who do this and very little more. One of the old, old stories is about a violinist

who was suddenly called upon to lead a group of musicians for the first time in his life. Afterward he confided to the real leader whose place he had filled, "It was very easy. I just stood up and let them play!" "Hush," warned the leader, "don't tell anyone!"

'The art of conducting is so young that there is as yet no recognized system which can be studied by a young man ambitious to lead an orchestra. When I began there was one school of conducting in Germany under Artur Nikisch; it was the only place where one could make an attempt to study for this career, but the school was not established on any definite principles and it produced no real conductors. When I remind you that Mendelssohn and Richard Wagner were the first great conductor-interpreters, you will realize that there has hardly been time to evolve a theory. In my youth I could only study and listen and watch such leaders as were at hand. Nowadays, the student has a far simpler task; for he has at his command the phonograph records of every type of music played by the greatest conductors. These records he can play over and over again, studying at his leisure the interpretations and comparing the methods of the various artists. Never has conducting been at such a high level, so near perfection as now. And by a brilliant mechanical contrivance all this perfection is stored up and preserved safely for generations of students and lovers of music.

'But I am going too fast! Our hypothetical young conductor is still in need of training. He will find, in the first place, that a thorough study of musical theory is indispensable. He must understand composition — that goes without saying — even if he has no talent for composing. So he not only understands how to read a score, but can more readily analyze and comprehend the intention behind a score. Through

study of musical theory, harmony, counterpoint, composition, he learns the theoretical mechanics of music.

'For the actual physical mechanics, our conductor must know how to play the piano. It is still better if he knows also how to play the stringed instruments. And he ought to have a practical working knowledge of all the other instruments as well, so that he understands thoroughly both their possibilities and their limitations.'

'But, Mr. Koussevitzky, he can't play every instrument in the band!'

'No, but it will be enormously helpful if he knows how — at least a little! In any case, the acquisition of this knowledge is only the elementary routine of his musical education. The next step takes him forward: he must begin as soon as possible to practise with an orchestra.'

I remembered that at the age of twelve Koussevitzky himself conducted the band of adult musicians who played at the performances of the strolling actors of Vishny Volochek. When the company went on tour to the neighboring towns they took with them their conductor, in whose young hands they left entire supervision of the musical end of their entertainment. He learned to play their instruments and he learned the rudiments of conducting.

'From the very beginning of his work with an orchestra,' he said, 'a conductor will realize the important fact that he must also be a very good teacher. For the musicians working under him, though they may not recognize it, are actually his pupils, following his ideas, his interpretations. The fact that in a great orchestra these men are individually fine artists does not alter the teacher-pupil relation. They are artists in their own right; naturally, therefore, it is a difficult matter to impose upon these hundred talented individuals the conductor's conception of the work in hand. But I forgot! Our

young man is just starting out, and his musicians will not be quite so expert. However, he must practise with them — that is as important to the conductor as practice with a fiddle is to a violinist. It is the only way in which he can achieve technique.

‘Technique,’ he repeated thoughtfully. ‘Ah, now we come to a matter of vital importance, a matter of which there is so little understanding, and such difference of opinion, that for the present each man must work it out for himself. I am speaking of what I call the plastic art of the conductor — that is, the use of his arms, his hands, his whole body in this business of conducting. The art of gesture is tremendously important. In these gestures which the conductor uses to convey his thought to his orchestra there must be meaning. Aimless gesticulation is inexcusable. Moreover, there must be co-ordination and grace. It is perfectly possible that the gestures of a conductor, if badly co-ordinated or gauche or without reason, may shock the audience and may thus intrude between them and the music, snapping the thread of their attention, disrupting the musical idea — in short, effecting just the opposite of the conductor’s intention. The conductor is responsible not only for the musical effect on the players but also for the æsthetic effect on his audience.’

‘Then it is reasonable,’ I asked, ‘to watch you and learn from seeing, as well as hearing, what the music is all about?’

‘And why not? Why should you not benefit as well as the musicians? But I think that if you would close your eyes you would usually feel what I am trying to express — that is, you should feel the result of the gesture.’

I remembered many arguments about the necessity of gestures in conducting. All the work on a composition, say the skeptics, has been accomplished at re-

hearsal; there is no need, at the performance, of indicative gestures. And they usually add, in triumphant conclusion, ‘Most of the time the musicians don’t even look at the conductor!’

My question was direct. ‘Do the players see your gestures?’

‘Yes, they do. If, occasionally, they do not actually see them, they feel them. Do not think that an orchestra, however well rehearsed, can conduct itself. No, it must be led. For some reason, if left without guidance beyond a certain point, the musicians lose their rhythm — the fast tempi begin to go too fast, the slow tempi grow slower and slower. The conductor, as you know, usually beats the time with the right hand and conducts the musical phrase with his left. Let me remind you that the mediocre leader conducts a bar of music — the real conductor is concerned with a musical phrase.’

Serge Koussevitzky’s beat has sometimes been criticized as irregular. The baton, held between the thumb and the first finger so lightly that it seems an extension of the hand, beats the rhythm almost involuntarily, as if set by some internal metronome; while the flexible left hand, free to indicate the phrasing, now directs a lyrical passage with motions as delicate as a dancer’s, then, suddenly changing character, conducts with broad and powerful gestures a stirring episode. Occasionally, the tempo set, he leaves the rhythm to the orchestra while with both hands he devotes himself to the phrase; or he may stop directing entirely for a few measures and stand almost motionless listening to the music. Then, sensing the moment when he is needed, his baton again marking the beat, he continues to conduct.

‘After a recent concert you said, “The Scriabin *Poème de l’Extase* was much finer on Saturday than on Friday. I played better.” You spoke as if you were playing an instrument.’

'But I do feel just that,' he answered quickly. 'The orchestra is a great instrument; I play it with my two hands. You see how important are the motions of those hands?'

'Yes, that is clear. But of one point I am not certain. Forgive me if this question is mere A B C! These gestures of yours, the sweeping motions of the arm, the slight flection of a finger — is each one planned? Is each expected by the orchestra?'

'That question is so difficult to answer that it cannot be very childish! I should not say that each gesture is planned, nor that I inevitably use the same gesture in the same place, nor even that I know what gesture I am using. The motion is an unconscious expression, a method without words of communicating to the players what I want them to do; involuntarily, I suppose, I do use a certain gesture at a given point in the music. But not necessarily. Of one thing only I am certain: these gestures convey to the orchestra what I want to tell them.'

He held out his left hand. 'Look!' he said. 'All that I study and think about goes just to here on my hand,' — he drew the right hand across the left at the base of the fingers, leaving the palm for study and contemplation, — 'and that gives you fifty per cent of the performance. But on the days when all proceeds well, when (if I may say so) the fire is burning, then the inspiration goes to the very tips of the fingers; then I can play my instrument-orchestra as surely as if it were my double bass. Then I give you a performance to the full extent of my ability.'

V

'One hears so much discussion these days,' said I, 'about the relative merits of conducting with and without a score — especially since Boston has seen several eminent conductors who

lead their orchestras without music. I find, among the listeners, considerable difference of opinion. One of my musical friends says that it makes her nervous and takes her attention from the music when a conductor directs from memory; she is constantly afraid that "something will go wrong," and she can neither relax to enjoy the concert nor concentrate and forget the conductor. On the other hand, many people are so impressed by the memory feat of the leader who uses no music that for them the whole performance takes on added interest. Do you think there is actually any difference in the effect achieved by the conductor?'

'To my mind this is a purely individual matter. One man feels more comfortable without a score, another more comfortable with it. You will find that almost always a pianist-conductor will conduct from memory, because he is used to memorizing vast quantities of music for performance as a soloist and continues to do so in his orchestral work. If you are asking me why I use a score,' — there was a twinkle in his eye as he answered my none too subtle question, — 'I can only say quite simply that I have never made a practice of working without one. As a soloist I was, of course, accustomed to play everything from memory. But I have never carried over that habit into my conducting. I am certain that any first-rate conductor knows his scores well enough to dispense with them entirely, so his choice is a personal one. As long as he feels completely free in the method he has chosen, how can there be any difference in the effect of his performance? If he is nervous without a score, the audience will be aware of it at once; if, on the other hand, he feels bound, tied down, when he uses one, they will be equally sensitive to his mood. There is this to be said, however: unless a man has an absolutely phenomenal memory, his determina-

tion never to use a score will in some degree limit his repertoire. We have, alas, just so much time for what we want to do — and there seems to be no limit to the amount of music that we must study and perform.

'You spoke a moment ago,' he continued, 'of audiences and their reaction to the conductor. Do you know, I often wonder if the public realizes the part they play. The contact with the audience — that is as vital to the success of an orchestral performance as it is to an individual musician, actor, or speaker. This contact, I believe, is of equal importance to the audience. To listen eagerly in company with other listeners is a rich experience; the waves of attentive sympathy which travel through an interested audience create an almost electric effect upon both hearer and performer. So! These currents the conductor has to set in motion. When he succeeds in establishing the contact, a good performance is assured.'

VI

'*Na vkos ee tzviet tavarishcha niet*' — literally translated the Russian phrase reads, 'On taste and color there is no comrade.' On questions of sound, too, there are very few comrades. In our Boston audiences — and I suppose this is true of most cities — are many violent opponents of modern music. They will have none of it. They walk out in the middle of a Roy Harris symphony or show their disapproval by the feeble applause that is colder than silence. Beethoven, Wagner, and Brahms are their gods. But the young classicists from Harvard who sit in the second balcony scorn Wagner and look ostentatiously bored at the opening chords of the *Siegfried* Prelude. Tchaikovsky they detest. They worship Bach — and Stravinsky. Modern music they respect if it is extremely intellectual and pure in form; but they are sternly

critical of any living composer who leans toward the romantic.

To interest these diverse musical tastes is a task for a conductor. Koussevitzky has always been famous for programme making. He fortifies his instinct for successful combination by definite theories; and the results are usually a challenge to his audience.

'In planning a programme,' he says, 'one considers the composition from several points of view — the key in which it is written, the length of time it takes to play, its dynamics, and the period it represents. The matter of tonality will not concern the general public much, though a musician is highly sensitive to a satisfactory arrangement — and perhaps people without musical training are more aware of it than they realize. As for the dynamics, variety in the general character and intensity of the compositions saves a programme from monotony and anticlimax. Finally, a well-balanced programme (this leaves out of consideration programmes devoted to the music of one period or one composer) contains a suitable combination of classical, romantic, and modern music. We should always include modern compositions. Music is a living, growing art; we cannot refuse a careful performance and a fair hearing to the composers who are working in our own time.'

I mentioned a modern tone poem which he had introduced at a recent concert and which had been very coolly received.

'Why did you play that particular composition? Do you like it?'

'Whether I like it or not has nothing to do with the fact that I play it,' he answered vehemently. 'It represents a musical line of thought of our own time, and if you are to understand what is going on in the musical world you must have the opportunity to hear such compositions. It is important for the public to be aware of these new devel-

opments, to be able to make comparisons — if I did not play this music for you, I should not be true to my duty. And I assure you that listening to modern music will not cause you to love Brahms the less. . . . You ask me what I *like*? In musical art, as well as in life, above all I like progress. I like to help young people to advance in their creative work; but how *can* they go further unless they hear their own works performed?’

During the three decades of his career as a conductor, Koussevitzky has been the consistent champion of modern music, which he understands thoroughly and conducts with conviction. Despite his sixty years, his is a young mind. Constantly seeking out new experiments, eager for new impressions, he is alive to every expression of modernism. In the early days in Russia he established his own publishing house to assure publication of composers like Scriabin, Taneiev, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev. To-day he is no less the friend of young musicians.

Not long ago he told me that he had been listening to a new symphony by an American.

‘It was not good,’ he said sadly. ‘The trouble with many of these young composers is that they have no sense of form. They lack æsthetic background.’

‘America is still very young,’ remarked Mrs. Koussevitzky in her usual quiet way.

‘That is the answer, of course. America is young in all the arts. Her great achievement thus far is in architecture. But it is to be expected that in music, most abstract of all the arts, progress should be slow.’

VII

We were talking about modern ‘arrangements,’ transcriptions of classical compositions, frequently scorned by the musical purists.

‘In art, in literature, and in music,’ Koussevitzky said, ‘it is inevitable that people attempt to explain the old ideas from the modern point of view. We are not surprised or offended when generation after generation of painters are inspired by the same theme and achieve beauty by their individual approach. In literature, certainly, there is very little new under the sun: the old situations become new through original treatment. In music, perhaps, the conditions are somewhat different, because there seems to be no limit to the possibilities for variety. At the same time, it is interesting to see what form an old musical idea will take when it is amplified or reworked. In the nineteenth century it was very much the fashion to “arrange” the composition of a master, but to us to-day most of the attempts seem over-elaborated and very dull. True, the composer who “arranges” is not usually a great genius himself, — if he were, he would not be willing to use a borrowed idea, — but he may produce a fine piece of work. Take, for example, Respighi’s arrangement of Bach’s Passacaglia and Fugue: it is a beautiful composition, because Respighi was an artist. I myself like better the original unadulterated Bach, but I think the public should have a chance to hear this modern conception also.’

‘But, whether or not we approve modern arrangements, it must be admitted that in a way much of the music we play to-day comes through a modern medium. Even though Beethoven had approximately the modern orchestra, — often a very large one, as many as two hundred players, — his orchestra was not to be compared with ours, and his effects could not have approached ours. For one thing, we have available to-day many more highly skilled musicians. The presence of these real artists makes of our orchestras practically perfect instruments. With

their extraordinary technique to draw upon, there is nothing to limit the sonority, the smoothness, the beauty, which can be achieved by a conductor.'

VIII

Koussevitzky's study is a large sunny room, neat and simple and bare. It contains countless musical scores, a grand piano, a chest of drawers, two easy chairs, and one stiff little armchair in front of his worktable. On the table is a music stand, two or three volumes of music, a fat pencil, two stop-watches, and a Russian Bible. No extraneous details, no pictures, no mementoes to catch the eye: this is a place for concentration.

When he came into the room I was examining the score of Bruckner's Seventh Symphony which lay open on the table. The only marks on its pages were the blue-penciled *f*'s and *p*'s and the bold crescendo and diminuendo arrows with which Koussevitzky occasionally enlarges the printed symbols in order to see them more readily when conducting.

'Can you read music?' he asked.

'Well, up to a point,' I murmured apologetically. 'Not, I fear, what *you* would consider reading music. I can follow choral music or a solo instrument and play a simple melody. With a little more effort I think I might be able to follow an orchestral score at a concert.'

He interrupted me with a laugh. 'Why try? Unless you are a serious student of music and wish to learn how certain effects are achieved, you will gain nothing at all by bringing a score to a concert. On the contrary, you will lose, because your attention is divided, you cannot give yourself up to the music, you are cheating yourself of the supreme enjoyment.'

Accepting this advice with relief, I remarked that I was puzzled to know

how a conductor begins his study of a composition. In answer, Koussevitzky picked up the shining new score, as yet unmarked by his blue pencil, of Rous-sel's Fourth Symphony.

'Look at this first page. It happens to be very simple. When I was young — a hundred years ago! — I would study that music first horizontally, line by line, then vertically, measure by measure, to make sure that I had missed nothing. Then I would read it all together. Now, naturally, I no longer study separately the horizontal and the vertical, for I hear it in my mind at the same time. Occasionally, when the dissonances are so sharp that I do not trust my mind's ear to hear them accurately, I play a few measures on the piano. Then the work begins — the work which is required before the music can be brought to life by performance. I study, study, study. I study the notes and I contemplate the purpose of this piece of music; then finally I arrive at a point where I feel that I realize what the composer wished to say, what is the true meaning of his music. This procedure is the same for programme music as for absolute music — no so-called "programme" gives anything but the mere outline of a composer's thought.'

He looked intently at the music in his hand as if he would wrest some secret from the rows of little black notes.

'The composer's thought! That is the key to the mystery, a key not always easy to find. You know, it is an error common to many whose musical education is incomplete to think that everything lies in the printed page of a composition. They sit at a concert with the score on their knees, following so carefully that they can hardly listen to the music. "Ah!" they murmur, — even in their excitement they must remember they are in the concert hall, — "Ah! What is that accent? Why

that pause? It is not indicated here on the printed page. It is wrong!" Then they scribble little indignant notes on the margins of their nice clean music. . . . What they do not realize, perhaps have not had time to learn, is that there is more to a score than the simple ability to read it will reveal. Tempo is retarded to clarify modulations, to reveal harmonic beauties of certain passages; accents are emphasized to point a phrase and make it more expressive. These liberties are accorded the interpreter by the composer. As an example of the greatest living composer's attitude on questions of this kind, I must tell you about Sibelius. I was working on his Fourth Symphony and was much troubled by the tempo in one movement. I wrote him, asking his advice, saying that I simply could not feel the tempo as it was indicated in the score. His answer was, "The right tempo is as *you* feel it."

'Now, in the interpretation of Beethoven, whose opinion we cannot ask, certain passages are played in such a way because that is in the true tradition of Beethoven, even if there is no mark to indicate it. What the conductor has to study is how to interpret the composer's idea. So, when I speak of playing a passage "in the tradition of Beethoven," I do not mean the traditional way in which Beethoven has always been interpreted, but rather *in the style of Beethoven*, as Beethoven would have desired it. A knowledge of the background — historical, musical, even personal — is required for a complete understanding of the work of a composer. Only when armed with all the knowledge available is the conductor ready to present a legitimate, authoritative version of a piece of music. And beyond that actual knowledge is the instinct, the intuition, which guides the conductor to a true interpretation.'

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE ON THE SAME ERRAND

I HAVE been here before on the same errand,
But not with you; you were not thought of then;
That time, which seems as if it had not been,
I came with him who is not thought of now.
The place is much as it appeared to us,
The houses and the streets the same; even
The faces on the streets are still unchanged.
And now upon it all I see your face
Is terribly like his, and in your eyes
The same expression, half diffidence,
Half joy. And every line and trait of you
That marks your brotherhood with him stands out
Until I almost think that you are he,
And turn and speak to you as if you were.
He is not here, not there, but nowhere,
And in this place, where you will pass each day,
Stands stone and bronze to show he is not here.

I know you better than I ever knew
Him or his thoughts; nor do I love you less;
But something of the beauty of the dead,
The voice, the face, that will not come again,
Youth going young into the dark unknown,
And all the love I had for him, which now
Goes begging ignorantly to the air,
Draws back my heart to that time long ago
When I was here before on this same errand.

JOSEPHINE YOUNG CASE

THE SNOBBISHNESS OF THE LEARNED

BY W. T. STACE

I

THERE is a story told of a very well known living writer who produced a popular book on a branch of modern science — one of the best books of its kind now in print. He is said to have submitted his manuscript for criticism to a fellow expert, who, having read it, tossed it back contemptuously, saying, 'You understand thoroughly the subject on which you are writing, and I have no adverse criticisms to offer. But why do you waste your time writing stuff of this sort?'

The story is quite possibly apocryphal. But that such a story can be passed round, and gain credence, illustrates very forcibly the fact that there is among learned men a widespread tendency to look down upon popular writing as something not worthy of their serious consideration, as something to be despised and discouraged.

On the face of it, this would seem to be an extraordinary attitude. That the discoveries made by men of science and the world conceptions of philosophers should be made as widely known as possible would be, one might expect, their especial desire. And how else can this be done, if not by translating their thought from the technical jargon in which it is apt to be expressed into plain English which the world can understand? How else can it be done, in fact, if not by the labors of the popular writer? It would seem obvious that the widespread dissemination of

knowledge already attained is of at least equal importance with the discovery of new knowledge. For what, in the end, is the value of knowledge? His acquisition of knowledge is, to the expert, often an end in itself. He may be uninterested in its subsequent influence on the world. And it is quite right, and even necessary, that there should be men who take this point of view. The advance of knowledge mostly depends upon such men. But the matter, after all, cannot end there. To many others, discovery is of value because of the practical benefits which it confers upon mankind, as when pure science is applied to the extermination of disease or the invention of useful implements. But I would suggest that the supreme value of knowledge lies, not in the thrill which its discovery gives to the small band of experts, nor even in its practical usefulness, but in the enlargement and ennoblement of the human mind in general of which it is the cause.

Of the human mind *in general*. That means the minds, not of a few experts, but of the multitudes of civilized humanity. This has certainly been the case with the greatest discoveries of science. They have revolutionized human conceptions of the universe, given men at large a vaster sweep of mind; and it is this which has constituted their chief importance. The greatness of the Copernican hypothesis

lay neither in its purely theoretical value for the scientist nor in the better application of astronomy to navigation or other practical affairs to which it may have contributed, but in the fact that it gave to mankind some conception of the immensity of the universe in which we live, and that it destroyed forever the petty views, the insolence, the self-conceit inevitably connected with the belief that the whole creation exists for, and revolves around, man.

This is why the Copernican theory constituted a revolution in human thought. This is why it is so vastly more important than, shall we say, the discovery of a new variety of ant, or of a new theorem in mathematics. Exactly similar remarks might be made about the theory of evolution. That too obtains its importance neither from its theoretical nor from its immediately practical bearings, but from its influence upon man's general conceptions of the world.

Thus what makes the difference between an important and a trivial scientific or philosophical discovery is precisely the influence which it exerts upon mankind in general, not upon the minds of a few learned men. And that is why, in philosophy, however interesting such a subject as symbolic logic may be to a few experts, it sinks into triviality beside the world conceptions of a Plato or a Kant. It is in itself a mere intellectual plaything, nothing of real importance, though it may become of importance if it can be applied to the solution of the great problems of philosophy. And it will be noted that it is precisely this trivial kind of subject which *cannot* be popularized.

In truth it matters little what the doctors of science or the doctors of philosophy think, believe, or say among themselves in their cloisters. What humanity thinks and believes — that is what matters. And the true

function of the cloistered few is precisely to be the intellectual leaders of humanity and to guide the thought of mankind to higher levels. This function can only be carried out if *someone*, either they themselves or others, will translate their thought from technical language into the language of the market place. The best and the ablest discoverers and thinkers often possess both the ability and the desire to do this themselves. (It is worth noting that Einstein is the author of a *popular* book on relativity.) Or if their talents are not of the kind required for successful popular writing, it can be done by men who make a special business of spreading broadcast the best knowledge of their age. This type of popularizer is the liaison officer between the world's thinkers and mankind at large. Thus it appears that the function of the popular writer is profoundly important and responsible.

It is related that the soul of a dead man was conducted by Saint Peter on a tour of inspection of the Heavenly City. After seeing all the marvelous glories of the Lord, and the millions of white-clad worshiping souls, he was shown by his guide a little curtained-off enclosure in which half a dozen people were praying, cut off from all the rest of the multitude. These, he was told, were the Plymouth Brethren, who believed themselves to be the only people in Heaven. Those experts who look down upon popularization, and who would, if they could, make all knowledge the exclusive property of a little coterie of intellectuals, show a spirit identical with that of the poor souls in the story.

But, it will be said, much, if not most, of what learned men think and discover *cannot* be made intelligible to the masses. This is, on the whole, untrue. The big conceptions, the important results of science and philosophy, *can* be communicated to the

layman. What cannot be communicated is, as a rule, the detailed processes of discovery and argumentation which have led to those results. Every educated person now understands the main conceptions involved in the Copernican and Darwinian hypotheses, although the proofs and details may be a sealed book to the majority.

In a tube of antityphoid serum there are so many millions of dead bacteria. The methods by which the number is counted or calculated may remain a mystery to the layman. But the fact that there *are* these many can be understood by a child. The same principle holds true even in those sciences which seem to most of us too hopelessly mathematical. The *results* reached can usually be disentangled from their mathematical formulation and set forth by themselves. This is not true, of course, of pure mathematics itself, but only of those physical sciences which use mathematics as a mere instrument to reach their conclusions. And this is, after all, what one would expect. For mathematics is not itself knowledge at all. It is an instrument for obtaining knowledge. The actuary makes use of higher mathematics which no one except the expert can follow. But the resulting knowledge which he obtains is intelligible to everyone. The astronomer uses mathematics to calculate an eclipse, but none is required to understand his final prediction. And it is not fundamentally different with relativity. To think otherwise is like supposing that one cannot appreciate the scenery of Niagara Falls without understanding the mechanism of the railway locomotive which conveys one there.

Mathematics, said a famous writer, is a science of which the meanest intellect is capable. The statement by no means reflects, as one might be inclined to think, the mere partisan prejudice of a one-sided and nar-

row intelligence. There is a real truth in it.

It is obviously false if it is understood to mean that a stupid man can be a good mathematician. For plainly it is only a very clever man indeed who can be first-class in this, as in any other, subject. But his intellect may nevertheless be, and indeed is, mean if he is incapable of doing anything with it except juggling with symbols — however cleverly he may do this. For mathematics, as I said before, is not knowledge, but only an instrument for obtaining knowledge. A Newton or an Einstein uses mathematics to help him to reach out to great and grand conceptions of the Universe. This employment of mathematics as an instrument of general culture is the work of noble, and not of mean, intellects. But in so far as it cares for nothing save its own internal affairs, is without effect upon general culture, is a mere manipulation of symbols for their own sakes, it certainly can be cultivated, and successfully cultivated, by mean minds — that is, by minds which know nothing of, and care nothing for, what is really great in human culture.

It is because mathematics is a *means*, and not an *end*, that a purely mathematical education is a bad education — or, rather, no education at all. For the true purpose of education is to teach men what things in life are genuinely valuable. That is, it is concerned with ends. Therefore education ought not to concentrate upon means. They are a secondary matter. The true order is to learn first what to aim at, and then only what are the instrumentalities by which we may attain our ends. Mathematics, accordingly, should be part of a subsequent technical training. Thus the now old-fashioned preference for a classical — which really meant a humanistic — over a mathematical education, although it may have degenerated into a prejudice or even a pig-headed

obscurantism, was originally rooted in a true insight.

The impression that philosophical and scientific ideas cannot be explained in plain language to plain people is also in large measure due to the fact that philosophers and men of science have not, as a rule, the wit to do it. It is due, in plain terms, to the stupidity of the learned men, not to the stupidity of humanity. They lack the mental flexibility and adroitness which are required if they are to come out of their hiding places in the laboratory and the library and make themselves intelligible in the big world of men. They can speak only one language, the language of cast-iron technical formulas. Change the language, take away from them their technical terms and symbols, and they no longer know where they are. They are like those inferior boxers who can only box according to the rules and are nonplused by anyone who disregards them and fights as the light of nature teaches him. They lack too that human sympathy with simple people which is also essential if the teachings of science and philosophy are to be made available to the many. They cannot move with ease in the world of men. And these too are the reasons why erudite men, great figures in their own secluded world, are so often observed to behave like buffaloes in society.

II

The contemptuous attitude toward popular writing so often affected by learned men is, then, nothing but an unwarranted prejudice. And it may not be uninteresting to inquire into its psychological motivation. May I be allowed to recommend to the reader that, whenever in this human world he finds a totally unreasonable opinion adopted by large bodies of people, he make a practice of looking, not for *reasons*, but for *motives*. He will thus

save himself much time which might otherwise be wasted in searching for rationality where none exists.

Why, then, do so many workers in intellectual fields look askance at any attempt to make the results of their labors intelligible to the world at large? It is true that some apparently plausible reasons may be urged. Popular writers tend to develop certain characteristic faults. Cheap cleverness not infrequently mars their writings. And they are apt to slur over difficult and profound conceptions, and to substitute superficialities — because they have not the gift of being both simple and profound at the same time. Thus a writer on Aristotle, who wished to make easy for his readers that philosopher's teleological conception of the cause of motion, wrote that in Aristotle's view 't is love, 't is love that makes the world go round.'

But a moment's thought should be sufficient to convince one that these facts afford no basis whatever for a general contempt of popular writing. Popular writers may often be cheap and shallow. But to entertain a prejudice against popular writing because some popular writers are bad is like condemning all books because of the existence of certain inferior authors.

The real ground for the disfavor in which popular writing is held among experts is to be found elsewhere. It is rooted in class prejudice. The learned think themselves superior to the common herd. They are a priestly caste imbued with the snobbishness that is characteristic of caste systems. Their learning is the mark of their superiority. It must be kept within the limits of their own class. And the means by which this is accomplished consists in a learned language of long words and technical terms. Anyone who translates knowledge from the technical into the popular language is disregarding

the rules of caste, and is thus taboo. Technical terms, long words, learned-sounding phrases, are the means by which second-rate intellectuals 'inflate their egos' and feed their sense of superiority to the multitude. If an idea can be expressed in two ways, one of which involves a barbarous technical jargon, while the other needs nothing but a few simple words of one syllable which everyone can understand, this kind of person definitely prefers the barbarous technical jargon. He wishes to be thought, and above all to think himself, a person who understands profound and difficult things which common folk cannot comprehend. He wishes to feel himself cleverer than other people. The long words and clumsy phrases with which he encumbers the simplest thought are the badges of his class superiority. And as this kind of person is always in a majority in any large assembly of intellectuals, a definite prejudice against popular writing is engendered.

The poorer a man's intellectual equipment, the more does he revel in technicalities. A man with a wealth of valuable ideas is anxious to communicate those ideas, and will naturally tend to choose for that purpose the simplest language he can find. But a man whose intellectuality is a sham, and who has in truth nothing to communicate, endeavors to conceal his emptiness by an outward show of learning. The more unintelligible his language, the more profound will he appear to himself and (he hopes) to others. He fails to see that the love of long words and technical terms is in fact nothing but a symptom of his mental infirmity. It is a kind of intellectual disease. And perhaps those who suffer from this disease would like to have a technical term for their own malady. I will therefore make them a present of a new long word. I will christen their disease *macronomatamania*.

III

It is true that a few really great men, such as Immanuel Kant, have seemed to revel unnecessarily in technicalities. But let not all the macronomata-maniacs of the world attempt to shelter themselves under Kant's umbrella. Kant was great in spite of his obscure language, not because of it. And one does not become great by aping the weaknesses of a great man.

It is true, too, that technical terms are a necessity. In many branches of knowledge one cannot do without them. This is especially true in science. And it is true (but in a much lesser degree) in philosophy. About their use in science I will say nothing at all. Even regarding their use in philosophy I will not attempt in this place to say *what* their legitimate functions are, nor legislate as to where they should be used and where avoided. For that would be itself a technical inquiry, not suitable to this paper. I will, however, set down what I regard as an elementary first principle of a good style in philosophical writing. It is this: *Never use a technical term when a simple nontechnical word or phrase will equally well express your meaning.* And I would add as a gloss: *Cultivate in yourself a dislike and suspicion of all learned-sounding words and technical terms, a habit of regarding them not as fine things, but at best as necessary evils.* This will come easily to anyone naturally endowed with a hatred of humbug, and also to anyone with an artistic sense of the beauty and value of words; and the result of it will be that, whenever a technical term springs to the writer's mind, he will instinctively cast about to see whether he cannot replace it by plain English. Sometimes it will happen that he cannot do so without prejudice to his meaning. But often it will happen that he can.

I think that these principles should be applied, not only to popular writing in the usual sense, but to *all* philosophical writing of whatever sort, even that which is written by experts for experts. For the use of a good style and of plain decent English will always facilitate the communication of meaning, to whomsoever it is addressed. And if anyone asks for an example of a good philosophical style, of the kind I have in mind, I would point to the writings of Mr. Bertrand Russell as showing the best philosophical style of the present day. Mr. Russell, of course, uses technical terms, plenty of them; but never, I think, where they could reasonably have been avoided.

A technical term as such is, anywhere and everywhere, a barbarism, an eyesore, an offense to the soul, a thing to be shuddered at and avoided. Macronomatamaniacs, therefore, are not only to be suspected of emptiness, but also to be accused of lack of taste. When a man uses a hideous jumble of technical terms where he could use plain English words, he writes himself down as a person without the sense of the beauty and dignity of language.

After all, the issue is a simple one. Do you wish to communicate thought? Or are you impelled by some other motive — to appear clever, to boost yourself up as a highbrow, to impress the simple-minded with your superiority, or what not? If you write an article or a book, your sole motive *ought* to be to communicate what you conceive to be truth to as many people as possible. If a writer is governed by this motive, it is inevitable that he will express himself in the simplest language which he can possibly find. And if, in addition to this sincerity, he has also some sense of the beauty of language, he will choose short, sharp, simple, expressive words in preference to long, uncouth, and clumsy ones. He will not, for example, write 'ratio-

cination' when all he means is 'reasoning,' nor 'dianoetic' when the word 'intellectual' would do just as well.

Unfortunately, however, to communicate ideas is by no means the most usual motive for writing books. And if a man writes because he thinks himself a superior person, and wishes to impose this same delusion upon other people, he tends to make his style as obscure and difficult as possible. He hopes that his obscurity will be mistaken for profundity. He will write, if he can, in a learned language instead of a simple one. He will prefer big words to little ones, and a barbarous technical jargon to plain English. And the American custom of forcing university professors to 'produce' (that is, to write books), and of practically making their promotion in their profession depend upon their doing so, is responsible for no little evil in this matter. Not only does it result in the publication of floods of inferior books, which the world would be much better without; not only does it compel men who have no taste for writing, and no gift for it, to waste their time writing bad books when, if left alone, they might have made admirable and even great teachers; but it also demoralizes style, and develops macronomatamaniacs. For the man who has nothing to say worthy of publication is encouraged, almost compelled, to conceal his lack under a smoke screen of technicalities and obscure verbiage. He has to convince his university superiors of his intellectuality; and since he cannot do this by the inner worth of his thought, he must do it by putting out a spurious and pretentious conglomeration of learned-sounding words.

How easily this succeeds, how easily the world (including the learned world) is gulled by long words, the following incident may serve to illustrate. Years ago, in a certain university, there flourished a 'Philosophical Society,' in

which the tendency to read papers couched in obscure and unintelligible language became rampant. A brilliant Irishman, wishing to prick the bubble, read before the society a paper called 'The Spirit of the Age.' In this paper there was not a single paragraph, not a single sentence even, which possessed, or was intended by the author to possess, the faintest glimmer of meaning. It was full of long words, of loud-mouthed phrases, of swelling periods. It *sounded* magnificent; it *meant* nothing. The society listened to it in rapt attention. Not one of the members perceived that the society was being fooled; and a long and learned discussion followed, in which not one of the members admitted that he had not understood the paper.

A man may write whole books of what is either totally meaningless or palpably false, and may secure by doing so a wide reputation, provided only that he uses long enough words. For example, the thought that there is no such thing as thought is self-contradictory nonsense. But if a man wraps up this same nonsense in a learned-sounding hocus-pocus about reflex arcs and conditioned reflexes, if he talks enough about neurons and the neural processes, and if he interlards his whole discourse with the technical terms of physiology, he may become the founder of a school of psychology, and stands a good chance of earning an enormous salary.

IV

But to come back to popular writing and its place in the world of learning. I would contend for two positions. First, the works of the pure popularizer — the man who has nothing of his own to say, but who popularizes other people's thoughts — is of the utmost importance. So far from being despised, he ought to be regarded as performing an absolutely vital function

in the intellectual progress of mankind. And it is perfectly possible for him to be popular without being either shallow or cheap. Secondly, I would urge that, in a sense, *all* writing, even of the most original, learned, and abstruse kinds, should aim at being popular *as far as possible*. That such writing can always be made entirely suitable for the general reader is not for a moment contended. But the writer can at least aim at using technical terms as sparingly as possible, at avoiding unnecessary jargon, at expressing himself as simply and clearly as he can — even as beautifully as the nature of his subject permits. He can surely avoid giving the reader the feeling that he positively likes ugly words, that he revels in unintelligibilities, that he dotes on gibberish. Most readers will be grateful to him if they feel that he is at least trying to make some meaning clear to them, and not merely to stun, intimidate, and befuddle them with his cleverness. His writing will be popular in the only sense — and in the best sense — in which this can be demanded of him.

Nearly all the great philosophers of the English tradition have been in this sense popular writers, though I am afraid that the same cannot be said of the Germans. The style of Locke is lucid, if pedestrian; of both Berkeley and Hume beautiful in the extreme; of Mill clear and simple, though undistinguished and marred by some affectations; of Spencer perfectly lucid in spite of the 'hurdy-gurdy monotony of him.' William James, the greatest of American philosophers, had an absolute genius for graphic, telling, and brilliant English phrases. And of living writers, as I have already said, Mr. Russell's style is the best, and is a standing example of the fact that philosophy, and original philosophy too, can be written in plain English with an absolute minimum of technical terms.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

OLD-TIMER

MR. PARSONS put on first the white gym shirt embossed with the insignia of the athletic club, then the padded khaki shorts, and finally the white turtle-neck sweater that bulged in a ruff under his pink face.

In his street clothes he had appeared not quite undersized and only moderately fat, but with his gymnasium clothes he put on character. He looked like a middle-aged kewpie.

There was no one in sight as he slammed his locker door shut. He made a calisthenic gesture with his plump arms and jumped on his toes. The tendons behind his knees strained under the weight of his body, but the change from shoes to rubber-soled sneakers never failed to make him feel momentarily nimble.

He walked down the main aisle of the locker room with what he hoped were long, easy strides. He had been a member of the club for only a month, and he did n't know any of the gymnasium crowd to speak to, but whenever he caught a fellow club member's eye he nodded briskly. He received several nods in return, and one man who had a highball on a stool beside him said a little thickly, 'Hello, there, big fella! Don't get those nice pants dirty, now!'

'No, sir,' Mr. Parsons said, and laughed. 'No, *sir!*' He told himself that in a way this was the kind of easy relationship he wanted to have with these men, and that he was making progress, but it bothered him that a month of use had left his outfit as clean and odorless as an unsmoked meerschäum.

He could have avoided the gymnasium and followed the corridor to the room where he always worked out. Instead, he entered the gymnasium unobtrusively and stood for a moment against the wall. He had never taken part in this boisterous activity, but it fascinated him. He watched with admiration the men who were making middle-aged attempts at boxing and wres-

ting. He realized that this was still beyond him physically, but he thought that by now he was up to the other games, like hand tennis and medicine ball.

Three men came in and hurried past him to the unoccupied hand-tennis court. Mr. Parsons's objective was the open door beyond the court. He followed in their wake.

The men were slapping the ball back and forth as he crossed behind the court. He knew that they were only marking time until a partner for the third man should arrive, so he walked past them slowly. None of the men spoke to him.

He went into the room he had discovered on his first day. It was windowless, hardly larger than a squash court. There was a miscellany of dusty apparatus along three of the walls, and facing the fourth was a pair of antiquated bicycling machines.

For the first time Mr. Parsons looked at them with dissatisfaction. Behind him he could hear the light tapping of the tennis ball and the thud of feet, and he found himself wondering if the three men were expecting a fourth or merely waiting until someone offered himself. For a moment he stood there indecisively, then he turned and went back to the doorway. It was only a few feet from the side lines. While he watched the idle passage of the ball with an intentness worthy of a hard-fought game, he kept smiling in case any of the men should look his way.

They did n't, until the ball struck a net post and bounced crazily toward him. All three men were looking at him now and one of them said, 'Thank you!'

Mr. Parsons's heart thumped. He stooped as swiftly as he could. The ball slithered through his fingers, but, to his intense relief, was stopped by his feet. He made a wild underhand throw to the man who had spoken. The ball went yards to the right.

Mr. Parsons was still smiling, but he felt his face get hot. 'Sorry,' he said, but the other two were watching the third man trotting after the ball.

Mr. Parsons retreated into his room. He made an automatic gesture to shut the door behind him, but it was hooked back to the wall. He went directly to his bicycle.

The door to the corridor opened and a thin stoop-shouldered man came in. At another time Mr. Parsons would have welcomed the violation of his sanctuary; now he bent over and pretended to be examining the pedal of his machine.

'Hello,' the thin man said diffidently.

Mr. Parsons, without looking up, mumbled a greeting.

'I hope I'm not intruding?'

'No,' Mr. Parsons said. 'Not at all.'

'This is my first day. I have n't quite got the hang of things yet.'

Mr. Parsons straightened. He noted with quickening interest that the stranger's clothes, even newer than his own, covered a body that was as thin as Mr. Parsons's was stout. 'Maybe I could show you the ropes,' he suggested.

'I'd certainly appreciate it. My name's Scott.'

'Parsons,' Mr. Parsons said with increasing confidence. They shook hands. 'I suppose I'm sort of an old-timer, compared to you.' He laughed. There was a pause. Mr. Parsons became suddenly businesslike. 'Well,' he said cheerfully, 'I guess what you're after is a good stiff workout!'

Scott said that he was. He was looking past Mr. Parsons. 'That hand tennis is a lot of fun. I used to be pretty good at it. In the old days, that is,' he added apologetically.

Mr. Parsons shrugged. 'It's all right. But what I want is to work up a good sweat.' He patted his paunch with the detachment of a masseur. 'Now this is what I've got to get rid of.'

'Well, you're the trainer,' Scott said. He was still looking out the door.

'That's the spirit!' Mr. Parsons swung himself on to his bicycle. 'Up with you!' he commanded, pointing to the machine next him. Scott turned reluctantly from the door and mounted the other bicycle.

'We'll take it easy first, to warm up,' Mr. Parsons said. 'This is what gets the old leg muscles.' He watched his pupil critically as they pedaled. 'You're getting the idea, but you want to relax — the way I do. That's the ticket!' After a while he ex-

plained about the indicators that traveled around the dial before them. The red one — now in the lead — was his own. The black one was Scott's. Later they could try a little sprint, perhaps, if Scott felt up to it.

'I'll feel up to it,' Scott assured him. 'There is n't very much to this.'

Mr. Parsons was feeling too expansive to be annoyed. He laughed tolerantly. 'We'll see,' he said slowly. Then, very suddenly, he exclaimed, '*Sprint!*'

He took Scott by surprise and, pedaling furiously, managed to keep his lead. When Scott began to overtake him, he called a halt.

'There!' he said, puffing. 'That's something like! Sweating?'

Scott shook his head. His breathing was unhurried. 'Is this all we do?'

Mr. Parsons pulled his chin back in surprise. 'Lord, no! This is just for your legs. Later we'll try a little medicine ball, if you're not too tired. That'll get an entirely different set of muscles, you see. And tomorrow —' He stopped, appalled by what he had been about to suggest. 'What I was going to say — do you box or wrestle at all?'

'No,' Scott said. 'Do you?'

Mr. Parsons did n't answer directly. 'We'll be pretty evenly matched at boxing,' he went on glibly. 'I'd have too much weight on you for wrestling, but in boxing you'd make up for it with that reach of yours.'

Scott looked curiously at his arms. 'I have got a pretty good reach, have n't I!'

'Not bad,' Mr. Parsons conceded; then added a little sharply, 'We're losing our sweat this way! Let's race a mile, now — that's four times around the dial — and see if you can catch me this time. Ready?' His foot was poised tensely at the highest arc of the pedal.

A tennis ball bounced into the room and ran between the two machines. 'All right!' Mr. Parsons said quickly. 'Start!'

He started alone. Scott had jumped from his bicycle and retrieved the ball. One of the players came to the doorway. 'Here you are,' Scott said, and flipped the ball accurately to him.

'Thanks.' The man looked at Mr. Parsons, then back to Scott. 'We're playing

hand tennis. You would n't want to make a fourth?'

Scott's face lighted. 'Sure thing!' he said. 'That is —' He turned to Mr. Parsons. 'You would n't mind, would you?'

Mr. Parsons shook his head.

Scott hesitated. 'Well,' he said finally, 'come out and watch us for a while, why don't you?'

The two men were looking up at him. Mr. Parsons had an unpleasant picture of himself perched on the high machine. He got down as quickly as he could. 'I'll watch you for just a minute,' he said as Scott took his arm; 'but I don't want to get cooled off.' They had reached the door. He took his arm from Scott's grasp. 'I'll stand here.'

'Oh, come on!' Scott said with perfunctory enthusiasm. Mr. Parsons did n't answer him.

They chose sides, and the game was started. Scott had his back to Mr. Parsons, but at the first opportunity he turned and smiled. Mr. Parsons tried to smile back, but the smile felt stiff on his face.

Scott did n't turn around again after that, and Mr. Parsons knew that he was n't going to. Mr. Parsons unhooked the door and closed it behind him. He mounted his bicycle and started to pedal; after a while he became aware of the indicator circling slowly before him.

He tried to arouse an interest in the progress he was making. He pedaled a little faster. For the last week he had been riding two miles a day, but now, he decided, he would increase it to three. He would do the first two miles slowly, warming up. The last mile would be a series of very fast sprints. Not only would that get the old paunch, he assured himself, but it would make a kind of game of it. He started pedaling as fast as he could.

CURE-ALL, OLD STYLE

THE following remedies were culled from a notebook of physicians' prescriptions of more than one hundred years ago. The *Atlantic* reader to whom we are indebted for the collection assures us that her grandparents tried out the remedies not only upon themselves but upon their two children.

For a Bleeding at the Nose

If putting a Key down the back, etc. does not stop the bleeding, catch a frog, open his mouth & let the person smell at it. This has succeeded when other remedies have failed.

Smelling of Fox-glove will stop the bleeding.

For the Gout

Wear oiled silk stockings over fine worsted ones, day and night.

Cure for Cancer

Sheep sorrel (leaf like that of a clover), express the juice on a pewter plate; expose it to the sun until it assumes the consistency of salve; apply this as a plaster to a cancer, and change it occasionally as necessity may require. It will fully & entirely extract the cancer. If the disease be really the cancer the application will cause pain; if not, no pain will ensue.

For Fever and Ague

Bone-set tea is recommended as a cure for fever & ague, if taken on the approach of the fit. If it fails the first, it will surely succeed the second trial. A strong tea of it, taken before breakfast (a gill or a half pint as the person can bear) will strengthen the stomach & sharpen the appetite more than any other bitters. In cases of bilious cholic it has been known to give immediate relief.

For Cholera Morbus or Dysentery

Take 6 cents worth of isinglass, and simmer it down in about half a pint of water on a slow fire, till it is all dissolved, & when done, add a little milk & sugar to make it palatable. Give the patient a half cup full immediately, & a spoonful every hour afterwards. Many have found it a sovereign remedy & a radical cure.

For Rheumatism

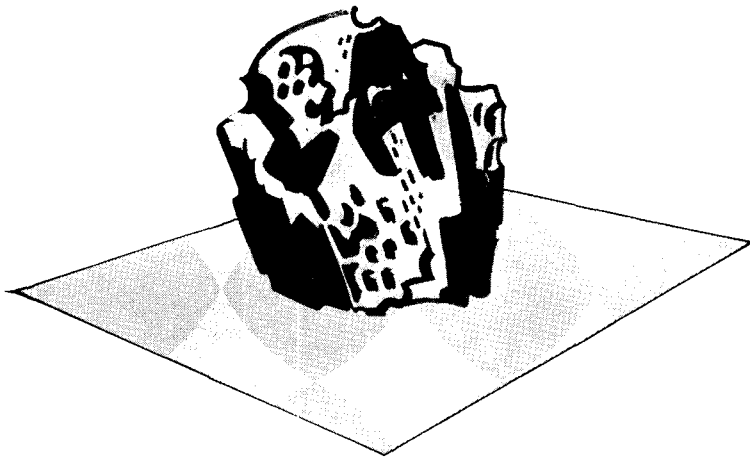
To one handful of red pepper, add a small portion of garlic; put this into one quart of Apple Brandy, & boil it down to a pint. Take one teaspoonful.

Dentifrice-Strawberry

The common strawberry is a natural dentifrice & its juice without any previous preparation whatever dissolves the tartareous encrustation on the teeth & makes the breath sweet and agreeable.

For a Sprain

Take tar and spread it on a cloth — and take West India molasses, boil it, and when the scum rises, take the scum and spread it over the tar — then apply it blood warm. It will afford almost immediate relief.



"There's so much Aluminum in the earth it ought to be Dirt Cheap"

Whenever we hear a statement like that, we are reminded of another familiar metal, which offers an interesting comparison with aluminum.

Did you ever hear anybody say, "Gold is so easy to extract, *it* ought to be dirt cheap"?



Gold *is* easy to produce, because it is usually found as free, metallic gold. A pan and some water in the hands of a solitary prospector is a complete gold factory. But the difficulty with gold is to *find* it.

The difficulty with aluminum is to *extract* it.

You don't have to search for aluminum. It is the most abundant metal in the earth's crust. There is aluminum in every claybank. But not *metallic* aluminum. Always, it is in some form of chemical compound. If it did occur as free metal, as does gold, such abundance would make aluminum cheap enough for paving blocks.

Even when rich deposits are found, the job of unscrambling the aluminum compounds concocted by nature is complex, tedious and costly. Scientists worked for sixty years to find *any* economically practicable way of doing it, before young Charles Martin Hall hit upon the present electrolytic method.

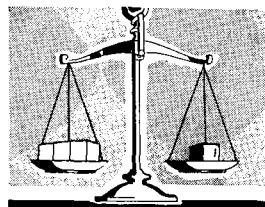
It requires 9 tons of raw materials to make 1 ton of

aluminum. These materials include bauxite (the most commonly used ore of aluminum), coal, soda ash, limestone, fluorspar, cryolite, petroleum coke, and pitch, to name only the principal ones.

To complete the process there are used, also, 22,000 cubic feet of gas, and 24,000 kilowatt-hours of electrical energy.

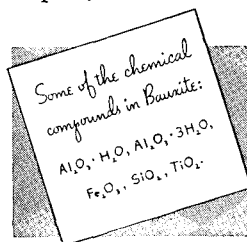
Fifty years of scientific research and practical experimentation have gone into finding ways and means of putting these essentials together more efficiently, in order to reduce the price of aluminum. In those fifty years the price of ingot aluminum has been lowered from \$8 a pound to its 20 cent level of today.

The comparative cheapness of aluminum is emphasized by the fact that, because of natural lightness, one pound of aluminum is 3 times as big as one pound of almost any other common metal.



Obviously we want to see more aluminum used. We recognize that there are just two fundamental ways to do this: by working hard in laboratory and factory to make aluminum lower in price; by working hard in laboratory and factory to make aluminum more useful.

Such is our basic program. We believe it is intelligent self-interest, because its foundation is a profit earned by benefiting the public generally.



UMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA

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The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THERE are times when every one of us hankers for an island — for some small and happy universe secure from trouble. One sleepless night in 1920, **Robert Dean Frisbie** (p. 641), a newspaper reporter in San Francisco, read Stevenson's account of the lagoon at Fakarava. Under the influence of that magical prose, Frisbie stowed his worldly belongings into two suitcases, cashed a check, and went down to the wharves. His home has been in the South Seas ever since. He went first to Tahiti; and then, as civilization encroached, he sought refuge — as a trader — in the smaller atolls of the Pacific Ocean. But life even on Danger Island (his present habitat) has its tribulations, as we learn in a narrative which will be serialized in successive issues of the *Atlantic*.

England's foremost explorer, **Sir Francis Younghusband** (p. 651) early felt that magnetic attraction which drew him as it drew his great predecessor, 'Chinese' Gordon, to Asia. The faith which he carried with him beyond the pale will also serve those who stay at home.

A graduate of the State University of Iowa, **Reece Stuart, Jr.** (p. 655) has been for the past four years an editorial writer on the staff of the *Des Moines Register*.

In 1908 **Bronislaw Malinowski** (p. 359) received his Doctor's degree with the highest honors in the Austrian Empire. A Polish scholar, perhaps the world's greatest authority on primitive man, he has done most of his research in Melanesia and most of his teaching in England.

A Russian exile with the gift of tongues, **Lola Kinel** (p. 670), in her twenties, was engaged as interpreter between husband and wife. As private secretary to Isadora Duncan and Esenine, she was witness to the most extraordinary marriage in Bohemia.

Instructor in English at Harvard and Director of the Writers' Conference at Bread Loaf, Vermont, **Theodore Morrison** (p. 676) believes that there is a reasonable approach to peace.

Laurence Binyon (p. 686) is Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the British Museum, and, out

of hours, one of the most lyrical poets in the British Isles.

B. H. Liddell Hart (p. 687) is a military critic and historian whose words carry weight in Europe. Military correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, it is his business to know the plans in readiness for the next mobilization. During his service in the British Army, Captain Hart invented the Battle Drill system and the Expanding Torrent method of attack (which England has officially adopted since the war).

A Princeton graduate in his middle thirties, **Benedict Thielen** (p. 696) finds the cliff dwellings of New York or the long sands of Cape Cod equally conducive to his short stories.

J. B. Matthews (p. 705) is an editor and director of the Consumers' Research, Inc. In 1936 he made a twelve-thousand-mile automobile trip throughout the United States to investigate the actual functioning of consumer-coöperative stores, and thereafter embarked for Europe to compare his American conclusions with what he found abroad.

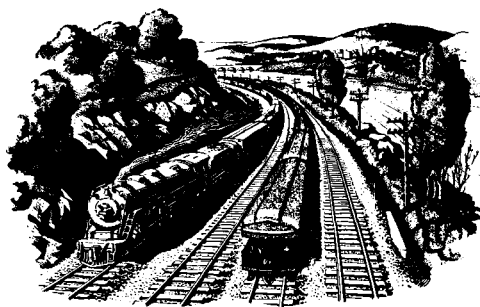
John A. Chamberlain (p. 716) is a resident of Cleveland who has practised law for some thirty-odd years. His lifelong habit of reading the Bible aloud makes us wonder how many American families still support this ancient tradition.

A Canadian, for many years Head of the Department of Political Economy at McGill University, **Stephen Leacock** (p. 720) early discovered the wellspring of American laughter.

The winner of the Million Dollar Community Contest is **Howard Douglas Dozier** (p. 723), an economist who graduated from Vanderbilt University and received his Master's and Doctor's degrees from Yale. At one time professor of economics at Dartmouth College, he now makes his home at Silver Spring, Maryland. When notified of the award, Mr. Dozier wrote to the *Atlantic* as follows: —

It was no mere desire to win a prize, or even a place, that prompted me to draft the plan; it was the experience of a lifetime of effort to earn for my own education and to save for that of my children.

A Steel Chronology for Railroads



THE history of the development of rail transportation is closely interwoven with the growth of the steel industry. Steel is the bone and sinew of railroading, and modern railway requirements call for it in many forms.

A large number of the advances in steel products that have promoted progress in rail transportation have taken place in plants now a part of the Bethlehem organization. Here are some of the more important of these developments:

1836—In this year, at the very inception of passenger car building, the Harlan Plant at Wilmington, Del., now a Bethlehem unit, pioneered in railway coachwork.

1867—This date marked the first rolling of steel rails in America on commercial order, in the Cambria Plant, Johnstown, Pa., now part of the Bethlehem organization. The coming of these stronger, more dependable rails of steel heralded a new era of rail transportation, an era of greater safety, higher speeds, heavier equipment.

1901—The opening of the twentieth century brought the steel freight car, also developed in the Cambria Plant. Then came the manufacture of strong, tough wrought-steel wheels to supplant cast wheels.

1930-1936—Bethlehem perfects controlled cooling of rails. Controlled cooling eliminates shatter-cracks which develop into transverse fissures, hitherto a prolific cause of rail failure. In view especially of the present-day speeding up of all classes of service, controlled-cooled rails are a development of front-rank importance.

Other important advances with which Bethlehem has been identified were heat-treated track bolts, silico-manganese spring steels, nickel-alloy steel plates for boilers and fireboxes.

And the work goes on. Bethlehem engineers and metallurgists are constantly seeking improvements in materials that will open the way to yet faster, safer, more comfortable rail transportation.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY

The COLUMN

As a youngster with only fifty dollars I entered one of the best preparatory schools of the South. Later I earned my way through Vanderbilt University, and later still through the Yale Graduate School. At the beginning of no single year in the eleven of my formal training did I have enough money to see me through both semesters, and often not enough to last me through the first.

This experience, coupled with that incident to the use of life insurance as a medium of saving for the education of my children, brought me to the rather startling realization that there is not now adequate financial machinery for converting current savings for education into capital devoted to education.

The income from the benefactor's million dollars gave me a hypothetical working capital, and hence elbow room, for blueprinting a plan of saving for education which, in all candor, I believe to be better adapted to that end than any now in actual operation.

Walter Lippmann's (p. 727) constructive analysis of the Good Society and the influences which corrupt it to-day must have a tonic effect upon those who are worried about the present state of Democracy. Mr. Lippmann's series began in the *Atlantic* for September and will be sustained through seven successive numbers. Each chapter is an entity in itself; taken together, they compose a masterly survey of modern government.

Irish poet and playwright, **Winifred M. Letts** (p. 742) lives in Dublin, where she takes recreation in 'the society of children and dogs, weeding.'

Sylvia G. Dreyfus (p. 748) is a patron of the arts who finds her happiest rewards in sculpture and music. A friend of Mr. and Mrs. Serge Koussevitzky, she was privileged to ask those questions for which there is too little opportunity in the Green Room.

Readers of poetry may remember that **Josephine Young Case** (p. 758), a graduate of Bryn Mawr, made her debut in the *Atlantic* for August 1935 with her two poems, 'Legend of the Unicorn' and 'Smith's Place.'

W. T. Stace (p. 759) is a professor of philosophy at Princeton University. His last book, *The Theory of Knowledge and Existence*, aroused widespread discussion in England.

~ ~ ~

Will someone kindly page Mr. Richard Cloughton. We have received from him certain interesting commentaries concerning Mr. Lippmann's thesis, and should value the opportunity of his acquaintance. Should he so desire, the anonymity suggested by his nom de guerre will be respected.

~ ~ ~

We know of nobody better qualified to comment, from the producer's point of view, upon Gilbert Seldes's critique of the movies than the capable vice president in charge of production of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

Mr. Gilbert Seldes is one of the most estimable of our present-day critics, and his article, 'The Quicksands of the Movies,' in the October issue, touches the heart of the problems which beset the producers of motion pictures.

But his basic premise that pictures should be made with the thought of posterity is fundamentally wrong.

Motion-picture plays *must* seek their approval from contemporary audiences. The same could be said of to-day's stage-play product.

It is all very well for a writer, sitting in an ivory tower, to fashion a play which, if it fails to find acceptance with the amusement-seeking public, will be hailed by posterity as a lasting work of art. It would be suicidal for the producer to be an accomplice to the writer's purpose.

Producers are not lacking in the instincts of the critic, but they must be guided by the inescapable fact that they are the stewards of a great financial investment, and unless their pictures catch the fancy of to-day's public they and the industry they are responsible for will be completely ruined.

Not the producers, and not the critics, but the public is the ultimate judge of whether a picture is good or bad. And that is the public of to-day, not to-morrow. That public, it must be remembered, is seeking not cultural uplift primarily, but amusement—entertainment.

There are pictures of higher artistic value that can succeed; and producers, as Mr. Seldes admits, do try to make them.

Film producers are ever trying to raise the level of entertainment. Practically every stage play of higher merit that succeeds in New York—which in effect is an experimental laboratory—reaches the screen.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK
Beverly Hills, California

A Liberal challenges Mr. Sokolsky.

Dear *Atlantic*,—

May a person whose distinction lies in never having written a book talk back at George E. Sokolsky when he discusses the Political Burden of Relief? I have no fault to find with his plea for a federal census of employment. It would be fairly accurate as of the date on which the information was given, and might be a valuable guide to the government in its responsibility for its so-called marginal population. It would, however, have much less value than Mr. Sokolsky attributes to it. If a worker were employed on a job which could last only six weeks, I doubt the intellectual honesty of those who would put him down as 'employed' and no longer a concern of the government.

I agree with Mr. Sokolsky that the relief rolls constitute a serious menace to the present system. The cost is stupendous and the destruction of morale is inevitable. There is no doubt that a vested interest is being created. It may in time become almost as

Fascination that's never outgrown!

YOU will find, in countless American homes on Christmas morning, eloquent evidence of the place railroads and railroading hold in the hearts of folks throughout our land.

In the memory of oldsters still living, the railroads completed the bold and romantic enterprise of binding the nation together with bands of steel from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

And by their enterprise today, the railroads continue to challenge the interest and stir the imagination of youngsters born and raised in an age of wonders.

Just as electricity has replaced the key and clockworks in many toy trains which gladden homes where they have a place under the Christmas tree — constant innovations contribute to the advancement of the nation's transportation and travel by rail.

You can doubtless name the more dramatic evidences of enterprise — air-conditioning, streamlined trains, electric and Diesel-electric locomotives — yet these are only the obvious symbols of a vastly greater program of betterment which moves forward every day and every year.



To take a single example: \$172,000,000 have been invested during the past six years in laying heavier rails, an indispensable prelude to the *faster* schedules maintained today for both passengers and freight with a *safety* record which is the marvel of the world.

If you want to know more about how the pioneering spirit of the American railroads has increased the comfort, the satisfaction, and the economy of travel, we offer a friendly suggestion:

Next time you take a trip, for business or pleasure, go by train.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

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The COLUMN

perilous to the republic as the rest of our vested interests have been. A person might agree with Mr. Sokolsky's implication that a lot of the people on relief are not worth saving and still find him all wrong in his method of dealing with the problem.

I think Mr. Sokolsky avoids deliberately the kernel of the question he is discussing. The present system has allowed him to rise. It has made him one of its pets. No tremendous fortune; simply the condition he values most — a comfortable living and an appreciative audience. In other words, it allows him to work. He overlooks the fact that the same system does not allow masses of his fellow citizens the right to work. His remedy is to throw them out, making them support themselves or die. I understand some have died in New Jersey, but of course that is of small concern. Sacrifices must be made. Eventually the balance will be struck and the labor supply will not be excessive. The ones who remain will not have spirit left to fight over conditions of their labor. They will take what they get and be thankful.

As a somewhat bewildered liberal, I should like to state the problem as I see it and ask Mr. Sokolsky and the rest of the critical minds to stop ranting and work toward a solution which will serve the long-time welfare of the republic. As I see it, these people are citizens and entitled to live. Some of them may be lazy and ineffectual and they may like the security of the dole. However, I believe that there are comparatively few who would not prefer a job in private industry at eighty dollars a month to pushing a wheelbarrow for PWA at fifty. If industry and agriculture are not able to supply this minimum, I think objectors are unjustified in their unholy opposition to all movements that would put these people to work producing for their own use. There is no justice in discontinuing aid to unfortunate fellow Americans without first providing a demand for their labor at a price that at least will allow them to live.

I am no revolutionist and I think all wars could be solved in advance if men could forget their prejudices and solve their differences in the light of reason. But I fear a revolution because I fear the loss of civil liberties, no matter which side wins. I think it is time for liberals to stand up and be counted. The die-hard Tories will wreck our country with their belligerent doctrine of no change in a world that is changing rapidly.

MRS. JOHN P. BARDEN
Chicago, Illinois

The origin of the term 'Uncle Sam.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Stephen Leacock, in his essay 'Imaginary Persons' (October issue), has been thorough in his research into the origin of John Bull and Brother Jonathan. Not so, however, as regards Uncle Sam. In making the following statement, 'His [i.e. Uncle Sam's] actual name was taken out of the letters U. S., which arose with the independence of the United States,' Mr. Leacock is correct as far as he

goes, but makes no mention of the story (or legend) of Samuel Wilson of Troy, New York.

In brief, this is the story. Ebenezer Wilson and his younger brother Samuel owned a brickyard in Troy, in the years following the Revolution. Both brothers were loved and respected by their fellow Trojans for their kindly and benevolent natures. Samuel especially loved the children of Troy, and his capacious pockets were never without some 'sweet' or homemade toy for them. Affectionately, his little friends called him their 'Uncle Sam.'

As their wealth increased, the Wilson brothers sold their brick factory and became wholesale butchers. Then came the War of 1812, and the government contracted with their slaughterhouse to provide meat for troops stationed in that district. Soon after, Samuel was appointed Inspector of Provisions for the army.

This patriotic 'Uncle Sam' Wilson not only fulfilled his own contract loyally, both to the letter and in the spirit, but as Inspector of Provisions saw to it that all other contractors did likewise. As a result, the 'U. S.' (United States) which was penciled on all provisions which he inspected became in the eyes of the soldiery a sort of trade-mark — a guarantee of excellence.

Those of Sam's childhood friends who were now serving in the army imagined that the initials 'U. S.' were an allusion to their pet name for him, 'Uncle Sam,' and would accept no other provisions than Uncle Sam's. To the rest of the army, to those who did not know the real origin of the pseudonym, Uncle Sam's beef and bread meant government provisions. As a logical sequence, Uncle Sam soon became a personification of the government.

This is the generally accepted story of the origin of Uncle Sam. It may or may not be true. But it has been established definitely that there was a Samuel Wilson, who was brickmaker and butcher and loyal and honest patriot, who ended his days on his estate on Mount Ida.

M. SALMAN LICHTENSTEIN
Chicago, Illinois

Two points of view about 'Harvard's Homicide.'

Dear Atlantic, —

Eventually I shall probably forgive the *Atlantic* for publishing 'Harvard Has a Homicide.' (In honor [?] of the Tercentenary?) Bad judgment and bad taste betray even the best once in a lifetime. Perhaps I'm being so betrayed right now. But here's my grievance.

I am interested in a Southern mountain social settlement and school where I spent four busy and, I hope, helpful years. It is my pleasure to pass on to the housemothers or the library there the best magazines I get hold of, and that includes the *Atlantic* whenever I feel able to afford a copy. Recently I sent a dollar for the five-month offer. The three numbers already received have given me my dollar's worth. But they contain your 'Harvard Homicide' and I'm unwilling to send them to Southern mountaineers because they have a reverence for education and a weakness for homicide.

I'd rather not put that story into the hands and heads of high-school boys there who may be dreaming of Harvard, or some lesser institution, as their

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educational goal. If a student who has had Harvard influences for four years can make a Roman holiday of a 'killing' by encouraging a crap game in the room adjoining that where a professor has just been murdered, and by getting 'liquored up' while doing so, then why censure the crude mountaineer for being similarly festive? Mountain boys are thoughtful. They would not fail to see this analogy. Harvard men—three in particular—have made my life mean infinitely more than it would have meant without their friendship and their counsel. I resent the word 'Harvard' in the title of this story.

The excellence of the October number alone almost persuades me to begin forgiving you now.

CATHARINE CRANMER
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Atlantic, —

Not since Meredith's *Egoist* have I found humor so prankish and amusing as that in 'Harvard Has a Homicide.'

Congratulations!

LEONA HARPER
Manitou, Oklahoma

The turkey hen 'kyoucks'—it never gobbles.

Dear Atlantic, —

Morgan Barnes's letter in the Column of the October issue, in which he is awed over the poetic license of Richard Sullivan in permitting mature grasshoppers to cavort about in early spring when practically all species of 'hoppers' are in the egg stage or still quite young, calls to mind an incident which reveals the care exercised by James Whitcomb Riley to avoid the use of incorrect facts in natural history.

The story was told to me by W. S. Blatchley, entomologist and naturalist, who was a close friend of Riley.

One day Riley visited Blatchley and asked if 'whirligig' beetles could fly. An examination of a specimen in the insect cabinet revealed aborted flight wings, and so Blatchley reported that they apparently could not fly. To this report Riley replied, 'Well, I'll have to change a poem I have written because I had them flying. . . . A little incident that happened a few years ago has made me careful of my natural history,' he continued. 'Shortly after the publication of my poem "When the Frost Is on the Punkin" I was approached by a farmer lad who asked if I ever lived on a farm, and when I replied in the negative the boy added: "Well, I did n't think so, because in your poem you say: —

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock.

"Well," said the boy, "it's only the turkey cock that gobbles; the turkey hen kyoucks."

'And so,' added Riley, 'ever since that incident I've been careful of my natural history.'

I think the first record of this story is in a paper I published in the *Proceedings of the Indiana Academy of Science*.

J. J. DAVIS, Head
Dept. of Entomology, Purdue University